THE

BRITISH

Poetical

MISCELLANY.

To pleaſe the Fancy
And improve the Mind.

HUDDERSFIELD:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY SIKES AND CO.

SOLD, ALSO, BY HURST, LONDON; WILSON, SPENCE, AND MAWMAN, YORK; EDWARDS AND SON, HALIFAX; HOLMES, LEEDS; AND GILL, WAKEFIELD.

*69-1135

CONTENTS.

I.

1. POOR Mary, the Maid of the Inn . . . . *Southey.*
2. Three Black Crows . . . . . *Byrom.*
3. Sonnet.—" I ſaw a cryſtal Stream," &c. . . . *Anon.*
4. The Sailor—An Elegy . . . . . *Rogers.*
5. Domeſtic Peace . . . . . *Coleridge.*
6. Ode.—" A Thouſand Frogs," &c. . . *Peter Pindar.*

II.

7. Alonzo the Brave and Fair Imogine . . . . . *Lewis.*
8. Elegy written at Sea . . . . . *Caſpapina.*
9. The Three Warnings . . . . . *Mrs. Piozzi.*

III.

10. The Negro's Complaint . . . . . *Cowper.*
11. Sonnet to an Old Man . . . . . *Coleridge.*
12. The Rural Pair . . . . . *Anon.*
13. Ode to Wiſdom . . . . . *Mrs. Barbauld.*
14. Verſes, left in a Grotto . . . . . *Sheridan.*
15. Ode.—" How ſleep the brave," &c. . . . . *Collins.*
16. Ode on the Choleric Character . . . . *Peter Pindar.*

IV.

17. Shepherd Lubin and his Dog Tray . . . . . *Anon.*
18. To Hope . . . . . *Rocklewood.*
19. To Reſignation . . . . . *Ibid.*
20. To Contentment . . . . . *Ibid.*
21. Sonnet.—" Go place the Swallow," &c. . . *Roſcoe.*
22. The Coach and Cart . . . . . *Guion.*

V.

23. Bad Company, or the Magpye . . . . . *Anon.* 51.
24. Elegy on my dying Aſs, Peter . . . . *Peter Pindar.* 52.
25. The Beggar's Petition . . . . . *Percival.* 53.
26. Epitaph for Algernon Sydney . . . . . *Boothby.* 54.
55.

VI.

27. The Grave of Howard . . . . . *Bowles.*
28. The Camelion . . . . . *Merrick.* 56.
29. To my Candle . . . . . *Peter Pindar.* 57.
30. Sonnet.—" The chilling Gale," &c. . *Mrs. Robinſon.* 58.
31. On the Deity . . . . . *Mrs. Barbauld.* 59.
60.

VII.

32. The Negro Boy and Watch . . . . . *Samwell.* 61.
33. Sonnet.—" When the buſy Toil," &c. . *Macartney.* 62.
34. Addreſs on the Death of Mr. Palmer . . . . *Roſcoe.* 63.
35. Paper . . . . . *Franklin.* 64.
36. Sea Side Sonnet . . . . . *Pratt.*
37. The Negro . . . . . *Miſs Holcroft.* 65.
38. On a Friend refuſing to ſign the Petition, &c. *Ryley.* 66.
67.

VIII.

39. The Adventures of Young Whipſtitch . . . . *Anon.* 68.
40. Stanzas.—" A new-fallen Lamb," &c. . *Miſs Ryves.* 69.
41. Sonnet—To Sleep . . . . . *Charlotte Smith.* 70.
42. Elegy.—" Dark gath'ring Clouds," &c. . . . *Ibid.* 71.
43. Sonnet—To a Poor Boy . . . . . *Anderſon.*
44. To a Young Aſs, its Mother tethered near it *Coleridge.* 72.
45. Sonnet—To a Red-breaſt . . . . . *Anderſon.* 73.
74.

IX.

46. Frank Hayman . . . . . *Taylor.* 75.
47. Song. Sung at the Blind Aſylum, Liverpool . *Anon.* 76.
48. The Willing Slave . . . . . *Anon.* 77.
49. Ode to Temperance . . . . . *Anon.*
50. Verſes to the Memory of Robert Burns . . . *Anon.* 78.
79.

X.

51. Night Thoughts among the Tombs . . . . . *Moore.*
52. The Blind Beggar . . . . . *Peter Pindar.*
53. The Young Fly and Old Spider . . . . . *Ibid.*
54. To the Memory of Dr. Stonehouſe's Lady *Miſs More.*
55. A Prayer on the Proſpect of Death . . . . . *Burns.*

XI.

56. Peace and Home . . . . . *Anon.*
57. Such Things were . . . . . *Rannie.*
58. On ſeeing Children gathering Flowers . . . . *Smart.*
59. The Retroſpect of Life . . . . . *Anon.*
60. Sonnet. Written on the Sea Shore . . *Charlotte Smith.*
61. Elegy to Pity . . . . . *Anon.*
62. Epitaph on an Infant . . . . . *Coleridge.*
63. The Roſe . . . . . *Cowper.*
64. The Dog and the Water Lily . . . . . *Ibid.*

XII.

65. The Doublet of Grey . . . . . *Mrs. Robinſon.*
66. A Court Audience . . . . . *Anon.*
67. The Winter's Day . . . . . *Anon.*
68. To a Lady, with a Ring . . . . . *Anon.*
69. To Love . . . . . *Mrs. Robinſon.*
70. The Unfortunate Fair . . . . . *Southey.*
71. The Wiſh . . . . . *Anon.*

XIII.

72. The Female Exile . . . . . *Charlotte Smith.*
73. To Meditation . . . . . *Mrs. Robinſon.*
74. The Signal of Reſt . . . . . *Smart.*
75. The Grandam . . . . . *Anon.*
76. The African Boy . . . . . *Jerningham.*
77. Glenowen . . . . . *Mrs. Robinſon.*

XIV.

78. The Cave of Alphonſo . . . . . *Anon.*
79. Mature Judgment . . . . . *Anon.*

80. To a Friend on his Marriage . . . . . *Rogers.*
81. On viſiting the Grave of Sterne . . . . . *Samwell.*
82. The Deſerted Farm-Houſe . . . . . *Anon.*
83. Extempore to Sympathy . . . . . *Anon.*

XV.

84. Morning, or the Complaint . . . . . *Gregory.*
85. Evening, or the Fugitive . . . . . *Ibid.*

XVI.

86. Oſric—The Lion . . . . . *Anon.*
87. The Toper and the Flies . . . . . *Peter Pindar.*
88. Giles Jollup the Grave & Brown Sally Green *Lewis.*
89. William Penn, Nathan, and the Bailiff *Peter Pindar.*

XVII.

90. How cold it is . . . . . *Anon.*
91. Elegy on the Death of a Huſband . . . . . *Anon.*
92. The Art of Printing . . . . . *Anon.*
93. Night . . . . . *Anon.*
94. The Lottery . . . . . *Anon.*
95. To Religion . . . . . *Watkins.*
96. To a Lady, who refuſed to accept a Knife *Sheridan.*

XVIII.

97. Elegy on the Thirty-firſt of December . . . *Anon.*
98. The Proſtitute . . . . . *Anon.*
99. Elegy. Written to diſſuade a young Lady, &c. *Bull.*
100. The Penitent Mother . . . . . *Miſs Holcroft.*
101. The Waſhing-Day . . . . . *Anon.*
102. To a Wretch ſhivering in the Street . . . . . *Anon.*

XIX.

103. The Natural Son . . . . . *Bidlake.*
104. Canzonet.—" Can aught be more fair," &c. *Hurdis.*
105. The Falling Tower . . . . . *Anon.*
106. To the Snow-drop . . . . . *Bidlake.*
107. Lines preſented with an Almanack, 1797 . . *Pratt.*

108. To a Frog . . . . . *Anon.*
109. Anna . . . . . *Gifford.*

XX.

110. Lenora . . . . . *Bürger.*
111. Tribute to the Memory of a Deceaſed Friend *Roſcoe.*

XXI.

112. The Exile . . . . . *Lewis.*
113. Fidele . . . . . *Collins.*
114. Eliza . . . . . *Darwin.*
115. Slavery . . . . . *Ibid.*
116. Virtue an Ornament . . . . . *Fordyce.*
117. To Henry . . . . . *Eliza.*

XXII.

118. Henry and Eliza . . . . . *Anon.*
119. Inſcription engraved on a Marble Table . . *Anon.*
120. To a Moth, fluttering about a Candle . . . . *Anon.*
121. Imitation of Horace, Book xvi. Ode 2. . *Haſtings.*

XXIII.

122. The Bleeding Rock . . . . . *Miſs More.*
123. On the Death of a favourite Old Spaniel . *Southey.*
124. The Razor-Seller . . . . . *Peter Pindar.*

XXIV.

125. Elegy. Written in a Country Church-Yard . *Gray.*
126. The Fireſide . . . . . *Cotton.*
127. A Thought upon Death . . . . . *Fitzgerald.*
128. To a Beautiful Spring in a Village . . . . *Coleridge.*

XXV.

129. Edwin and Angelina . . . . . *Goldſmith.*
130. Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady . . . . . *Pope.*
131. Ode to Spring . . . . . *Anon.*

XXVI.

132. The Laſs of Fair Wone . . . . . *Bürger.*
133. On Health . . . . . *Thomſon.*
134. Mortality . . . . . *Anon.*

XXVII.

135. The Peaſant of Auburn . . . . . *Coombe.*
136. On viewing the Corpſe of a Siſter . . . . . *Hurdis.*
137. The Mouſe's Petition . . . . . *Mrs. Barbauld.*

XXVIII.

138. Elegy. Written on the Plain of Fontenoy . *Matilda.*
139. Corin's Profeſſion . . . . . *Peter Pindar.*
140. Love and Induſtry . . . . . *Miſs Seward.*
141. To the Sun . . . . . *Fawcett.*
142. Hymn to Benevolence . . . . . *Blacklock.*
143. Soliloquy on my Laſt Six-pence . . . . . *Anon.*

XXIX.

144. The Freebooter . . . . . *Bürger.*
145. Lines on the Death of a Wife . . . . . *Anon.*
146. My Native Home . . . . . *Mrs. Robinſon.*
147. A War Poem, on the late Mr. Blythe . . . . *Anon.*

XXX.

148. The Foreſt Boy . . . . . *Charlotte Smith.*
149. The Choice . . . . . *Pomfret.*

THE BRITISH

POETICAL MISCELLANY.

POOR MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN.

BY MR. SOUTHEY.

WHO is ſhe, the poor maniac, whoſe wildly-fix'd eyes
Seem a heart overcharg'd to expreſs?
She weeps not, yet often and deeply ſhe ſighs;
She never complains, but her ſilence implies
The compoſure of ſettled diſtreſs.

No aid, no compaſſion the maniac will ſeek,
Cold and hunger awake not her care:
Thro' the rags do the winds of the winter blow bleak
On her poor wither'd boſom, half bare, and her cheek
Has the deathly pale hue of deſpair.

Yet cheerful and happy, nor diſtant the day,
Poor Mary the maniac has been;
The trav'ller remembers, who journey'd this way,
No damſel ſo lovely, no damſel ſo gay,
As Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

Her cheerful addreſs fill'd the gueſts with delight,
As ſhe welcom'd them in with a ſmile;
Her heart was a ſtranger to childiſh affright,
And Mary would walk by the Abbey at night,
When the wind whiſtled down the dark aiſle.

She lov'd, and young Richard had ſettled the day,
And ſhe hop'd to be happy for life;
But Richard was idle and worthleſs, and they
Who knew him would pity poor Mary, and ſay
That ſhe was too good for his wife.

'Twas in autumn, and ſtormy and dark was the night,
And faſt were the windows and door;
Two gueſts ſat enjoying the fire that burnt bright,
And ſmoaking in ſilence, with tranquil delight,
They liſten'd to hear the wind roar.

"'Tis pleaſant," cry'd one, "ſeated by the fire-ſide,
"To hear the wind whiſtle without."
"A fine night for the abbey," his comrade reply'd.
"Methinks a man's courage would now be well try'd,
"Who ſhould wander the ruins about.

"I myſelf, like a ſchool-boy, ſhould tremble to hear
"The hoarſe ivy ſhake over my head;
"And could fancy I ſaw, half perſuaded by fear,
"Some ugly old abbot's white ſpirit appear,
"For this wind might awaken the dead."

"I'll wager a dinner," the other one cry'd,
"That Mary would venture there now!"
"Then wager and loſe!" with a ſneer he reply'd,
"I'll warrant ſhe'd fancy a ghoſt by her ſide,
"And faint if ſhe ſaw a white cow."

"Will Mary this charge on her courage allow?"
His companion exclaim'd with a ſmile;

" I ſhall win, for I know ſhe will venture there now,
" And earn a new bonnet, by bringing a bough
From the alder that grows in the aiſle."

With fearleſs good humour did Mary comply,
And her way to the abbey ſhe bent;
The night it was dark, and the wind it was high,
And as hollowly howling it ſwept through the ſky,
She ſhiver'd with cold as ſhe went.

O'er the path, ſo well known, ſtill proceeded the maid,
Where the abbey roſe dim on the ſight;
Through the gateway ſhe enter'd, ſhe felt not afraid,
Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their ſhade
Seem'd to deepen the gloom of the night.

All around her was ſilent, ſave when the rude blaſt
Howl'd diſmally round the old pile;
Over weed-cover'd fragments ſtill fearleſs ſhe paſs'd,
And arriv'd at the innermoſt ruin at laſt
Where the alder-tree grew in the aiſle.

Well pleas'd did ſhe reach it, and quickly drew near,
And haſtily gather'd the bough;
When the ſound of a voice ſeem'd to riſe on her ear—
She paus'd, and ſhe liſten'd, all eager to hear,
And her heart panted fearfully now.

The wind blew, the hoarſe ivy ſhook over her head:
She liſten'd—nought elſe could ſhe hear.
The wind ceas'd, her heart ſunk in her boſom with dread,
For ſhe heard in the ruins diſtinctly the tread
Of footſteps approaching her near.

Behind a wide column, half breathleſs with fear,
She crept to conceal herſelf there:
That inſtant the moon o'er a dark cloud ſhone clear,
And ſhe ſaw in the moon-light two ruffians appear,
And between them a corpſe did they bear.

Then Mary could feel her heart-blood curdled cold!
Again the rough wind hurried by—
It blew off the hat of the one, and behold!
Even cloſe to the feet of poor Mary it roll'd:
She fell—and expected to die.

"Curſe the hat!" he exclaims; "may come on, and firſt
"hide
"The dead body," his comrade replies—
She beheld them in ſafety paſs on by her ſide,
She ſeizes the hat, fear her courage ſupply'd,
And faſt through the abbey ſhe flies.

She ran with wild ſpeed, ſhe ruſh'd in at the door,
She gaz'd horribly eager around,
Then her limbs could ſupport their faint burthen no more,
And exhauſted and breathleſs ſhe ſunk on the floor,
Unable to utter a ſound.

Ere yet her pale lips could the ſtory impart,
For a moment the hat met her view;
Her eyes from that object convulſively ſtart,
For, oh God! what cold horror thrill'd thro' her heart,
When the name of her Richard ſhe knew.

Where the old abbey ſtands, on the common hard by,
His gibbet is now to be ſeen,
Not far from the inn it engages the eye,
The trav'ller beholds it, and thinks with a ſigh
Of poor Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

THREE BLACK CROWS.

BY MR. BYROM.

TWO honeſt tradeſmen, meeting in the Strand,
One took the other, briſkly, by the hand;
Hark-ye, ſaid he, 'tis an odd ſtory this
About the crows!—I don't know what it is,
Reply'd his friend—No! I'm ſurpris'd at that;
Where I come from it is the common chat:

But you ſhall hear; an odd affair indeed!
And that it happen'd, they are all agreed:
Not to detain you from a thing ſo ſtrange,
A gentleman that lives not far from 'Change,
This week, in ſhort, as all the *alley* knows,
Taking a puke, has thrown up *three black crows*.

Impoſſible!—Nay, but it's really true;
I have it from good hands, and ſo may you—
From whoſe, I pray!—So having nam'd the man,
Straight to inquire his curious comrade ran.
Sir, did you tell—relating the affair—
Yes, Sir, I did; and, if it's worth your care,
Aſk Mr. Such-a-one, he told it me,
But, by the bye, 'twas *two* black crows, not *three*—

Reſolv'd to trace ſo wond'rous an event,
Whip, to the third, the virtuoſo went.
Sir,—and ſo forth—Why yes; the thing is fact,
Tho' in regard to number not exact;
It was not *two* black crows, 'twas only *one*,
The truth of *that* you may depend upon.
The gentleman himſelf told me the caſe—
Where may I find him?—Why, in ſuch a place.

Away goes he, and having found him out,
Sir, be ſo good as to reſolve a doubt—
Then to his laſt informant he referr'd,
And begg'd to know, if *true* what he had heard;
Did you, Sir, throw up a black crow?—NOT I—
Bleſs me! how people propagate a lie!
Black crows have been thrown up, *three*, *two*, and *one*;
And here I find all comes at laſt to *none!*

Did you ſay *nothing* of a crow *at all?*
Crow—Crow—perhaps I might, now I recall
The matter over—And pray, Sir, what was't?—
Why, I was *horrid* ſick, and, at the laſt,
I did throw up, and told my neighbour ſo,
Something that was *as black*, Sir, as a crow.

SONNET.

ANONYMOUS.

I Saw a cryſtal ſtream glide ſwiftly by,
And many a bubble on its breaſt it bore,
Which quickly burſting, vaniſh'd from my eye,
And ſcarcely was created, ere no more.

I ſaw the weſtern ſky with gold o'erſpread,
Glowing with purple and with crimſon bright;
A minute paſs'd—and every tint was fled
And loſt, and blended with oblivious night.

On thee, O wretched man, my thought was turn'd;
For thee th' involuntary tear did flow:
Thy fleeting happineſs I inly mourn'd;
For, ah! by ſad experience, well I know,
Life's faireſt views are but an airy dream,
Frail as the tranſient cloud, or bubble on the ſtream.

THE SAILOR—AN ELEGY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

THE Sailor ſighs as ſinks his native ſhore,
As all its leſſening turrets bluely fade;
He climbs the maſt to feaſt his eye once more,
And buſy Fancy fondly lends her aid.

Ah! now, each dear, domeſtic ſcene he knew,
Recall'd and cheriſh'd in a foreign clime;
Charms with the magic of a moon-light view;
Its colours mellow'd, not impair'd, by time.

True as the needle, homeward points his heart,
Through all the horrors of the ſtormy main;
This the laſt wiſh with which its warmth could part,
To meet the ſmile of her he loves again.

When Morn firſt faintly draws her ſilver line,
Or Eve's grey cloud deſcends to drink the wave;
When ſea and ſky in midnight darkneſs join,
Still, ſtill he views the parting look ſhe gave.

Her gentle ſpirit, lightly hov'ring o'er,
Attends his little bark from pole to pole;
And, when the beating billows round him roar,
Whiſpers ſweet Hope to ſoothe his troubled ſoul.

Carv'd is her name in many a ſpicy grove,
In many a plantain foreſt, waving wide;

Where dusky youths in painted plumage rove,
And giant palms o'er-arch the yellow tide.

But, lo! at last, he comes with crowded sail!
Lo! o'er the cliff what eager figures bend!
And, hark! what mingled murmurs swell the gale!
In each he hears the welcome of a friend.

'Tis she, 'tis she herself! she waves her hand!
Soon is the anchor cast, the canvas furl'd;
Soon through the whit'ning surge he springs to land,
And clasps the maid he singled from the world.

DOMESTIC PEACE.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

TELL me on what holy ground
May Domestic Peace be found?
Halcyon daughter of the skies,
Far on fearful wings she flies
From the pomp of sceptred state,
From the rebels' noisy hate.
In a cottage vale she dwells,
List'ning to the sabbath bells!
Still around her steps are seen
Spotless Honour's meeker mein;
Love, the fire of pleasing fears;
Sorrow smiling through her tears;
And, conscious of the past employ,
Mem'ry, bosom-spring of joy.

ODE.

BY PETER PINDAR.

A Thousand frogs, upon a summer's day,
Were sporting midst the sunny ray,
In a large pool reflecting ev'ry face;

They ſhow'd their gold-lac'd clothes with pride,
In harmleſs ſallies frequent vied,
And gambol'd through the water with a grace.

It happen'd that a band of boys,
Obſervant of their harmleſs joys,
Thoughtleſs, reſolv'd to ſpoil their happy ſport;
One frenzy ſeiz'd both great and ſmall,
On the poor frogs the rogues began to fall,
Meaning to ſplaſh them, not to do them hurt.

As Milton quaintly ſings, "the ſtones 'gan pout,"
Indeed an Otaheite ſhow'r!
The conſequence was dreadful, let me tell ye;
One's eye was beat out of his head—
This limp'd away, that lay for dead—
Here mourn'd a broken back, and there a belly.

Among the ſmitten, it was found
Their beauteous queen receiv'd a wound;
The blow gave ev'ry heart a ſigh,
And drew a tear from ev'ry eye:
At length king croak got up, and thus begun—
"My lads, you think this very pretty fun!

"Your pebbles round us fly as thick as hops,—
"Have warmly complimented all our chops;—
"To you, I gueſs, that theſe are pleaſant ſtones;
"And ſo they might be to us frogs,
"You ſad, young good-for-nothing dogs!—
"But they're ſo hard they break our bones."

, Should the preſent Deſign, of publiſhing
SELECT PIECES of POETRY, at ONE PENNY per Number,
Be cheriſhed, by the Patronage of the Public,
THE MISCELLANY WILL APPEAR WEEKLY.

THE BRITISH

POETICAL MISCELLANY.

ALONZO THE BRAVE *and* FAIR IMOGINE.

BY G. P. LEWIS, ESQ.

A Warrior ſo bold and a Virgin ſo bright
Convers'd as they ſat on the green;
They gaz'd on each other with tender delight!
Alonzo the Brave was the name of the knight—
The maid's was the Fair Imogine.

"And, oh!" ſaid the youth, "ſince to-morrow I go
To fight in a far diſtant land,
Your tears for my abſence ſoon leaving to flow,
Some other will court you, and you will beſtow
On a wealthier ſuitor your hand!"

"Oh! huſh theſe ſuſpicions," Fair Imogine ſaid,
Offenſive to love and to me:
For, if you be living, or if you be dead,
I ſwear by the Virgin, that none, in your ſtead,
Shall huſband of Imogine be.

If e'er I, by luſt or by wealth led aſide,
Forget my Alonzo the Brave,
God grant that, to puniſh my falſehood and pride,
Your ghoſt at the marriage may ſit by my ſide;
May tax me with perjury, claim me as bride—
And bear me away to the grave!"

To Paleſtine haſten'd the hero ſo bold;
His love ſhe lamented him ſore:—
But ſcarce had a twelvemonth elaps'd, when, behold,
A Baron, all cover'd with jewels and gold,
Arriv'd at Fair Imogine's door!

His treaſure, his preſents, his ſpacious domain
Soon made her untrue to her vows:
He dazzled her eyes, he bewilder'd her brain;
He caught her affections ſo light and ſo vain—
And carried her home as his ſpouſe!

And now had the marriage been bleſt by the prieſt;
The revelry now was begun;
The tables they groan'd with the weight of the feaſt;
Nor yet had the laughter and merriment ceas'd,
When the bell at the caſtle toll'd—ONE!

Then firſt, with amazement, Fair IMOGINE found,
That a ſtranger was plac'd by her ſide:
His air was terrific; he utter'd no ſound:
He ſpoke not, he mov'd not, he look'd not around—
But earneſtly gaz'd on the bride!

His vizor was clos'd, and gigantic his height;
His armour was ſable to view:—
All pleaſure and laughter were huſh'd at his ſight;
The dogs, as they ey'd him, drew back in affright;
The lights in the chamber burn'd blue!

His preſence all boſoms appear'd to diſmay;
The gueſts ſat in ſilence and fear;
At length ſpoke the Bride, while ſhe trembled—"I pray,
Sir Knight, that your helmet aſide you would lay,
And deign to partake of our cheer!"

The lady is ſilent: the ſtranger complies;
His vizor he ſlowly unclos'd;—
Oh! then what a ſight met Fair Imogine's eyes!
What words can expreſs her diſmay and ſurprize,
When a ſkeleton's head was expos'd!

All preſent then utter'd a terrify'd ſhout,
All turn'd with diſguſt from the ſcene;
The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out,
And ſported his eyes and his temples about,
While the ſpectre addreſs'd Imogine:—

"Behold me, thou falſe one: behold me!" he cried,
"Remember Alonzo the Brave!

God grants, that, *to puniſh thy falſehood and pride,*
My ghoſt at thy marriage ſhould ſit by thy ſide;
Should tax thee with perjury, claim thee as bride,
And bear thee away to the grave!"

Thus ſaying, his arms round the lady he wound,
While loudly ſhe ſhriek'd in diſmay;
Then ſunk with his prey thro' the wide-yawning ground!
Nor ever again was Fair Imogine found,
Or the ſpectre who bore her away.

Not long liv'd the Baron; and none, ſince that time,
To inhabit the caſtle preſume;
For chronicles tell, that, by order ſublime,
There Imogine ſuffers the pain of her crime,
And mourns her deplorable doom.

At midnight four times in each year does her ſpright,
When mortals in ſlumber are bound,
Array'd in her bridal apparel of white,
Appear in the hall with the Skeleton-Knight,
And ſhriek as he whirls her around!

While they drink out of ſkulls newly torn from the grave,
Dancing round them the ſpectres are ſeen:
Their liquor is blood, and this horrible ſtave
They howl—"To the health of Alonzo the Brave,
And his conſort, the Falſe Imogine!"

ELEGY WRITTEN AT SEA.

FROM CASPAPINA'S LETTERS.

"HEAV'N gave the word"—Delia! once more fare-well!
Ah me! how fleeting all our joys are found!
The pangs thy tender heart can tell,
For pangs like mine that tender heart muſt wound.

Snatch'd from thy arms, to diſtant lands I roam,
And face the horrors of the howling ſea,

Far from my long-lov'd friends and native home,
And far, my Delia! ah! too far from thee.

No more thy pleaſing converſe cheers my ſoul,
And ſmooths my paſſage thro' life's rugged way;
Thy ſmiles no more my wonted cares controul,
And give new glories to the golden day.

No more with thee I hail th' approach of dawn,
And hand in hand the varied landſcape rove,
Where ſoft'ring gales inveſt the dew-bright lawn,
Unlock the garden's ſweets, or fan the grove.

With notes accordant to thy ſkilful tongue,
No more I ſeek my doric reed to tune;
No more the tender melody prolong,
And chide the envious hours that fleet too ſoon.

When ſinks in ocean's bed the ſource of light,
And darkneſs drear his raven pinion ſpreads,
Cheerleſs and lone I paſs the ling'ring night,
With thoughts congenial to its deepeſt ſhades.

Unleſs, perchance, my weary watchful eyes
Sleep's balmy charm no longer can refuſe,
Then ſwift to thee my ſoul unfetter'd flies,
And each paſt ſcene of tenderneſs renews.

With all that winning grace I ſee thee move,
That firſt endear'd thy yielding heart to mine,
When, ſoften'd by the flame of virtuous love,
I led thee bluſhing to the hallow'd ſhrine.

I ſee thee too, thou partner of my heart,
With all a mother's tender feelings bleſt,
The frequent glance, the kiſs, the tear impart,
And preſs the ſmiling infant to thy breaſt.

Eager I haſte a parent's joy to ſhare—
My boſom bounds with raptures felt before:
But ſwift the ſoothing viſion ſinks in air,
Winds howl around and reſtleſs billows roar.

Ev'n now, whilſt prompted by the pleaſing paſt,
In artleſs numbers flows this penſive lay,

The tott'ring veſſel quivers with the blaſt,
And angry clouds obſcure the chearful day.

Yet why repine?—my anxious breaſt, be ſtill!
No human bliſs is free from foul alloy;
But what at preſent bears the face of ill,
May end in ſmiling peace and laſting joy.

Soon may that Pow'r ſupreme, whoſe dread command
Can ſtill the tumults of the raging main,
Thro' paths of danger, with unerring hand,
Guide me to thee and happineſs again.

In Him, my Delia, then thy truſt repoſe:
'Tis He alone the joyleſs boſom cheers;
He ſoothes, when abſent, all our heart-felt woes,
At home our ſoft domeſtic ſcene endears.

THE THREE WARNINGS.

BY MRS. PIOZZI.

THE tree of deepeſt root is found
Leaſt willing ſtill to quit the ground,
'Twas therefore ſaid, by ancient ſages,
That love of life increas'd with years
So much, that in our latter ſtages,
When pains grow ſharp and ſickneſs rages,
The greateſt love of life appears.

This great affection to believe,
Which all confeſs but few perceive,
If old aſſertions can't prevail,
Be pleas'd to hear a modern tale:
When ſports went round and all were gay,
On neighbour Dobſon's wedding-day,
Death call'd aſide the jocund groom
With him into another room,
And looking grave—"You muſt," ſays he,
"Quit your ſweet bride and come with me."

'With you! and quit my Sufan's fide?
With you the hapleſs huſband cried:
'Young as I am, 'tis monſtrous hard!
Beſides, in truth, I'm not prepar'd;
My thoughts on other matters go:
This is my wedding-night, you know.'

What more he urg'd I have not heard,
His reaſons could not well be ſtronger;
So Death the poor delinquent ſpar'd,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet calling up a ſerious look,
His hour-glaſs trembled while he ſpoke—
"Neighbour," he ſaid, "farewell; no more
Shall Death diſturb your mirthful hour;
And farther, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future ſtation,
Three ſeveral Warnings you ſhall have,
Before you're ſummon'd to the grave:
Willing for once I'll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve;
In hopes you'll have no more to ſay,
But, when I call again this way,
Well pleas'd the world will leave."

To theſe conditions both conſented,
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befel,
How long he liv'd, how wiſe, how well,
How roundly he purſu'd his courſe,
And ſmok'd his pipe, and ſtrok'd his horſe,
The willing muſe ſhall tell:
He chaffer'd then, he bought, he ſold,
Nor once perceiv'd his growing old,
Nor thought of Death as near;
His friends not falſe, his wife no ſhrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He paſs'd his hours in peace:
But while he view'd his wealth increaſe,
While thus along Life's duſty road
The beaten track content he trod,

Old Time, whoſe haſte no mortal ſpares,
Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.

And now, one night, in muſing mood,
As all alone he ſate,
Th' unwelcome meſſenger of fate
Once more before him ſtood.

Half kill'd with anger and ſurpriſe,
'So ſoon return'd!' old Dobſon cries,
"So ſoon d'ye call it?" Death replies,
"Surely, my friend, you're but in jeſt!
Since I was here before
'Tis ſix and thirty years at leaſt,
And you are now fourſcore."

'So much the worſe,' the clown rejoin'd;
'To ſpare the aged would be kind:
However, ſee your ſearch be legal;
And your authority—is't regal?
Elſe you are come on a fool's errand,
With but a Secretary's warrant.
Beſides, you promis'd me Three Warnings,
Which I have look'd for nights and mornings;
But for that loſs of time and eaſe,
I can recover damages.'

"I know," cries Death, "that, at the beſt,
I ſeldom am a welcome gueſt;
But don't be captious, friend, at leaſt:
I little thought you'd ſtill be able
To ſtump about your farm and ſtable;
Your years have run to a great length;
I wiſh you joy though of your ſtrength!"

'Hold,' ſays the farmer, 'not ſo faſt!
I have been lame theſe four years paſt.'

"And no great wonder," Death replies;
"However you ſtill keep your eyes;
And, ſure, to ſee one's loves and friends,
For legs and arms would make amends."

'Perhaps,' ſays Dobſon, 'ſo it might,
But latterly I've loſt my ſight.'

" This is a ſhocking ſtory, faith;
Yet there's ſome comfort ſtill," ſays Death:
" Each ſtrives your ſadneſs to amuſe;
I warrant you hear all the news."

' There's none,' cries he; ' and if there were,
I'm grown ſo deaf, I could not hear.'

" Nay, then!" the ſpectre ſtern rejoin'd,
Theſe are unjuſtifiable yearnings;
If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
You've had your Three ſufficient Warnings.
So come along, no more we'll part:"
He ſaid, and touch'd him with his dart;
And now, old Dobſon turning pale,
Yields to his fate—ſo ends my tale.

PRINTED AND SOLD BY SIKES & CO. HUDDERSFIELD.

, Should the preſent Deſign, of publiſhing
SELECT PIECES of POETRY, at ONE PENNY per Number,
Be cheriſhed, by the Patronage of the Public,
THE MISCELLANY WILL APPEAR WEEKLY.

THE BRITISH

POETICAL MISCELLANY.

THE NEGRO'S COMPLAINT.

BY MR. COWPER.

FORC'D from home and all its pleaſures,
Afric's waſte I left forlorn;
To increaſe a ſtranger's treaſures,
O'er the raging billows borne:
Men from England bought and ſold me,
Paid my price in paltry gold;
But, though theirs they have inroll'd me,
Minds are never to be ſold.

Still in thought as free as ever,
What are England's rights, I aſk,
Me from my delights to ſever,
Me to torture, me to taſk?
Fleecy locks and black complexion
Cannot forfeit nature's claim;
Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in white and black the ſame.

Why did all-creating nature
Make the plant for which we toil?
Sighs muſt fan it, tears muſt water,
Sweat of ours muſt dreſs the ſoil.
Think, ye maſters iron-hearted,
Lolling at your jovial boards,
Think how many backs have ſmarted,
For the ſweets your cane affords.

Is there, as you ſometimes tell us,
Is there one who reigns on high?
Has he bid you buy and ſell us,
Speaking from his throne the ſky?
Aſk him if your knotted ſcourges,
Matches, blood-extorting ſcrews,
Are the means which duty urges
Agents of his will to uſe?

Hark, he anſwers! wild tornadoes,
Strewing yonder ſea with wrecks,
Waſting towns, plantations, meadows,
Are the voice with which he ſpeaks:
He, foreſeeing what vexations
Afric's ſons ſhould undergo,
Fix'd their tyrants' habitations
Where the whirlwinds anſwer—No!

By our blood in Afric waſted,
Ere our necks receiv'd the chain;
By the mis'ries that we taſted,
Croſſing in our barks the main;
By our ſuff'rings ſince you brought us
To the man-degrading mart;
All ſuſtain'd with patience, taught us
Only by a broken heart:

Deem our nation brutes no longer,
Till ſome reaſon ye ſhall find
Worthier of regard, and ſtronger
Than the colour of our kind.
Slaves of gold! whoſe ſordid dealings
Tarniſh all your boaſted pow'rs,
Prove that you have human feelings,
Ere ye proudly queſtion ours.

SONNET. TO AN OLD MAN.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

SWEET Mercy! how my very heart has bled
To ſee thee, poor old Man! and thy grey hairs

Hoar with the ſnowy blaſt; while no one cares
To clothe thy ſhrivell'd limbs and palſy'd head.

My father! throw away this tatter'd veſt
That mocks thy ſhiv'ring! take my garment—uſe
A young man's arm! I'll melt theſe frozen dews
That hang from thy white beard and numb thy breaſt.

My Sarah too ſhall tend thee, like a child:
And thou ſhalt talk, in our fire-ſide's receſs,
Of purple pride, and ſcowls on wretchedneſs—
He did not ſcowl, the GALILÆAN mild,
Who met the LAZAR turn'd from rich man's doors,
And call'd him friend, and wept upon his ſores!

THE RURAL PAIR.

ANONYMOUS.

WHERE confluent torrents join their ſtream, that flow
Hoarſely adown yon ſteepy mountain's brow,
Behold a ſpot! embrown'd with lofty trees,
Whoſe foliage quivers to the gentle breeze:
Near it a cottage ſtands, mean and obſcure,
Its turfy ſides with ſhaggy moſs grown o'er.
No doric frieze adorns the humble roof;
'Tis warmly thatch'd—and 'gainſt the tempeſt proof.
The honeſt tenant of that lowly ſhed,
Though doom'd to toil from day to day for bread,
Is greatly rich:—His ſoul feels pure content,
His deeds are noble, and his life well ſpent;
Betime he ſeeks repoſe, betime awakes,
And plods to labour ere the morning breaks:
No cares corroding rankle in his breaſt,
He ſips the tranſport of unenvied reſt,
And is in humble virtue truly bleſt.
Loving and lov'd—join'd to a tender wife,
Chearful he treads the rugged maze of life,
Bends with ſubmiſſion to Heav'n's awful will,
And thanks the Pow'r that ſhelters him from ill.

But lo, the Dame! how lovely is her mien:
There virtue ſpeaks, there piety is ſeen;
There rural innocence and artleſs eaſe
Live to delight, to animate, and pleaſe.
Around her ſteps attend a ſmiling train
Of beauteous babes, ſome favour to obtain:
With all the prudence of maternal love
She forms their manners, early as they move,
Liſtens with kind indulgence to each moan,
And feeds their lips while ſhe neglects her own;
From their young minds diſperſes error's gloom,
And tends their infant virtues till they bloom.

So the fair oak that overhangs the vale
Guards the young ſapling from the blaſting gale:
With outſpread arms affords a tender ſhade,
And gives to riſing nature—nature's aid.

ODE TO WISDOM.

BY MRS. BARBAULD.

O WISDOM, if thy ſoft controul
Can ſoothe the ſickneſs of the ſoul,
Can bid the warring paſſions ceaſe,
And breathe the calm of tender peace;
Wiſdom! I bleſs thy gentle ſway,
And ever, ever will obey.
But if thou com'ſt, with frown auſtere,
To nurſe the brood of care and fear—
To bid our ſweeteſt paſſions die,
And leave us in their room a ſigh—
Or if thine aſpect ſtern have pow'r
To wither each poor tranſient flow'r
That cheers this pilgrimage of woe,
And dry the ſprings whence hope ſhould flow—
Wiſdom, thine empire I diſclaim,
Thou empty boaſt of pompous name!
In gloomy ſhade of cloiſters dwell,
But never haunt my cheerful cell.

Hail to pleaſure's frolic train!
Hail to fancy's golden reign!
Feſtive mirth, and laughter wild,
Free and ſportful as the child!
Hope, with eager ſparkling eyes,
And eaſy faith, and fond ſurprize!
Let theſe, in fairy colours dreſt,
For ever ſhare my careleſs breaſt:
Then, though wiſe I may not be,
The wiſe themſelves ſhall envy me.

VERSES, BY R. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.

[MR. SHERIDAN, *meeting* MISS LINLEY, (*afterwards* MRS. SHERIDAN,) *at the entrance of a grotto in the vicinity of Bath, took the liberty of offering her ſome advice, with which, apprehending ſhe was diſpleaſed, he left the following lines in the grotto next day.*]

UNCOUTH is this moſs-cover'd grotto of ſtone,
And damp is the ſhade of this dew-dripping tree;
Yet I this rude grotto with rapture will own,
And, willow, thy damps are refreſhing to me.

For this is the grotto where Delia reclin'd,
As late I in ſecret her confidence ſought;
And this is the tree kept her ſafe from the wind,
As bluſhing ſhe heard the grave leſſon I taught.

Then tell me, thou grotto of moſs-cover'd ſtone,
And tell me, thou willow, with leaves dripping dew,
Did Delia ſeem vex'd when Horatio was gone?
And did ſhe confeſs her reſentment to you?

Methinks now each bough, as you're waving it, tries
To whiſper a cauſe for the ſorrow I feel;
To hint how ſhe frown'd when I dar'd to adviſe,
And ſigh'd when ſhe ſaw that I did it with zeal.

True, true, ſilly leaves, ſo ſhe did, I allow;
She frown'd, but no rage in her looks could I ſee:
She frown'd, but reflection had clouded her brow:
She ſigh'd, but perhaps 'twas in pity to me.

Then wave thy leaves briſker, thou willow of woe;
I tell thee no rage in her looks could I ſee:
I cannot, I will not believe it was ſo;
She was not, ſhe could not be angry with me.

For well did ſhe know that my heart meant no wrong,
It ſunk at the thought of but giving her pain:
But truſted its taſk to a faultering tongue,
Which err'd from the feelings it could not explain.

Yet, oh! if indeed I've offended the maid,
If Delia my humble monition refuſe;
Sweet willow, the next time ſhe viſits thy ſhade,
Fan gently her boſom, and plead my excuſe.

And thou, ſtony grot, in thy arch may'ſt preſerve
Two lingering drops of the night-fallen dew;
And juſt let them fall at her feet, and they'll ſerve
As tears of my ſorrow entruſted to you.

Or, leſt they unheeded ſhould fall at her feet,
Let them fall on her boſom of ſnow, and I ſwear,
The next time I viſit thy moſs-cover'd ſeat,
I'll pay thee each drop with a genuine tear.

So may'ſt thou, green willow, for ages thus toſs
Thy branches ſo lank o'er the ſlow-winding ſtream;
And thou, ſtony grotto, retain all thy moſs,
While yet there's a poet to make thee his theme.

Nay more—may my Delia ſtill give you her charms
Each evening, and ſometimes the whole evening long;
Then, grotto, be proud to ſupport her white arms;
Then, willow, wave all thy green tops to her ſong.

ODE.

BY MR. COLLINS.

HOW ſleep the brave, who ſink to reſt,
By all their country's wiſhes bleſt!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,

She there ſhall dreſs a ſweeter ſod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By Fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unſeen their dirge is ſung:
Then Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bleſs the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom ſhall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping Hermit there.

ODE *on the* CHOLERIC CHARACTER.

BY PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

HAPPY the man whoſe heart of ſuch a ſort is,
As holds more butter-milk than aqua-fortis!
But, lord! how paſſionate are *certain folk!*
How like the ſea, reflecting ev'ry form,
So placid! the next inſtant in a ſtorm,
Daſhing againſt the inoffenſive rock;

Mounting towards the ſkies with ſuch a thunder,
As though it wiſh'd (the lev'ler!) to bring it under
Sun, moon, and ſtars, and tear them into tatters—
Such paſſions verily are ſerious matters.

Men in morality ſhould ne'er be idle,
But for their paſſions make a ſtrong curb bridle.

When lofty man doth quarrel with a pin,
In *man* reſides the folly or the ſin—
Not in the *braſs*, by which his finger's ſpitted—
For a ſmall philoſophy we find,
That, as a pin is not endow'd with mind,
Of malice call'd *prepenſe*, PIN ſtands acquitted:

Thus then his *aukwardneſs* muſt bear the blame,
And thus to perſecute the pin's a ſhame.
Many inanimates, as well as pins,
Suffer for others' fooleries and ſins.

How oft a drunken blockhead blames a poſt
That overturns him, breaks his ſhins, or head;

Whoſe eyes ſhould certainly have view'd the coaſt,
And have avoided this fame poſt ſo dread;

Whereas he ſhould have ſpar'd his idle cries,
And only blam'd his own two *blinking eyes.*

A little Welchman, Welchman-like indeed,
Hot as a Chian, that is to ſay,
A Batchelor—and therefore ev'ry NEED,
Was, for ſubſiſtence, forc'd to *him* to pray:

This BATCHELOR, to ſatisfy withall
His gullet,
Put into a ſmall pot—indeed *too ſmall,*
A Pullet.

The Pullet's legs were not to be confin'd;
So out they pok'd themſelves, ſo ſleek and white:
The Welchman curs'd her legs with wicked mind,
And puſh'd them in again, with monſtrous ſpite.

The Pullet liking not the Pot's embrace,
So *very warm*—indeed a nat'ral caſe,
Pok'd forth her ſhrinking legs *again*, ſo fair;
With ſeeming much uneaſineſs, in troth,
Objecting to her element of broth,
And wiſhing much to take a little air.

The CAMBRO-BRITON waxing red and hot,
And highly *foaming* too, juſt like the pot,
Ran to the legs, and ſhov'd them in once more;
But, lo! his oaths and labour all were vain;
Out pok'd the Pullet's boiling legs again;
Which put the Welchman's paſſions in a *roar!*

What will not mortals, urg'd by rage and ſin, do?
Mad at defeat, and with a dev'liſh ſcowl,
He ſeizes with ferocity the fowl,
And, full of vengeance, whirls her out at window.

Printed and Sold by SIKES & CO. Huddersfield.
PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE BRITISH

POETICAL MISCELLANY.

SHEPHERD LUBIN *and his* DOG TRAY.

ANONYMOUS.

YOUNG Lubin was a ſhepherd boy,
Who watch'd a rigid maſter's ſheep,
And many a night was heard to ſigh,
And many a day was ſeen to weep.

For not a lambkin e'er was loſt,
Or wether ſtray'd to field remote;
But Lubin ever was to blame,
Nor careful he, nor penn'd his cote.

Yet not a truſtier lad was known,
To climb the promontory's brow;
Nor yet a tenderer heart e'er beat,
Beſide the brook in vale below.

From him ſtern winter's drifting ſnow,
Its pelting ſleet, or froſt ſevere;
Or ſcorching ſummer's ſultry ray,
Ne'er forc'd a murmur, or a tear.

For, ah! the varying ſeaſons had
To ev'ry hardſhip form'd his frame;
Tho' ſtill his tender feeling heart,
By nature nurs'd, remain'd the ſame.

But whither ſhall the orphan fly,
To meet protection's ſoft'ring pow'r?
Oppreſſion waits the future day,
When mis'ry marks the natal hour.

An orphan lad poor Lubin was,
No friend, no relative had he!

His happieſt hour was daſh'd with woe,
His mildeſt treatment—tyranny.

It chanc'd that o'er the boundleſs heath
One winter's day his flocks had ſpread;
By hunger urg'd to ſeek the blade,
That lurk'd beneath its ſnowy bed.

And hous'd at eve, his fleecy charge,
He, ſorrowing, miſs'd a fav'rite lamb,
That ſhunn'd the long perſiſting ſearch,
Nor anſwer'd to its bleeting dam.

With heavy heart he ſhap'd his way,
And told ſo true, ſo ſad a tale,
That almoſt pierc'd the marble breaſt
Of ruthleſs Rufus of the vale.

Poor Lubin own'd his flocks had ſtray'd,
Own'd he had ſuffer'd them to go;
Yes!—he had learn'd to pity them,
For often he had hunger'd too:

And had he to their pinching wants,
The unnipp'd neighb'ring bounds deny'd;
They ſure had dropp'd—as ſurely, too,
The pitying ſhepherd boy had dy'd.

Then die!—th' unfeeling maſter ſaid,
And ſpurn'd him from his cloſing door;
Which, till he found his favourite lamb,
He vow'd ſhould ne'er admit him more.

Dark was the night, and o'er the waſte
The whiſtling winds did fiercely blow,
And 'gainſt his poor unſhelter'd head,
With arrowy keenneſs came the ſnow:

The ſmall thick ſnow, that Eurus drives
In freezing fury o'er the plain,
And, with unſparing vengeance, ſcores
The callous face of hardieſt ſwain.

Yet thus he left his maſter's houſe,
And ſhap'd his ſad uncertain way;
By man unnotic'd and forſook,
And follow'd but by—truſty Tray—

Poor truſty Tray! a faithful dog;
Lubin and he were young together:
Still would they grace each other's ſide,
Whate'er the time, whate'er the weather.

Unlike to worldly friends were they,
Who ſeparate in fortune's blaſt—
They ſtill were near when fair the ſky,
But nearer ſtill when overcaſt.

When Lubin's random ſtep involv'd
His body 'neath the drifted ſnow,
Tray help'd him forth; and when Tray fell,
Poor Lubin dragg'd him from below.

Thus, 'midſt the horrors of the night,
They enter'd on the houſeleſs heath;
Above their heads no comfort broke,
Nor round about, nor underneath.

No little cheering ſtar they ſaw,
To light them on their dreary way;
Nor yet the diſtant twinkling blaze
Of cottage induſtry ſaw they.

Nay, e'en that moſt officious guide
Of thoſe who roam and thoſe who mope;
Retiring Will o' th' Wiſp refus'd
To trim the lamp of treach'rous hope.

Nor pariſh bell was heard to ſtrike
The hour of "tardy-gaited night;"
No noiſe—but winds and ſcreams of thoſe
Ill-omen'd birds that ſhun the light.

Benumb'd at length his ſtiff'ning joints,
His tongue to Tray could ſcarcely ſpeak;
His tears congeal'd to icicles—
His hair hung clatt'ring 'gainſt his cheek.

As thus he felt his falt'ring limbs
Give omen of approaching death,
Aurora from her eaſtern hill
Ruſh'd forth, and ſtaid his fleeting breath,

And ſhew'd to his imperfect ſight
The harmleſs cauſe of all his woe!

His little lambkin, cold and ſtiff!
Stretch'd on its bed of gliſt'ning ſnow!

His heart's beſt chord was yet in tune,
Unſnapp'd by cold ſeverity;
Touch'd was that chord—his dim eye beam'd,
Suffuſed ſenſibility.

" 'Tis juſt! he ſaid, that where thou ly'ſt,
" The careleſs ſhepherd boy ſhould lie;
" Thou dy'dſt poor fool! for want of food!
" I fall, for ſuff'ring thee to die.

" But, O my maſter!"—broken—ſhort—
Was ev'ry half-word now he ſpoke—
" Severe has been thy conſtant will,
" And galling ſure thy heavy yoke.

" But yet 'in all my beſt,' have I
" Without a 'plaint my hardſhips bore;
" Rufus!—may all my pangs be paſt—
" Maſter!—my ſuff'rings are no more!

" A warmer couch haſt thou to preſs,
" Secure from cramping froſts thy feet;
" And could'ſt thou boaſt ſo free a breaſt,
" Thou yet might'ſt die a death as ſweet.

" My truſty dog—that wiſtful look
" Is all that makes my poor heart heave;
" But hie thee home—proclaim me dead,
" Forget to think—and ceaſe to grieve."

So ſaying, ſhrunk the hapleſs youth,
Beneath the chilling graſp of death;
And, claſping poor Tray's ſhaggy neck,
Sigh'd gently forth his parting breath!

His faithful, fond, ſagacious dog,
Hung watchful o'er his maſter's clay;
And many a moan the old fool made,
And many a thing he ſtrove to ſay.

He paw'd him with his hard-worn foot,
He lick'd him with his ſcarce-warm tongue;
His cold noſe ſtrove to catch his breath,
As to his clos'd lips cloſe it clung.

But not a ſign of lurking life,
Thro' all his frame, he found to creep;
He knew not what it was to die,
But knew his maſter did not ſleep.

For ſtill had he his ſlumbers watch'd,
Through many a long and diſmal night;
And rous'd him from his pallet hard,
To meet his toil ere morning light.

And well his brain remember'd yet,
He never patter'd tow'rds his bed;
Or lodg'd his long face on his cheek,
But ſtraight he ſtirr'd or rais'd his head.

Yes, he remember'd, and with tears,
His loving maſter's kind replies;
When dumbly he contriv'd to ſay,
"The cock has crow'd, my maſter riſe."

But now the paw, the ſcratch, the whine,
To howlings chang'd, alone can tell
The ſuff'rings of inſtinctive love,
When fruitleſs prov'd its ſimple ſpell.

Great grief aſſail'd his untaught heart,
And quickly laid its victim low!
His maſter's cheek, his pillow cold,
Their common bed the colder ſnow!

TO HOPE.

BY MELMOUTH ROCKLEWOOD.

OH, heav'n-born Hope! beſt friend of Mis'ry's child,
Thou gift tranſcendent of the Pow'rs on high!
Oh, deign to viſit one, whoſe heart, deſpoil'd
Of ev'ry joy, on thee would ſtill rely!

Long, long have I beneath life's ſhades reclin'd,
And long by wanton FORTUNE been deceiv'd,
Yet ſtill thy promis'd ſun-ſhine ſooth'd my mind;
And ſaid, "To-morrow all will be retriev'd."

Depriv'd of thee! ah, whither ſhall I go?
See, fell DESPAIR with haggard eye appears!
Oh, ſave me, ſave me!—but one ſmile beſtow
To daunt that fiend, and diſſipate my fears.

Ah, let the kind deluſion yet be giv'n,
And bid my languid ſoul anticipate a heav'n!

TO RESIGNATION.

BY THE SAME.

SUBDU'D by GRIEF, low at thy injur'd ſhrine,
O RESIGNATION! let me humbly fall;
Nor more ſhall I at Fate's degrees repine,
Since thy propitious hand can yield me all!

The primroſe pale, that blooms beneath the thorn,
Protected grows from elemental ſhock;
While from the cloud-encircled hills are torn
The lofty cedar and the knotted oak.

Ev'n ſo would I, ſecure from Fortune's frown,
In life's ſequeſter'd vale unnotic'd dwell;
The tinſel ſplendour of the world diſown,
And ev'ry lawleſs guſt of paſſion quell.—

To preſcient Heav'n's all-potent will reſign'd,
In ſolitude ſerene I'll more than *pleaſure* find!

TO CONTENTMENT.

BY THE SAME.

BENEATH my lowly roof I'll live at eaſe,
Unknown to AVARICE or laviſh glee,
There joyful ſpend the circling year in peace,
Divine CONTENTMENT! while I dwell with thee.

On Alpine hills behold the ſun-beat hind,
Remote from CARE, amid his flock repoſe,
While pleaſing dreams of fancy ſoothe his mind,
And light-wing'd Zephyrus around him blows.

No thought ambitious fires his tranquil ſoul,
No parſimonious luſt of wealth is there;
The gifts of NATURE all theſe thoughts controul,
And for celeſtial ſcenes his mind prepare.—

'Tis mild CONTENTMENT that becalms his breaſt;—
Oh, then beneath *thy* ſhade with VIRTUE let me reſt!

SONNET.

BY MR. ROSCOE.

GO, place the ſwallow on yon turfy bed,
Much will he ſtruggle, but can never riſe;
Go raiſe him even with the daiſy's head,
And the poor twitt'rer like an arrow flies.

So oft, through life, the man of pow'rs and worth,
Haply the cat'rer for an infant train,
Like BURNS, muſt ſtruggle on the bare-worn earth,
While all his efforts to ariſe are vain.

Yet ſhould the hand of relative or friend,
Juſt from the ſurface, lift the ſuff'ring wight,
Soon would the wings of induſtry extend,
Soon would he riſe from anguiſh to delight.—

Go then, ye affluent, go, your hands out-ſtretch,
And, from deſpair's dark verge, oh! raiſe the woe-worn wretch.

THE COACH AND CART.

BY F. J. GUION.

SIR Dazzle's Coach, in gaudy ſtate,
Was ſtanding at the open gate,
When lo! the farming Cart came out,
And Coach was forc'd to turn about—

Then drawing up, with high diſdain,
In language inſolent and vain,
The Cart addreſs'd—" Thou low-liv'd thing—
" Faugh! what a horrid ſcent you bring—
" Do, pray be gone—nor longer hurt
" My noſe refin'd—with filthy dirt—
" But t'other day, your horſe's heels
" Beſpatter'd my new painted wheels—
" Begone thou wretch—go; carry hay,
" Your dung, your ſtraw, your gravel—clay;
" Keep diſtance due, nor dare approach
" The preſence of your maſter's Coach."

With modeſt tone, the Cart reply'd,
" Thou gaudy thing! I ſpurn thy pride:
" Yet, pompous gewgaw! know from me,
" My labour's the ſupport of thee!—
" Did I not early toil, and late,
" Thou ſoon wouldſt drop thy boaſted ſtate—
" Did I not groan beneath manure,
" The equipage would not be ſure—
" And ſhould I not the mart attend,
" Thy dignity would have an end—
" I grant, thou haſt ſome little uſe;
" But why throw out ſuch low abuſe?
" Learn reaſon—act thy proper part—
" We both are ſervants—*Coach* and *Cart*."

PRINTED AND SOLD BY SIKES & CO. HUDDERSFIELD.

Price One Penny.

BAD COMPANY; *or, The* MAGPYE.

ANONYMOUS.

LET others, with poetic fire,
In raptures praiſe the tuneful choir,
The Linnet, Chaffinch, Goldfinch, Thruſh,
And every warbler of the buſh;
I ſing the mimic Magpye's fame,
In wicker cage well fed and tame.

In Fleet-ſtreet dwelt, in days of yore,
A jolly tradeſman, nam'd *Tom Moore*;
Gen'rous and open as the day,
But paſſionately fond of play;
No ſounds to him ſuch ſweets afford
As *dice-box*, rattling o'er the board;
Bewitching *hazard* is the game
For which he forfeits health and fame.

In *baſket-priſon* hung on high,
With dappled coat and watchful eye,
A fav'rite *Magpye* ſees the play,
And mimics ev'ry word they ſay;
Lord! how he nicks us, Tom Moore cries,
Lord! how he nicks us, Mag replies;
Tom throws, and eyes the glitt'ring ſtore,
And, as he throws, exclaims, *Tom Moore!*
Tom Moore, the mimic bird replies;
Th' aſtoniſh'd gameſters lift their eyes,
And wond'ring ſtare and look around,
As doubtful whence proceeds the ſound.

This diſſipative life, of courſe,
Soon brought poor *Tom* from bad to worſe;
Nor prayers nor promiſes prevail
To keep him from a dreary jail.

And now, between each heart-felt ſigh,
Tom oft exclaims, *Bad Company!*
Poor *Mag*, who ſhares his maſter's fate,
Exclaims, from out his *wicker grate*,
" Bad Company! Bad Company!"
Then views poor *Tom* with curious eye,
And cheers his maſter's wretched hours
By this diſplay of mimic pow'rs.
Th' impriſon'd bird, tho' much careſs'd,
Is ſtill by anxious cares oppreſs'd,
In ſilence mourns its cruel fate,
And oft explores his *priſon-gate.*

Obſerve, thro' life you'll always find
A *fellow feeling* makes us kind.
So Tom reſolves immediately
To give poor *Mag* his liberty;
Then opes his cage, and with a ſigh
Takes one fond look, and lets him fly.

Now *Mag*, once more with freedom bleſt,
Looks round to find a place of reſt;
To Temple Gardens wings his way,
There perches on a neighb'ring ſpray.

The Gard'ner now, with buſy cares,
A curious ſeed for graſs prepares,
Yet, ſpite of all his toil and pain,
The hungry birds devour the grain.

A curious net he does prepare,
And lightly ſpreads the wily ſnare;
The feather'd plund'rers come in view,
And *Mag* ſoon joins the *thieviſh crew.*
The watchful Gard'ner now ſtands by,
With nimble hand and wary eye;
The birds begin their ſtol'n repaſt,
The flying net ſecures them faſt.

The vengeful clown, now fill'd with ire,
Does to a neighb'ring ſhed retire,
And, having firſt ſecur'd the doors
And windows, next the net explores.

Now, in revenge for plunder'd ſeed,
Each felon he reſolves ſhall bleed,
Then twiſts their little necks around,
And caſts them breathleſs on the ground.

Mag, who with man was us'd to herd,
Knew ſomething more than common bird;
He therefore watch'd with anxious care,
And ſlipt himſelf from out the ſnare,
Then, perch'd on nail remote from ground,
Obſerves how deaths are dealt around.
Lord! how he nicks us, Maggy cries;
Th' aſtoniſh'd Gard'ner lifts his eyes,
With fault'ring voice and panting breath,
Exclaims, "Who's there?"—All ſtill as death.
His murd'rous work he does reſume,
And caſts his eye around the room
With caution, and, at length, does ſpy
The *Magpye*, perch'd on nail ſo high!
The wond'ring clown, from what he heard,
Believes him ſomething more than bird;
With fear impreſs'd, does now retreat
Towards the door, with trembling feet;
Then ſays—"Thy name I do implore?"
The ready bird replies—"*Tom Moore*."
"O Lord!" the frighten'd clown replies,
With hair erect and ſtaring eyes:
Half op'ning then the hovel door,
He aſks the bird one queſtion more:
"What brought you here?"—With quick reply,
Sly *Mag* rejoins—"*Bad Company*."

Out jumps the Gard'ner in a fright,
And runs away with all his might;
And as he runs, impreſs'd with dread,
Exclaims, "*The Devil's in the ſhed!*"

The wond'rous tale a Bencher hears,
And ſoothes the man, and quells his fears,

Gets *Mag* ſecur'd in *wicker* cage,
Once more to ſpend his little rage:
In *Temple Hall*, now hung on high,
Mag oft exclaims—"*Bad Company!*"

ELEGY ON MY DYING ASS, *PETER*.

BY PETER PINDAR.

FRIEND of my youthful days, for ever paſt,
When whim and harmleſs folly rul'd the hour;
Ah! art thou ſtretch'd amid the ſtraw at laſt!—
These eyes with tears thy dying looks devour!

Bleſt, would I ſoften thy hard bed of death,
And with new floods the fount of life ſupply:
Yes, PETER, bleſt would I prolong thy breath,
Renew each nerve, and cheer thy beamleſs eye.

But wherefore wiſh? Thy lot is that of all:
Thy friend, who mourns, muſt yield to NATURE's law,
Like thee muſt ſink, and, o'er each dark'ning ball,
Will DEATH's cold hand th' eternal curtain draw.

Piteous thou lifteſt up thy feeble head,
And mark'ſt me dimly, with a dumb adieu;
And thus amid thy hopeleſs looks I read,
"Faint is thy ſervant, and his moments few.

"With thee no more the hills and vales I tread!
"Thoſe times, ſo happy, are for ever o'er!
"Ah! why ſhould FATE ſo cruel cut our thread,
"And part a friendſhip that muſt meet no more?

"O, when theſe languid lids are ſhut by FATE;
"O, let in peace theſe aged limbs be laid
"'Mid that lov'd field which ſaw us oft of late,
"Beneath our fav'rite willow's ample ſhade!

"And if my Maſter chance to wander nigh,
"Beſide the ſpot where PETER's bones repoſe;
"Let your poor ſervant claim one little ſigh;
"Grant this—and, bleſt, theſe eyes for ever cloſe."

Yes, thou poor SPIRIT, yes,—*thy* wiſh is *mine*—
Yes, be thy grave beneath the willow's gloom—
There ſhall the ſod, the greeneſt ſod, be thine;
And there the brighteſt flow'r of Spring ſhall bloom.

Oft to the field as HEALTH my footſtep draws,
Thy turf ſhall ſurely catch thy Maſter's eye;
There on thy ſleep of death ſhall FRIENDSHIP pauſe,
Dwell on paſt days, and leave thee with a ſigh.

Sweet is remembrance of our youthful hours,
When INNOCENCE upon our actions ſmil'd!
What though AMBITION ſcorn'd our humble pow'rs,
Thou a wild cub, and I a cub as wild:

Pleas'd will I tell how oft we us'd to roam;
How oft we wander'd at the peep of morn;
Till NIGHT had wrapp'd the world in ſpectred gloom,
And SILENCE liſten'd to the beetle's horn.

Thy victories will I recount with joy,
The various trophies by thy fleetneſs won;
And boaſt that I, thy playfellow, a boy,
Beheld the feats by nameſake PETER done.

Yes, yes, (for grief muſt yield at times to glee,)
Amidſt my friends I oft will give our tale;
When, lo! thoſe friends will ruſh thy ſod to ſee,
And call thy peaceful region PETER'S VALE!

THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

BY DR. PERCIVAL.

With Additions by F. J. GUION.

BEREAV'D of friends, inheritance, and reſt,
An aged mortal, plaintive, begg'd his way;
And, ſpurn'd by grandeur, when he made requeſt,
Thus, at the door of worth was heard to ſay,

"Pity the ſorrows of a poor old man,
"Whoſe trembling limbs have borne him to your door

" Whoſe days are dwindled to the ſhorteſt ſpan,
" Oh! give relief, and Heav'n will bleſs your ſtore.

" Thoſe tatter'd clothes my poverty beſpeak,
" Thoſe hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years,
" And ev'ry furrow in my grief-worn cheek
" Has been a channel to a flood of tears!

" Yon houſe, erected on the riſing ground,
" With tempting aſpect drew me from my road;
" For plenty there a reſidence has found,
" And grandeur a magnificent abode!

" Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!
" There, as I crav'd a morſel of their bread,
" A pamper'd menial drove me from the door,
" To ſeek a ſhelter in an humbler ſhed.

" Oh! take me to your hoſpitable dome;
" Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!
" Short is my paſſage to the friendly tomb,
" For I am poor, and miſerably old.

" Should I reveal the ſources of my grief,
" If ſoft humanity e'er touch'd your breaſt,
" Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
" And tears of pity would not be repreſt.

" Heav'n ſends misfortunes: why ſhould we repine?
" 'Tis Heav'n has brought me to the ſtate you ſee,
" And your condition may be ſoon like mine,
" The child of ſorrow and of miſery!

" A little farm was my paternal lot,
" Then, like the lark, I ſprightly hail'd the morn!
" But, ah! oppreſſion drove me from my cot,
" My cattle dy'd, and blighted was my corn!

" My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
" Lur'd by a villain from her native home;
" Is caſt abandon'd on the world's wide ſtage,
" And doom'd in ſcanty poverty to roam.

" My tender wife, ſweet ſoother of my care,
" Struck with ſad anguiſh at the ſtern decree,
" Fell, ling'ring fell, a victim to deſpair!
" And left the world to wretchedneſs and me.

" Pity the ſorrows of a poor old man,
" Whoſe trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
" Whoſe days are dwindled to the ſhorteſt ſpan,
" Oh! give relief, and Heav'n will bleſs your ſtore."

" Enter, my aged friend!" reply'd the hoſt,
" Enter my humble manſion—child of woe!
" No pompous grandeur does my table boaſt—
" Such as I have, I freely will beſtow—"

With grateful tears the ſuppliant bow'd his head,
With ſteps enliven'd, trod the winding ſtair—
The wholeſome viands, hoſpitably ſpread,
Cheer'd his old heart, and ſoften'd all his care!

Hail! genial warmer of the human heart!
Hail, *Hoſpitality!* thou flame divine!—
Whether at feſtive board thy bounties ſhine,
Or to the woe-worn breaſt thou doſt impart!

The weary traveller thy value knows,
Sorrow is ſooth'd—affliction, too, made light:
Through *thee*, misfortune's cloud appeareth bright,
And pining want with grateful feeling glows!—

Thy manſion's bleſt, in bleſſings to mankind,—
Beſtowing thus, as Heav'n at firſt decreed—
Thine, all the pleaſures of the godlike deed—
Exalted, pure, congenial, and refin'd!

Hail, *Hoſpitality!* thou flame divine!
The heart-felt joys of *ſelf-complacency* are thine!

EPITAPH *for* ALGERNON SIDNEY.

BY SIR BROOK BOOTHBY, BART.

COM'ST thou, brave youth, by kindred virtue led,
T' explore the pregnant annals of the dead,
That bright example may inſpire thy breaſt?
Arreſt thy ſtep: here Sidney's aſhes reſt.

Does the ſound vibrate through thy throbbing heart?
Glows thy warm cheek? Do tears indignant ſtart?
The omens hail: they mark thy ſtrenuous mind;
The honeſt guardian of thy race deſign'd.

Approach; contemplate this immortal name;
Swear, on this ſhrine, to emulate his fame;
To dare, like him, e'en to thy lateſt breath;
Contemning chains, and poverty, and death.

Then go: and dauntleſs in thy country's cauſe,
Aſſert her rights, and liberties, and laws;
Unfading honours be thy glorious doom;
And tears, like thoſe thou ſhedd'ſt, bedew thy tomb.

But if this ſacred name awake no zeal,
No gen'rous ardour for the public weal;
Purſue thy way, nor vainly loiter here;
Thy tearleſs eye profanes the patriot's bier.

Printed and Sold by SIKES & CO. Huddersfield.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE BRITISH

POETICAL MISCELLANY.

THE GRAVE OF HOWARD.

BY W. L. BOWLES, A. M.

SPIRIT of Death! whoſe outſtretch'd pennons dread
Wave o'er the world beneath their ſhadow ſpread,
Who darkly ſpeedeſt on thy deſtin'd way,
'Mid ſhrieks, and cries, and ſounds of dire diſmay;
Spirit! behold thy victory—aſſume
A form more terrible, an ampler plume;
For He, who wander'd o'er the world alone,
Liſt'ning to Mis'ry's univerſal moan;
He, who, ſuſtain'd by virtue's arm ſublime,
Tended the ſick and poor from clime to clime;
Low in the duſt is laid—thy nobleſt ſpoil!
And Mercy ceaſes from her awful toil!

'Twas where the peſtilence at thy command
Aroſe to deſolate the ſick'ning land,
When many a mingled cry and dying pray'r
Reſounded to the liſt'ning midnight air,
When deep diſmay heard not the frequent knell,
And the wan carcaſe feſter'd as it fell:
'Twas there, with holy virtue's awful mein,
Amid the ſad ſights of that fearful ſcene,
Calm he was found: the dews of death he dry'd;
He ſpoke of comfort to the poor that cry'd;
He watch'd the fading eye, the flagging breath,
Ere yet the languid ſenſe was loſt in death;
And, with that look protecting angels wear,
Hung o'er the diſmal couch of pale deſpair!

Friend of mankind! thy righteous taſk is o'er;
The heart, that throbb'd with pity, beats no more.

Around the limits of this rolling ſphere,
Where'er the juſt and good thy tale ſhall hear,
A tear ſhall fall:—alone, amidſt the gloom
Of the ſtill dungeon, his long ſorrow's tomb,
The captive, mourning o'er his chain, ſhall bend,
To think the cold earth holds his only friend!—
He who with labour draws his waſting breath
On the forſaken ſilent bed of death,
Rememb'ring thy laſt look and anxious eye,
Shall gaze around, unviſited, and die!

Friend of mankind, farewell!—theſe tears we ſhed,
So nature dictates, o'er thy earthly bed;
Yet we forget not, it was his high will,
Who ſaw thee virtue's arduous taſk fulfil,
Thy ſpirit from its toil at laſt ſhould reſt:—
So wills thy GOD, and what He wills is beſt!

Thou haſt encounter'd dark diſeaſe's train,
Thou haſt convers'd with poverty and pain,
Thou haſt beheld the drearieſt forms of woe,
That through this mournful vale unfriended go;
And, pale with ſympathy, haſt paus'd to hear
The ſaddeſt plaints e'er told to human ear.
Go then, the taſk fulfill'd, the trial o'er,
Where ſickneſs, want, and pain, are known no more!

HOWARD! it matters not, that far away
From Albion's peaceful ſhore thy bones decay.
Him it might pleaſe, by whoſe ſuſtaining hand
Thy ſteps were led through many a diſtant land,
Thy long and laſt abode ſhould there be found,
Where many a ſavage nation prowls around;
That Virtue from the hallow'd ſpot might riſe,
And, pointing to the finiſh'd ſacrifice,
Teach, to the roving Tartar's ſavage clan,
Leſſons of love, and higher aims of man.

Nor vain the thought, that fairer hence may riſe
New views of life, and wider charities.
Far from the bleak Riphean mountains hoar,
From the cold Don, and Wolga's wand'ring ſhore,

From many a ſhady foreſt's length'ning tract,
From many a dark-deſcending cataract,
Succeeding tribes ſhall come, and o'er the place,
Where ſleeps the gen'ral friend of human race,
Inſtruct their children what a debt they owe,
Speak of the man who trod the paths of woe;
Then bid them to their native woods depart,
With new-born virtue aching at their heart.

When o'er the ſounding Euxine's ſtormy tides
In hoſtile pomp the Turk's proud navy rides,
If onward to thoſe ſhores they haply ſteer
Where, HOWARD, thy cold duſt repoſes near,
Whilſt o'er the wave the ſilken pennants ſtream,
And, ſeen far off, the golden creſcents gleam,
Amid the pomp of war, the ſwelling breaſt
Shall feel a ſtill unwonted awe impreſs'd,
And the relenting Pagan turn aſide
To think—on yonder ſhore the *Chriſtian* dy'd!

But thou, O Briton, doom'd perhaps to roam
An exile many a year and far from home,
If ever fortune thy lone footſteps leads
To the wild Nieper's banks, and whiſp'ring reeds,
O'er HOWARD's Grave thou ſhalt impaſſion'd bend,
As if to hold ſad converſe with a friend.
Whate'er thy fate upon this various ſcene,
Where'er thy weary pilgrimage has been,
There ſhalt thou pauſe; and, ſhutting from thy heart
Some vain regrets that oft unbidden ſtart,
Think upon him to ev'ry lot reſign'd,
Who wept, who toil'd, who periſh'd for mankind.

THE CAMELION.

BY MR. MERRICK.

OFT has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking ſpark,
With eyes, that hardly ſerv'd at moſt
To guard their maſter 'gainſt a poſt;

Yet round the world the blade has been
To ſee whatever could be ſeen.
Returning from his finiſh'd tour,
Grown ten times perter than before;
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travell'd fool your mouth will ſtop,
" Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
" I've ſeen—and ſure I ought to know"—
So begs you'd pay a due ſubmiſſion,
And acquieſce in his deciſion.

Two travellers of ſuch a caſt,
As o'er Arabia's wilds they paſs'd,
And on their way, in friendly chat,
Now talk'd of this and then of that,
Diſcours'd a while, 'mongſt other matter,
Of the Camelion's form and nature.
" A ſtranger animal," cries one,
" Sure never liv'd beneath the ſun:
" A lizard's body, lean and long,
" A fiſh's head, a ſerpent's tongue,
" Its tooth with triple claw disjoin'd;
" And what a length of tail behind!
" How ſlow its pace! and then its hue—
" Who ever ſaw ſo fine a blue?"
" Hold there," the other quick replies,
" 'Tis green,—I ſaw it with theſe eyes,
" As late with open mouth it lay,
" And warm'd it in the ſunny ray;
" Stretch'd at its eaſe the beaſt I view'd,
" And ſaw it eat the air for food."
" I've ſeen it, Sir, as well as you,
" And muſt again affirm it blue.
" At leiſure I the beaſt ſurvey'd
" Extended in the cooling ſhade."
" 'Tis green, 'tis green, Sir, I aſſure ye"—
" Green!" cries the other, in a fury—
" Why, Sir, d'ye think I've loſt my eyes?"
" 'Twere no great loſs," the friend replies,
" For, if they always ſerve you thus,
" You'll find 'em of but little uſe."

So high at laſt the conteſt roſe,
From words they almoſt came to blows:

When luckily came by a third—
To him the queſtion they referr'd;
And begg'd he'd tell them, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.

"Sirs," cries the umpire, "ceaſe your pother,
"The creature's neither one nor t'other.
"I caught the animal laſt night,
"And view'd it o'er by candle-light:
"I mark'd it well—'twas black as jet—
"You ſtare—but, Sirs, I've got it yet,
"And can produce it." "Pray, Sir, do:
"I'll lay my life, the thing is blue."
"And I'll be ſworn, that, when you've ſeen
"The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."
"Well then, at once to eaſe the doubt,"
Replies the man, "I'll turn him out:
"And, when before your eyes I've ſet him,
"If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."
He ſaid; then full before their ſight
Produc'd the beaſt, and lo!—'twas white.
Both ſtar'd, the man look'd wond'rous wiſe—
"My children," the Camelion cries,
(Then firſt the creature found a tongue,)
"You all are right, and all are wrong:
"When next you talk of what you view,
"Think others ſee, as well as you:
"Nor wonder, if you find that none
"Prefers your eye-ſight to his own."

TO MY CANDLE.

BY PETER PINDAR.

THOU lone companion of the ſpectred night,
I wake amid thy friendly-watchful light,
To ſteal a precious hour from lifeleſs ſleep—
Hark, the wild uproar of the winds! and hark,
Hell's genius roams the regions of the dark,
And ſwells the thund'ring horrors of the *deep*.

From cloud to cloud the pale moon hurrying flies;
Now blacken'd, and now flaſhing through her ſkies,
But all is ſilence here—beneath thy beam,
I own I labour for the voice of praiſe—
For who would ſink in dull oblivion's ſtream?
Who would not live in ſongs of diſtant days?

Thus while I wond'ring pauſe o'er *Shakeſpeare*'s page,
I mark, in viſions of delight, the *ſage*,
High o'er the wrecks of man who ſtands ſublime;
A *column* in the melancholy waſte,
(Its cities humbled, and its glories paſt,)
Majeſtic, 'mid the ſolitude of *time*.
Yet now to ſadneſs let me yield the hour—
Yes, let the tears of pureſt friendſhip ſhow'r.

I view, alas! what ne'er ſhould die—
A form that wakes my deepeſt ſigh;
A form, that feels of death the leaden ſleep—
Deſcending to the realms of ſhade,
I view a pale-ey'd panting maid,
I ſee the *Virtues* o'er their fav'rite weep.

Ah! could the *Muſe*'s ſimple pray'r
Command the envied trump of fame,
Oblivion ſhould *Eliza* ſpare;
A world ſhould echo with her name.

Art thou departing too, my trembling friend?
Ah! draws thy little luſtre to its end?
Yes, on thy frame fate too ſhall fix her ſeal—
O let me, penſive, watch thy pale decay;
How faſt that frame, ſo tender, wears away?
How faſt thy life the reſtleſs minutes ſteal!

How ſlender now, alas! thy thread of fire!
Ah! falling, falling, ready to expire!
In vain thy ſtruggles—all will ſoon be o'er.
At life thou ſnatcheſt with an eager leap:
Now round I ſee thy flame ſo feeble creep:
Faint, leſs'ning, quiv'ring, glimm'ring—now no more!

Thus ſhall the ſuns of ſcience ſink away,
And thus of beauty fade the faireſt flow'r—
For where's the *giant* who to *time* ſhall ſay,
"Deſtructive tyrant! I arreſt thy pow'r?"

SONNET.

BY MRS. ROBINSON.

THE chilling gale that nips the roſe,
Now murm'ring ſinks to ſoft repoſe;
The ſhadowy vapours fail away,
Upon the ſilv'ry floods of day;
Health breathes on ev'ry face I ſee,
But, ah! ſhe breathes no more on me!

The woodbine wafts in odours meek
To kiſs the roſe's glowing cheek;
Pale twilight ſheds her vagrant ſhow'rs
To wake Aurora's infant flow'rs:
May ſmiles on ev'ry face I ſee,
But, ah! ſhe ſmiles no more on me!

Perchance, when youth's delicious bloom
Shall fade unheeded in the tomb,
Fate may direct a daughter's eye
To where my mould'ring reliques lie;
And, touch'd by ſacred ſympathy,
That eye may drop a tear for me!

Betray'd by love; of hope bereft;
No gentle gleam of comfort left;
Bow'd by the hand of ſorrow low;
No pitying friend to weep my woe;
Save her, who, ſpar'd by heav'n's decree,
Shall live to ſigh, and think on me!

Oh! I would wander where no ray
Breaks through the gloom of doubtful day;
There would I court the wintry hour,
The ling'ring dawn, the midnight ſhow'r;
For cold and comfortleſs ſhall be
Each future ſcene—ordain'd for me!

ON THE DEITY.

BY MRS. BARBAULD.

I Read God's awful name emblazon'd high,
With golden letters, on th' illumin'd ſky;

From cloud to cloud the pale moon hurrying flies;
Now blacken'd, and now flaſhing through her ſkies,
But all is ſilence here—beneath thy beam,
I own I labour for the voice of praiſe—
For who would ſink in dull oblivion's ſtream?
Who would not live in ſongs of diſtant days?

Thus while I wond'ring pauſe o'er *Shakeſpeare's* page,
I mark, in viſions of delight, the *ſage*,
High o'er the wrecks of man who ſtands ſublime;
A *column* in the melancholy waſte,
(Its cities humbled, and its glories paſt,)
Majeſtic, 'mid the ſolitude of *time*.
Yet now to ſadneſs let me yield the hour—
Yes, let the tears of pureſt friendſhip ſhow'r.

I view, alas! what ne'er ſhould die—
A form that wakes my deepeſt ſigh;
A form, that feels of death the leaden ſleep—
Deſcending to the realms of ſhade,
I view a pale-ey'd panting maid,
I ſee the *Virtues* o'er their fav'rite weep.

Ah! could the *Muſe's* ſimple pray'r
Command the envied trump of fame,
Oblivion ſhould *Eliza* ſpare:
A world ſhould echo with her name.

Art thou departing too, my trembling friend?
Ah! draws thy little luſtre to its end?
Yes, on thy frame fate too ſhall fix her ſeal—
O let me, penſive, watch thy pale decay;
How faſt that frame, ſo tender, wears away?
How faſt thy life the reſtleſs minutes ſteal!

How ſlender now, alas! thy thread of fire!
Ah! falling, falling, ready to expire!
In vain thy ſtruggles—all will ſoon be o'er.
At life thou ſnatcheſt with an eager leap:
Now round I ſee thy flame ſo feeble creep:
Faint, leſs'ning, quiv'ring, glimm'ring—now no more!

Thus ſhall the ſuns of ſcience ſink away,
And thus of beauty fade the faireſt flow'r—
For where's the *giant* who to *time* ſhall ſay,
" Deſtructive tyrant! I arreſt thy pow'r?"

SONNET.

BY MRS. ROBINSON.

THE chilling gale that nips the roſe,
Now murm'ring ſinks to ſoft repoſe;
The ſhadowy vapours ſail away,
Upon the ſilv'ry floods of day;
Health breathes on ev'ry face I ſee,
But, ah! ſhe breathes no more on me!

The woodbine wafts in odours meek
To kiſs the roſe's glowing cheek;
Pale twilight ſheds her vagrant ſhow'rs
To wake Aurora's infant flow'rs:
May ſmiles on ev'ry face I ſee,
But, ah! ſhe ſmiles no more on me!

Perchance, when youth's delicious bloom
Shall fade unheeded in the tomb,
Fate may direct a daughter's eye
To where my mould'ring reliques lie;
And, touch'd by ſacred ſympathy,
That eye may drop a tear for me!

Betray'd by love; of hope bereft;
No gentle gleam of comfort left;
Bow'd by the hand of ſorrow low;
No pitying friend to weep my woe;
Save her, who, ſpar'd by heav'n's decree,
Shall live to ſigh, and think on me!

Oh! I would wander where no ray
Breaks through the gloom of doubtful day;
There would I court the wintry hour,
The ling'ring dawn, the midnight ſhow'r;
For cold and comfortleſs ſhall be
Each future ſcene—ordain'd for me!

ON THE DEITY.

BY MRS. BARBAULD.

I Read God's awful name emblazon'd high,
With golden letters, on th' illumin'd ſky;

Nor leſs the myſtic characters I ſee
Wrought in each flow'r, inſcrib'd on ev'ry tree;
In ev'ry leaf, that trembles to the breeze,
I hear the voice of God among the trees.
With thee in ſhady ſolitude I walk,
With thee in buſy crowded cities talk;
In ev'ry creature own thy forming pow'r,
In each event thy providence adore.

Thy hopes ſhall animate my drooping ſoul,
Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear controul;
Thus ſhall I reſt, unmov'd by all alarms,
Secure within the temple of thine arms,
From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,
And feel myſelf omnipotent in thee.

Then when the laſt, the cloſing hour draws nigh,
And earth recedes before my ſwimming eye;
When, trembling on the doubtful edge of fate,
I ſtand and ſtretch my view to either ſtate;
Teach me to quit this tranſitory ſcene
With decent triumph, and a look ſerene;
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And, having liv'd to thee, in thee to die.

Printed and Sold by S. SIKES & CO. Huddersfield.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE BRITISH

POETICAL MISCELLANY.

THE NEGRO BOY AND WATCH.

BY MR. SAMWELL.

WHEN avarice enſlaves the mind,
And ſelfiſh views alone bear ſway;
Man turns a ſavage to his kind,
And blood and rapine mark his way:
Alas! for this poor ſimple toy,
I ſold a blooming NEGRO BOY.

His father's hope, his mother's pride;
Though black, yet comely to their view;
I tore him helpleſs from their ſide,
And gave him to a ruffian crew:
To fiends that AFRIC'S coaſts annoy,
I ſold the blooming NEGRO BOY.

From country, friends, and parents torn,
His tender limbs in chains confin'd,
I ſaw him o'er the billows borne,
And mark'd his agony of mind:
But ſtill to gain this ſimple toy,
I gave away the NEGRO BOY.

In iſles that deck the weſtern wave,
I doom'd the hopeleſs youth to dwell,
A poor, forlorn, inſulted ſlave,
A beaſt that Chriſtians buy and ſell:
Who in their cruel taſks employ
The much-enduring NEGRO BOY.

His wretched parents long ſhall mourn;
Shall long explore the diſtant main,
In hopes to ſee the youth return;
But all their hopes and ſighs are vain:
They never ſhall the ſight enjoy
Of their lamented NEGRO BOY.

Beneath a tyrant's harſh command,
He wears away his youthful prime,
Far-diſtant from his native land,
A ſtranger in a foreign clime:
No pleaſing thoughts his mind employ,
A poor, dejected NEGRO BOY.

But He who walks upon the wind,
Whoſe voice in thunder's heard on high;
Who doth the raging tempeſt bind,
Or wing the lightning through the ſky,
In his own time will ſoon deſtroy
Th' oppreſſors of the NEGRO BOY.

SONNET.

BY. J. C. MACARTNEY.

WHEN the buſy toil of day is done,
When beneath the mountain ſets the ſun,
Soft and fair,
Through vernal air,
The little birds ſing cheerily;
Then I rove
To meet my love;
My bounding heart beats merrily.

When the yellow moon-beams light the vale,
When the bird of ſorrow tells her tale;
Sweet and ſlow,
The warbled woe
Sounds through the woodlands drearily.
Then breathe I
The tender ſigh,
Reſponſive to her melody.

ADDRESS.

Delivered at the Liverpool Theatre, by Mr. HOLMAN,
On Monday Auguſt 13, 1798, when a free benefit was given to
the children of the late Mr. PALMER.

BY MR. ROSCOE.

YE airy Sprites, who, oft as fancy calls,
Sport 'midſt the precincts of theſe haunted walls!
Light forms, that float in mirth's tumultuous throng,
And frolic dance, and revelry, and ſong;
Fold your gay wings, repreſs your wonted fire—
And from your favorite ſeat a while retire:
And thou, whoſe pow'rs ſublimer thoughts impart,
Queen of the Springs that move the human Heart,
With change alternate; at whoſe magic call
The ſwelling tides of paſſion riſe or fall—
Thou, too, withdraw; for 'midſt thy lov'd abode,
With ſtep more ſtern, a mightier pow'r has trod:
Here, on this ſpot, to ev'ry eye confeſt,
Enrob'd with terrors, ſtood the Kingly Gueſt:
Here, on this ſpot, DEATH wav'd th' unerring Dart,
And ſtruck, his nobleſt prize, AN HONEST HEART!
What wond'rous links the human Feelings bind;
How ſtrong the ſecret Sympathies of Mind!
As Fancy's pictur'd forms around us move,
We hope or fear, rejoice, deteſt or love;
Nor heaves the Sigh for SELFISH woes alone—
CONGENIAL Sorrows mingle with our own:
Hence, as the poet's raptur'd eye-balls roll,
The fond delirium ſeizes all his ſoul;
And, whilſt his pulſe concordant meaſure keeps,
He ſmiles in tranſport, or in anguiſh weeps.
But, ah, lamented ſhade, not thine to know
The anguiſh only of IMAGIN'D Woe!
Deſtin'd o'er Life's SUBSTANTIAL ills to mourn,
And fond parental ties untimely torn;
Then whilſt thy boſom, lab'ring with its grief,
From fabled ſorrows ſought a ſhort relief,
The FANCY'D Woes, too true to nature's tone,
Burſt the ſlight barrier, and became thy own:—
In mingled tides the ſwelling Paſſions ran,
Abſorb'd the Actor, and o'erwhelm'd the Man!

Martyr of Sympathy, more ſadly true
Than ever FANCY feign'd, or POET drew,
Say why, by Heav'n's acknowledg'd hand impreſt,
Such keen ſenſations actuate all the breaſt?
Why throbs the heart for joys that long have fled?
Why lingers HOPE around the ſilent dead?
Why ſpurns the ſpirit its incumb'ring clay,
And longs to ſoar to happier realms away?
Does Heav'n, unjuſt, the fond deſire inſtill,
To add to mortal woes another ill?
Is there, through all the intellectual frame,
No kindred mind that prompts the nightly dream;
Or, in lone muſings of remembrance ſweet,
Inſpires the ſecret wiſh—once more to meet?
There is: for, not by more determin'd laws
The ſympathetic ſteel the Magnet draws,
Than the freed Spirit acts with ſtrong controul,
On its reſponſive Sympathies of Soul;
And tells in characters of truth unfurl'd—
"*There is another, and a* BETTER *world!*"
Yet, whilſt we ſorrowing tread this earthly ball,
For human woes a human tear will fall;
Bleſt be that tear: who gives it doubly bleſt,
That heals with balm the Orphan's wounded breaſt!
Not all that breathes in Morning's genial dew
Revives the Parent Plant where once it grew;
Yet may thoſe dews with timely nurture aid
The infant Flow'rets drooping in the ſhade;
Whilſt long-experienc'd Worth and Manners mild—
A Father's merits—ſtill protect his child.

PAPER.

BY DR. FRANKLIN.

SOME wit of old—ſuch wits of old there were,
Whoſe hints ſhew'd meaning; whoſe alluſions care;
By one brave ſtroke, to mark all human kind,
Call'd clear blank paper ev'ry infant mind,
When ſtill as op'ning ſenſe her dictates wrote,
Fair virtue put a ſeal, or vice a blot.

The thought was happy, pertinent, and true;
Methinks a genius might the plan purſue.
I (can you pardon my preſumption?) I—
No wit, no genius, yet for once will try.

Various the papers, various wants produce,
The wants of faſhion, elegance, and uſe:
Men are as various; and, if right I ſcan,
Each ſort of paper repreſents ſome man.

Pray note the FOP—half powder and half lace,
Nice as a bandbox were his dwelling place;
He's the *Gilt Paper*, which apart you ſtore,
And lock from vulgar hands in the ſcrutoire.

MECHANICS, SERVANTS, FARMERS, and ſo forth,
Are *Copy Paper* of inferior worth;
Leſs priz'd, more uſeful, for your deſk decreed,
Free to all pens, and prompt at every need.

The wretch whom AV'RICE bids to pinch and ſpare,
Starve, cheat, and pilfer, to enrich an heir,
Is *Coarſe Brown Paper*, ſuch as pedlars chooſe
To wrap up wares which better men will uſe.

Take next the MISER'S contraſt, who deſtroys
Health, fame, and fortune, in a round of joys.
Will any paper match him? Yes, throughout,
He's a true *Sinking Paper*, paſt all doubt.

The retail POLITICIAN'S anxious thought
Deems this ſide always right, and that ſtark nought;
He foams with cenſure, with applauſe he raves—
A dupe to rumours, and a tool of knaves;
He'll want no type his weakneſs to proclaim,
While ſuch a thing as *Foolſcap* has a name.

The haſty GENTLEMAN, whoſe blood runs high,
Who picks a quarrel, if you ſtep awry;
Who can't a jeſt, a hint, a look endure;
What is he? Why, *Touch-paper*, to be ſure.

What are our POETS, take them as they fall,
Good, bad, rich, poor, much read, not read at all?
Them and their works, in the ſame claſs you'll find,
They are the mere *Waſte Paper* of mankind.

Obſerve the MAIDEN, innocently ſweet;
She's fair *White Paper*, an unſully'd ſheet,
On which the happy man, whom fate ordains,
May write his name, and take her for his pains.

One inſtance more, and only one I'll bring;
'Tis the GREAT MAN, who ſcorns a little thing;
Whoſe thoughts, whoſe deeds, whoſe maxims are his own,
Form'd on the feelings of his heart alone:
True genuine *Royal Paper* is his breaſt,
Of all the kinds moſt precious, pureſt, beſt.

THE SEA SIDE SONNET.

BY MR. PRATT.

ON the brink of the beach, as I ſilently roam'd,
My ſorrows I mark'd on the wave-ſoften'd ſand;
Loud blew the wild winds, and the white billows foam'd,
And threw the ſalt fleeces of ſurf on the ſtrand.

Faſt flow'd in the tide, yet regardleſs I ſtood,
And felt the white billows advance to my feet;
The ſand-marks of ſorrow were loſt in the flood,
And the ſpray of the ſtorm on my bare boſom beat.

In the ſtory of woe not a thought could I trace,
Not the wreck of a word, and I ſaid to the ſea,
" Ah, if thus you the ſtory of woe can efface,
" Your bounty might ſure be extended to me.

" If e'er I remain on thy billow-beat ſhore,
" No friend near at hand, in falſe pity to ſave,
" My woes, like their ſtory, would quickly be o'er,
" And both owe to thee, foaming Ocean, a grave."

The billows roll'd on, when ſomething within,
More ſtrong than the Ocean, thus ſeem'd to reply,
" Man no murder ſhall do; e'en in ſorrow 'tis ſin;"
I felt the command, and obey'd with a ſigh.

THE NEGRO.

BY MISS HOLCROFT.

(The Lines in Italics excepted.)

TRANSPIERC'D with many a ſtreaming wound,
The Negro lay, invoking death:
His blood o'erflow'd the reeking ground—
He, gaſping, drew his languid breath.

His ſable cheek was ghaſtly, cold;
Convulſive groans their priſon broke:
His eyes in fearful horror roll'd,
While thus the wretch his anguiſh ſpoke:

" Accurſed be the Chriſtian race;
Inſatiate is their iron ſoul:
To hunt our ſons—their fav'rite chace—
They goad and laſh without controul.

" Torn from our frantic mother's breaſt,
We bear our tyrant's galling chains;
Deny'd e'en death, that lulls to reſt
The keeneſt woe, and fierceſt pains.

" From ſun to ſun the Negro toils;
No ſmiles approve his truſty care;
And, when th' indignant mind recoils,
His doom is whips, and black deſpair.

" Yet, Chriſtians teach faith, hope, and love:
Their God of mercy oft implore;
But can barbarians mercy prove,
Or a benignant God adore?

" Hear then my groans, oh, Chriſtian God!
Thy curſes hurl—but no! forbear.
Let Chriſtians wield Oppreſſion's rod,
Spread hatred, woe, and wild deſpair:

" *While I a nobler courſe purſue,*
Yes, let me die as I would live!
Yes, let me teach this Chriſtian crew,
The dying Negro can forgive.

" *And if, indeed, that pow'r be thine,*
O Chriſtian God! in mercy move

Thy people's hearts, by pow'r divine,
To juſtice, gentleneſs, and love."

The ſuff'rer ceas'd, death chill'd his veins;
His mangled limbs grew ſtiff and cold;
Yet whips nor racks inflict the pains
Men feel who barter Man for Gold.

ON A FRIEND REFUSING TO SIGN

The Petition concerning the Slave Trade,

Becauſe it was thought a Party Matter.

BY S. W. RYLEY.

SPIRIT of party! baneful Demon, ceaſe—
Foe to all public, and domeſtic peace:
Let partial prejudice a while be mute,
That ſoft humanity may gain her ſuit:
She ſues—Oh, do not let her ſue in vain—
She ſues for mortals, languiſhing in pain:
Ah! let not then our ſecret feuds prevent
This heav'nly cauſe, this merciful intent.
What if, my friend, we ſometimes diſagree
About the ins, and outs, of Miniſtry,
Or partial, each in critic judgment ſit,
On Fox or Sheridan, on Burke or Pitt;
Yet in this one great point we all agree—
There's no excuſe for *wanton cruelty*.
Then if our mutual endeavours join'd
Can eaſe this wretched part of human kind,
Let's freely do the little that we can,
To ſtop a traffic—the diſgrace of Man:
A bleſſing then ſhall their endeavours wait,
Who ſtrive a Brother's pain to mitigate.

PRICE ONE PENNY

THE ADVENTURES OF YOUNG WHIPSTITCH.

A TALE.

A London Taylor (as 'tis ſaid,)
By buckram, canvas, tape, and thread,
Sleeve linings, pockets, ſilk, and twiſt,
And all the long expenſive liſt,
With which their uncouth bills abound,
Though rarely in the garment found;
By theſe and other arts in trade,
Had ſoon a pretty fortune made;
And did what few had ever done,
Left thirty thouſand to his ſon.

The ſon, a gay young ſwagg'ring blade,
Abhorr'd the very name of trade,
And leſt reflection ſhould be thrown
On him, reſolv'd to leave the town,
And travel where he was not known.
In gilded coach and liv'ries gay,
To Oxford firſt he took his way;
There beaux and belles his taſte admire,
His equipage and rich attire;
But nothing was ſo much ador'd
As his fine ſilver hilted ſword;
Though ſhort and ſmall, 'twas vaſtly neat,
The ſight was deem'd a perfect treat.
Beau Banter begg'd to have a look,
But when the ſword in hand he took,

He ſwore by Gad it was an *odd* thing,
And look'd much like a *taylor's bodkin*.
His pride was hurt by this expreſſion,
Thinking they knew his ſire's profeſſion;
Sheathing his ſword he ſneak'd away,
And drove for Glo'ſter that ſame day.
There ſoon he found new cauſe for grief,
For dining on ſome fine roaſt beef,
One aſk'd him which he did prefer,
Some *cabbage* or a cucumber.
The purſe-proud coxcomb took the hint,
Thought it ſevere reflection meant;
His ſtomach turn'd, he could not eat,
So made an ungenteel retreat:
Next day left Glo'ſter in great wrath,
And bade his coachman drive to Bath.
There he ſuſpected freſh abuſe,
Becauſe the dinner was roaſt *gooſe*;
And that he might no more be jeer'd,
Next day to Exeter he ſteer'd,
There with ſome bucks he drank about,
Until he fear'd they'd found him out;
His glaſs not fill'd as was the rule,
They ſaid 'twas not a *thimble* full:
The name of thimble was enough,
He paid his reck'ning and went off.
He then to Plymouth took a trip,
And put up at the royal ſhip,
Which then was kept by Caleb *Snip*.
The hoſt by name was often call'd,
At which his gueſt was ſo much gall'd,
That ſoon to Cambridge he remov'd,
There too he unſucceſsful prov'd:
For though he fill'd his glaſs or cup,
He did not always drink it up.
The ſcholars mark'd how he behav'd,
And ſaid a *remnant* ſhould be ſav'd.
The name of remnant gall'd him ſo,
That he reſolv'd to York to go:
There fill'd his bumper to the top,
And always fairly drank it up:
" Well done, (ſays Jack, a buck of York,)
" You go thro' *ſtitch*, Sir, with your work."

The name of ſtitch was ſuch reproach,
He rang the bell and call'd his coach.
But ere he went, inquiries made,
By what ſtrange means they knew his trade:
" *You* put the cap on and it fits,"
(Reply'd one of the Yorkſhire wits;)
" *Our* words, in common acceptation,
" Could not find out your occupation;
" 'Twas you yourſelf gave us the clue,
" To find out both your trade and you.
" Vain coxcombs and fantaſtic beaux,
" In every place themſelves expoſe;
" They travel far at vaſt expence,
" To ſhew their wealth and want of ſenſe;
" But take this for a ſtanding rule,
" *There's na diſguiſe can ſcreen a fool.*"

STANZAS.

BY MISS ELIZA RYVES.

A New-fallen lamb, as mild Emmeline paſt,
In pity ſhe turn'd to behold,
How it ſhiver'd and ſhrunk from the mercileſs blaſt,
Then fell all benumb'd with the cold.

She rais'd it, and touch'd by the innocent's fate,
It's ſoft form to her boſom ſhe preſt;
But the tender relief was afforded too late,
It bleated, and dy'd on her breaſt.

The moraliſt then, as the corſe ſhe reſign'd,
And weeping, ſpring-flow'rs o'er it laid:
Thus mus'd, " So it fares with the delicate mind,
" To the tempeſts of fortune betray'd.

" Too tender, like thee, the rude ſhock to ſuſtain,
" And deny'd the relief which would ſave;
" 'Tis loſt, and when pity and kindneſs are vain,
" Thus we dreſs the poor ſufferer's grave."

SONNET. TO SLEEP.

BY CHARLOTTE SMITH.

COME, balmy Sleep! tir'd nature's ſoft reſort!
On theſe ſad temples all thy poppies ſhed;
And bid gay dreams, from Morpheus' airy court,
Float in light viſion round my aching head!

Secure of all thy bleſſings, partial pow'r!
On his hard bed the peaſant throws him down;
And the poor ſea boy, in the rudeſt hour,
Enjoys thee more than he who wears a crown.

Claſp'd in her faithful ſhepherd's guardian arms,
Well may the village girl ſweet ſlumbers prove;
And they, O gentle Sleep!—ſtill taſte thy charms,
Who wake to labour, liberty, and love.

But ſtill thy opiate aid doſt thou deny,
To calm the anxious breaſt, to cloſe the ſtreaming eye.

AN ELEGY.

BY THE SAME.

'DARK gath'ring clouds involve the threat'ning ſkies,
'The ſea heaves, conſcious of th' impending gloom,
'Deep hollow murmurs from the cliffs ariſe;
'They come—the Spirits of the Tempeſt come!

'Oh! may ſuch terrors mark th' approaching night,
'As reign'd on that theſe ſtreaming eyes deplore!
'Flaſh, ye red fires of heav'n, with fatal light,
'And with conflicting winds, ye waters, roar!

'Loud, and more loud, ye foaming billows, burſt!
'Ye warring elements, more fiercely rave!
'Till the wide waves o'erwhelm the ſpot accurſt,
'Where ruthleſs Av'rice finds a quiet grave!'

Thus with claſp'd hands, wild looks, and ſtreaming hair,
While ſhrieks of horror broke her trembling ſpeech,

A wretched maid—the victim of deſpair,
Survey'd the threat'ning ſtorm and deſart beach.

Then to the tomb, where now the father ſlept,
Whoſe rugged nature bade her ſorrows flow,
Frantic ſhe turn'd—and beat her breaſt and wept,
Invoking vengeance on the duſt below.

'Lo! riſing there above each humbler heap,
'Yon cypher'd ſtones *his* name and wealth relate,
'Who gave his ſon—remorſeleſs—to the deep,
'While I, his living victim, curſe my fate.

'Oh! my loſt love! no tomb is plac'd for thee,
'That may to ſtrangers' eyes thy worth impart;
'Thou haſt no grave, but in the ſtormy ſea,
'And no memorial, but this breaking heart.

'Forth to the world, a widow'd wand'rer driv'n,
'I pour to winds and waves th' unheeded tear,
'Try with vain efforts to ſubmit to heav'n,
'And fruitleſs call on him—"who cannot hear!"

'O might I fondly claſp him once again,
'While o'er my head th' infuriate billows pour,
'Forget in death this agonizing pain,
'And feel his father's cruelty no more!

'Part, raging waters, part, and ſhew beneath,
'In your dread caves, his pale and mangled form,
'Now, while the demons of deſpair and death
'Ride on the blaſt, and urge the howling ſtorm!

'Lo! by the light'ning's momentary blaze,
'I ſee him riſe the whit'ning waves above,
'No longer ſuch as when in happier days
'He gave th' enchanted hours—to me and love.

'Such, as when daring the enchafed ſea,
'And courting dang'rous toil, he often ſaid,
'That ev'ry peril one ſoft ſmile from me,
'One ſigh of ſpeechleſs tenderneſs o'erpaid.

'But dead, disfigur'd, while between the roar
'Of the loud wave his accents pierce mine ear,
'And ſeem to ſay—Ah! wretch, delay no more,
'But come, unhappy mourner, meet me here.

'Yet, pow'rful fancy, bid the phantom ſtay,
'Still let me hear him!—'Tis already paſt;
'Along the waves his ſhadow glides away;
'I loſe his voice amidſt the deaf'ning blaſt.

'Ah! wild illuſion, born of frantic pain,
'He hears not, comes not from his wat'ry bed;
'My tears, my anguiſh, my deſpair are vain,
'Th' inſatiate ocean gives not up its dead.

''Tis not his voice! Hark! the deep thunders roll;
'Upheaves the ground; the rocky barriers fail;
'Approach, ye horrors that delight my ſoul,
'Deſpair, and Death, and Deſolation, hail!'

The ocean hears—th' embodied waters come,
Riſe o'er the land, and with reſiſtleſs ſweep
Tear from its baſe the proud aggreſſor's tomb,
And bear the injur'd to eternal ſleep!

SONNET. TO A POOR BOY.

BY MR. ANDERSON.

MEEK Child of WANT! I pity thy diſtreſs,
For I have learn'd to feel another's woe;
Yes, my heart pants to make thy ſorrow leſs,
And dry the tear which mis'ry bids to flow.

Ye, whom nor cold nor pining hunger preſs,
Nor frowning POVERTY's ſad anguiſh know:
What boots it, though you ſhine like inſects gay,
The vain unthinking paraſites of pow'r?
How oft doth Syren Vice lead you aſtray?
How oft embitter pleaſure's gayeſt hour?

Tho' never thou enjoy'ſt the plenteous meal!
Tho' tatter'd thy coarſe weeds—yet, poor forlorn!
Sooner thy keeneſt ſorrows would I feel,
Than be the Son of WEALTH that mocks thy woes with ſcorn.

TO A YOUNG ASS,

ITS MOTHER BEING TETHERED NEAR IT.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

POOR little foal of an oppreſſed race!
I love the languid patience of thy face;
And oft, with gentle hand, I give thee bread,
And clap thy rugged coat, and pat thy head.
But what thy dulled ſpirits hath diſmay'd,
That never thou doſt ſport along the glade?
And, moſt unlike the nature of things young,
That earth-ward ſtill thy moveleſs head is hung?

Do thy prophetic fears anticipate,
Meek child of miſery! thy future fate?
The ſtarving meal, and all the thouſand aches,
"Which patient merit of th' unworthy takes?"
Or is thy ſad heart thrill'd with filial pain,
To ſee thy wretched mother's ſhorten'd chain?
And truly very piteous is her lot—
Chain'd to a log within a narrow ſpot;
Where the cloſe-eaten graſs is ſcarcely ſeen,
While ſweet around thee waves the tempting green!

Poor aſs! thy maſter ſhould have learn'd to ſhew
Pity—beſt taught by fellowſhip of woe!
For much I fear me, that he lives, like thee,
Half famiſh'd in a land of luxury!

How *aſkingly* its footſteps hither bend!
It ſeems to ſay—"And have I then one friend?"

Innocent foal! thou poor, deſpis'd, forlorn,
I hail thee brother, ſpite of the fool's ſcorn!
And fain would take thee with me in the dell
Of peace, and mild equality to dwell;
Where toil ſhall hail the charmer health his bride,
And laughter tickle plenty's ribleſs ſide!
How thou would'ſt toſs thy heels in gameſome play,
And friſk about, as lamb or kitten gay!
Yea, and more muſically ſweet to me
Thy diſſonant harſh bray of joy would be,
Than warbled melodies, that ſoothe to reſt
The aching of pale faſhion's vacant breaſt!

SONNET. TO A REDBREAST.

BY MR. ANDERSON.

DOMESTIC Songſter of the waning year,
I bid thee welcome, and thy wild notes greet;
Although they tell th' approach of winter drear,
No artful concert's to my ear ſo ſweet.

Emblem of poverty!—how hard thy fate,
When wintry tempeſts howl along the ſky;
Methinks thou wail'ſt the abſence of thy mate,
Singing thy love-lorn ſong!—juſt ſo do I.—

Peace to the Bard*, who taught by nature's law,
From tyrant man at once could ſet thee free;
Oft have I read the plaintive tale of woe,
Oft ſhed a tear for innocence and thee!
Come then, ſweet bird, nor wander to and fro,
Welcome to dwell beneath this humble roof with me.

* Alluding to the Author of "The Children in the Wood."

Printed and Sold by S. SIKES & CO. Huddersfield.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE BRITISH

POETICAL MISCELLANY.

FRANK HAYMAN.

A TALE.

BY J. TAYLOR, ESQ.

FRANK HAYMAN, once a Brother of the Bruſh,
Had talents much diſtinguiſh'd in his day;
But for his art he hardly car'd a ruſh,
If ſome odd miſchief ſtumbled in his way.

This Wag was deem'd by all the Social Tribe
A jovial, eaſy, careleſs, pleaſant fellow,
Fond of a frolic, ready at a gibe,
And ſometimes in his cups a little mellow.

He, being tempted by a pleaſant day,
After a long contention with the gout,
A foe that oft beſieg'd him, ſally'd out,
To breathe freſh air, and while an hour away.
It chanc'd as he was ſtrolling, void of care,
A drunken Porter paſs'd him with a Hare.

The Hare was o'er his ſhoulder flung,
Dangling behind, in piteous plight,
And as he crept in zig-zag ſtile,
Making the moſt of every mile,
From ſide to ſide poor Puſſy ſwung,
As if each moment taking flight.

A Dog, who ſaw the man's condition,
A lean and hungry Politician,
On the look-out was lurking cloſe behind.

A ſly and ſubtle chap,
Of moſt ſagacious ſmell,
Like Politicians of a higher kind,
Ready to ſnap
At any thing that fell.

The Porter ſtagger'd on, the Dog kept near,
Watching the lucky minute for a bite,
Now made a ſpring, and then drew back with fear,
While HAYMAN follow'd, titt'ring at the ſight:

Great was the contraſt 'twixt the Man and Dog,
The one a negligent and ſtupid lout,
That ſeem'd to know not what he was about,
The other keen, obſervant, all agog.
Nor need it wonderment excite I ween,
That HAYMAN clos'd the train to mark the ſcene.

Through many a ſtreet our tipſy Porter reels,
Then ſtops—as if to ſolemn thought inclin'd—
The watchful Dog was ready at his heels,
And HAYMAN hobbled on not far behind.

Then rolling on again, the man ſurvey'd
One of thoſe happy manſions, where
A cordial drop imparts its cheering aid
To all the thirſty Sons of Care.

The ſight of this refreſhing place,
The ſcent that hails him from the door,
Arreſt at once his rambling pace—
As they had often done before.

Mine Hoſt, with accents that were wond'rous kind,
Invites him in, a jolly crew to join;
The man the gen'rous courteſy declin'd,
Merely, perhaps for want of thirſt—or coin.

Strait on a bench without he ſtretch'd along,
Regardleſs of the paſſing throng,
And ſoon his weary eye-lids cloſe,
While SOMNUS ſooths him to repoſe.
The Hare now proſtrate at his back,
This was the time to get a ſnack.

The Dog unable longer to refrain,
Gaz'd at the Hare,
Who caus'd his care,
Jumpt and bit, jumpt and bit, jumpt and bit, and bit again.

At length, when he had clear'd away the reſt,
The ſated ſpoiler finiſh'd on the breaſt.

Then having made a hearty meal,
He careleſs turn'd upon his heel,
Nor thought of aſking "*What's to pay?*"
But ſcamper'd at his eaſe away;
Perhaps to find ſome four-foot fair,
And tell the ſtory of the Hare.

And here ſome Sage, with moral ſpleen, may ſay,
" This HAYMAN ſhould have driv'n the Dog away,
" Th' effects of Vice the blameleſs ſhould not bear,
" And folks who are not drunkards loſe their Hare."

All this, we grant, is very true—
But in this giddy world how few
To Virtue's heights ſublimely move,
Relinquiſhing the things they love.

Not ſo unfaſhionably good,
Our waggiſh Painter laughing ſtood,
In hopes more ſport to find;
Diſpos'd to keep in view his game,
And with th' ambitious Thane exclaim,
" *The greateſt is behind.*"

Beſides, he knew, whate'er the plan
That tempts the fond purſuits of Man,
Though pleaſure may the courſe attend,
The Wiſe are heedful *of the end.*

Hence, though of mirth a lucky ſtore,
So aptly tumbled in his way,
Yet ſtill he linger'd after more,
And thus he ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay:

" How will the people fret and ſcold,
" When they the *bony wreck* behold!
" And how the drunken rogue will ſtare,
" When firſt he ſees *what was the Hare!*

" The *denoument* muſt needs be droll—
" 'Twere folly not to ſee the whole."
Preſuming thus on future pleaſure,
HAYMAN kept poſt to wait the ſleeper's leiſure.

At length our Porter's ſlumber o'er,
He jogg'd on, tott'ring as before;
Unconſcious any body kind
Had eas'd him in his load behind.
Now on the houſes turn'd his eye,
As if his journey's end were nigh,
Then read the paper in his hand,
And made a ſtand—
HAYMAN drew near, with eager mein,
To mark the cloſing of the ſcene,
Expecting ſtrait a furious din,
His features ready for a grin.

And now we need but mention one thing more,
To ſhew how well he muſt have lik'd the whim,
Though drunk, our Porter hit at laſt the door,
And HAYMAN found the Hare was *ſent to* HIM.

MORAL.

A wiſe old Proverb ſays, " To others do,
" E'en as you would thoſe others ſhould to you—"
Now had our Painter mark'd this rule with care,
He, not the Dog, had din'd upon the Hare.

SONG.

Sung at the Blind Aſylum, Liverpool.

HARK! Siſters, hark! that burſting ſigh,
It iſſu'd from ſome feeling heart;—
Some pitying ſtranger ſure is nigh;—
Tell us, oh! tell us who thou art.

Sad is the lot the ſightleſs know,
We feel indeed, but ne'er complain,

Here gentle toils relieve our woe;
Hark, hark, that piteous ſigh again.

If breath'd for us thoſe heaving ſighs,
May Heav'n, kind ſtranger, pity thee!
If ſtarting tears ſuffuſe thine eyes,
Thoſe tears, alas! we cannot ſee.

But ev'ry ſigh, and ev'ry tear,
And ev'ry boon thy hand has given,
All in full luſtre ſhall appear,
Recorded in the books of Heaven.

THE WILLING SLAVE.

VERSES on an African Woman, whoſe favorite Boy was kidnapped by the Crew of a Boat: The Sailors, moved by the Diſtreſs of the Mother, would have reſtored the Child; but the Mate, more judicious, choſe to retain him, in hopes that the Diſtreſs of the Mother would induce her to become a voluntary Slave rather than part with him.

OH, HENRY, didſt thou hear in vain,
The moving tale the Captain told?
Go, then, and heap the ſordid gain,
And ſell thy fellow Men for Gold!

Yet, when the dingy Mother rov'd
With eager ſtep, and ſought her Child,
E'en Sailors, ſtern of heart, were mov'd
With her ſad moan and geſtures wild.

"Give her the Boy, poor fool!" they cry'd:
"Why agonize a tender mind?"
"Harpoon'd, harpoon'd!" the Mate reply'd:
"Slack ſail;—ſhe'll not be long behind."

'Twas ſo;—ſhe kiſs'd her Children dear,
Beckon'd the boat acroſs the wave—
Yielded herſelf (to ſhare the tear
Of her loſt Boy)—a willing Slave!

ODE TO TEMPERANCE.

ANONYMOUS.

THOU, dear companion of the wiſe,
Serene promoter of their joys
By pleaſure without ſting,
Thou great preſervative of health,
Thou gem beyond all pomp of wealth!
To thee I humbly ſing.

See, where the roſe adorns the cheek,
Where all the modeſt virtues ſpeak
A ſecret, peaceful joy;
No baneful viands load their board,
What Nature ſimpleſt doth afford
They uſe—but not deſtroy.

Gouts, gravels, headachs, all attend
On luxury, that woeful fiend,
That bane of human bliſs;
But thoſe whoſe ſumptuous tables' ſpread
With ſeaſon'd meats, wine ſparkling red,
Too ſeldom think of this.

A jovial Bacchanalian core,
A flowing bowl, a midnight ſpore,
At diſtant view may charm,
But ſage experience tells the wiſe,
Their falſe allurements to deſpiſe,
And ſhun their fatal harm.

Mark the infatuated wretch,
Once gayeſt at the deep debauch,
Whom dire diſeaſes pine,
What keen remorſe muſt cut him through
When Temp'rance riſes to his view,
All beauteous and divine?

O Temperance! thou Heaven-born maid!
Be thou my goddeſs and my guide,
My guardian and reward,
Teach me to reliſh ſimple joy,
And from temptations, which deſtroy,
Be thou my ſhield and guard.

VERSES,

TO THE MEMORY OF

ROBERT BURNS.

LET muſing Melancholy drop a tear,
And gay fantaſtic Humour heave a ſigh;
Let no unhallow'd hand approach the bier,
Where low in death his ſacred reliques lie.

BURNS, bleſt with native vigour, ſtruck the lyre:
Each heart, aſſenting, felt the magic ſound;
To ſoothe the ſoul the pleaſing notes conſpire;
From hill and dale the heav'nly notes rebound.

Alive to joy, while joy was on the wing;
To playful mirth, to humour void of art;
'Twas Nature's ſelf that taught her bard to ſing
The ſong of joy pour'd genuine from the heart.

For Genius gone, let Scotia melt in tears;
Her darling Son no more ſhall ſoothe her woes,
No more gay hope excite—diſpel her fears,
Or tuneful ſing her ſorrows to repoſe.

The ſoul of harmony, the plaintive ſtrain,
Fall ſweetly pleaſing on the raviſh'd ear.
Nor let unmov'd the hardeſt heart remain:—
In ſilence drop the ſoftly trickling tear.

See where the pledges ſweet of mutual love
Are left in pinching penury to pine:
O! if ye hope ſweet mercy from above,
Let mercy ſweet, to gen'rous deeds incline.

A widow's woes, a mother's tears severe,
And helpleſs babes, their father now no more:
The ſight of theſe, alas! belov'd and dear,
His dying breaſt with bitter anguiſh tore.

His Jeanie's woes, his helpleſs babes forlorn,
The proſpect dire of penury and want,
The inſolent contempt, the haughty ſcorn,
The look diſdainful, and the bitter taunt:

Theſe, from the unfeeling never ceaſe to fall
With all their weight upon the wretched head;

This well he knew:—the thought that heart appall'd
That ſmil'd in pain, deſcending to the dead.

O may his ſhade reviſit oft with joy
Theſe ſcenes which once to rapture rais'd his mind:
To glad his ſhade, your friendly aid employ,
To ſuccour thoſe he to your care conſign'd.

When juſt about to bid this world adieu—
His laſt advice ſtill rings upon my ear:
" Theſe dying words, I now impart to you,
" O! might the world with due attention hear.

" In ſprightly youth of ſyren vice beware:
" Learn from my fate the hapleſs lot of man;
" With caution learn to ſhun each gilded ſnare,
" O'erlook my faults and all my beauties ſcan."

EPITAPH.

Conſign'd to earth, here reſts the lifeleſs clay,
Which once a vital ſpark from Heav'n inſpir'd.
The lamp of Genius ſhone full bright its day,
Then left the world to mourn its light retir'd.

While burns that ſplendid orb which lights the ſpheres,
While mountain ſtreams deſcend to ſwell the main,
While changeful ſeaſons mark the rolling years,
Thy fame, O BURNS! let Scotia ſtill retain.

THE BRITISH

POETICAL MISCELLANY.

NIGHT THOUGHTS
AMONG
THE TOMBS.

BY THE REV. MR. MOORE.

STRUCK with religious awe and ſolemn dread,
I view theſe gloomy manſions of the dead;
Around me tombs in mixt diſorder riſe,
And, in mute language, teach me to be wiſe.
Time was theſe aſhes liv'd; a time muſt be
When others thus may ſtand and look at me.
Here, blended, lie the aged and the young,
The rich and poor, an undiſtinguiſh'd throng:
Death conquers all, and time's ſubduing hand,
Nor tombs nor marble ſtatues can withſtand.

Mark yonder aſhes, in confuſion ſpread!
Compare earth's living tenants with her dead!
How ſtriking the reſemblance! yet how juſt!
Once life and ſoul inform'd this maſs of duſt:
Around theſe bones, now broken and decay'd,
The ſtreams of life in various channels play'd:
Perhaps that ſkull, ſo horrible to view,
Was ſome fair maid's, ye belles, as fair as you;
Theſe hollow ſockets two bright orbs contain'd,
Where the loves ſported, and in triumph reign'd:
Here glow'd the lips; there, white as Parian ſtone,
The teeth, diſpos'd in beauteous order, ſhone,
This is life's goal—no farther can we view;
Beyond it, all is wonderful and new.

O ſay, ye ſpirits, in a future ſtate,
Why do ye hide the ſecrets of your fate,
And tell your endleſs pains or joys to none:—
Is it that men may live by *faith* alone?

The grave has eloquence, its lectures teach,
In ſilence, louder than divines can preach:
Hear what it ſays—ye ſons of folly hear;
It ſpeaks to you—lend an attentive ear:
It bids you lay all vanity aſide;
A humbling lecture this for human pride.

The clock ſtrikes *twelve*—how ſolemn is the ſound!
Hark, how the ſtrokes from hollow vaults rebound!
They bid us haſten to be wiſe, and ſhow
How rapid in their courſe the minutes flow.

Now airy ſhapes and hideous ſpectres dance
Athwart imagination's vivid glance;
The felon now attack's the miſer's door,
And ruthleſs murder prints her ſteps with gore:
Dull fancy now her dreary path purſues,
'Midſt groves of cypreſs, and unhallow'd yews,
Poetic viſions vaniſh from my brain,
And my pulſe throbs as feebly as my ſtrain.

What means this ſudden, ſtrange, unuſual ſtart,
This ſolemn ſomething creeping to my heart?
Why fear to read a gracious God's decree?
Why fear to look on what I ſoon muſt be?
Can man be thoughtleſs of his end? or proud
Of charms that claim the coffin and the ſhroud?
Come, let him read theſe ſculptur'd tomb-ſtones o'er,
Here fix his thoughts, and then be vain no more.

Let proud ambition learn this leſſon hence,
Howe'er diſtinguiſh'd, dignify'd for ſenſe;
Whate'er the honour'd enſigns of renown,
The cap, the hood, the mitre, or the crown,
Death levels all: nor parts nor pow'rs can ſave;
Milton himſelf muſt moulder in the grave,
Who ſung and prov'd, with inſpiration ſtrong,
The ſoul immortal, in immortal ſong.

Hark! thus death ſpeaks; ingenious ſon of men,
Why boaſt the chiſſel, pencil, or the pen?

Will fame, who oft denies her children bread,
Deceive the living, diſcompoſe the dead?
No; fame's a breath, it cannot life ſupply,
Nor yield you comfort when you come to die;
In my dark realms all oppoſites agree,
The heirs of wealth, and ſons of poverty.

Whoſe tomb is this? It ſays 'tis *Mira*'s tomb,
Pluck'd from the world in beauty's faireſt bloom:
Attend, ye fair, ye thoughtleſs, and ye gay!
For Mira dy'd upon her *nuptial* day!
The grave, cold bridegroom! claſp'd her in his arms,
And kindred worms deſtroy her pleaſing charms.

In yonder tomb the old *Avaro* lies;
(Once he was rich, the world eſteem'd him wiſe.)
Schemes unaccompliſh'd labour'd in his mind,
And all his thoughts were to *this* world confin'd;
Death came unlook'd for, from his graſping hands
Down dropp'd his bags, and morgages of lands.

Beneath that ſculptur'd pompous marble ſtone,
Lies youthful *Florio* aged *twenty-one:*
Cropp'd like a flow'r, he wither'd in his bloom,
Though flatt'ring life had promis'd years to come.
Ye ſilken ſons, ye Florio's of the age!
Who tread, in giddy maze, life's flow'ry ſtage,
Mark here the end of man! in Florio, ſee
What you and all the ſons of earth muſt be.

There low in duſt the vain *Hortenſio* lies,
Whoſe ſplendour was beheld with envious eyes;
Titles and arms his pompous marble grace,
With a long hiſt'ry of his noble race:
Still after death his vanity ſurvives,
And on his tomb, *all* of Hortenſio lives!

Around me, as I turn my wand'ring eyes,
Unnumber'd graves in awful proſpect riſe,
Whoſe ſtones ſay only when their owners dy'd,
If young, or aged, and to whom ally'd;
On others, pompous epitaphs are ſpread,
In mem'ry of the virtues of the dead;
Vain waſte of praiſe! ſince, *flatt'ring* or *ſincere*,
The judgment-day alone will make appear.

How ſilent is this little ſpot of ground!
How melancholy looks each object round!
Here man, diſſolv'd in ſhatter'd ruin lies
So faſt aſleep—as if no more to riſe;
'Tis ſtrange to think, how theſe dead bones can live,
Leap into form, and with new heat revive!
Or how this trodden earth to life ſhall wake,
Know its own place, its former figure take;
But whence theſe doubts? when the laſt trumpet ſounds
Thro' heav'n's expanſe, to earth's remoteſt bounds,
The dead ſhall quit theſe tenements of clay,
And view again the long-extinguiſh'd day:
Cheer'd with this pleaſing hope, I ſafely truſt
Th' Almighty's pow'r to raiſe me from the duſt;
On his unfailing promiſes rely,
And all the horrors of the grave defy;
Death! where's thy ſting? Grave! where's thy victory?

THE BLIND BEGGAR.

BY PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

WELCOME, thou Man of Sorrows, to my door!
A willing balm thy wounded heart ſhall find;
And, lo! thy guiding DOG my cares implore;
O haſte, and ſhelter from th' unfeeling wind!

Alas! ſhall MIS'RY ſeek my cot with ſighs,
And humbly ſue for piteous alms my ear;
Yet diſappointed go with lifted eyes,
And on my threſhold leave th' upbraiding tear?

Thou boweſt for the pity I beſtow:
Bend not to me, becauſe I mourn diſtreſs;
I am *thy* debtor—much to thee I owe;
For learn—the greateſt bleſſing is to *bleſs*.

Thy hoary locks, and wan and pallid cheek,
And quiv'ring lip to fancy ſeem to ſay,

"A more than *common* BEGGAR we beſpeak;
"A form that once has known a happier day."

Thy ſightleſs orbs and venerable beard,
And, preſs'd by weight of years, thy palſy'd head,
Though ſilent, ſpeak with tongues that *muſt* be heard,
Nay, muſt *command*, if VIRTUE be not dead.

Thy ſhatter'd, yet thine awe-inſpiring form
Shall give the village-lads the ſoften'd ſoul,
To aid the victims of LIFE'S frequent ſtorm,
And ſmooth the ſurges that around them roll;

Teach them that POVERTY may MERIT ſhroud;
And teach that VIRTUE may from MIS'RY ſpring;
Flame like the lightning from the frowning cloud,
That ſpreads on NATURE'S ſmile its raven wing.

O let *me* own the heart which pants to *bleſs*;
That nobly ſcorns to hide the uſeleſs ſtore;
But looks around for objects of diſtreſs,
And triumphs in a ſorrow for the poor!

When Heav'n on man is pleas'd its wealth to ſhow'r,
Ah, what an envy'd bliſs doth Heav'n beſtow!
To raiſe pale MERIT in her hopeleſs hour,
And lead DESPONDENCE from the tomb of WOE!

Lo! not the *little birds* ſhall chirp in vain,
And, hov'ring round me, vainly court my care;
While I poſſeſs the life-preſerving grain,
Welcome, ye chirping tribe, to peck your ſhare.

How can I hear your ſongs at SPRING'S return,
And hear while SUMMER ſpreads her golden ſtore;
Yet, when the gloom of WINTER bids ye mourn,
Heed not the plaintive voice that *charm'd* before!

Since FORTUNE, to my cottage not unkind,
Strews with *ſome* flow'rs the road of life for *me*,
Ah! can HUMANITY deſert my mind?
Shall I not ſoften the rude flint for thee?

Then welcome, BEGGAR, from the rains and ſnow,
And warring elements, to warmth and peace;

Nay, thy companion, too, ſhall comfort know,
Who ſhiv'ring ſhakes away the icy fleece.

And lo! he lays him by the fire, elate;
Now on his maſter turns his gladden'd eyes;
Leaps up to greet him on their change of fate,
Licks his lov'd hand, and then beneath him lies.

A hut is mine, amidſt a ſhelt'ring grove:
A Hermit there, exalt to Heav'n thy praiſe;
There ſhall the village children ſhow their love,
And hear from thee the tales of other days.

There ſhall our feather'd friend, the bird of morn,
Charm thee with oriſons to op'ning day;
And there the red-breaſt, on the leafleſs thorn,
At eve ſhall ſooth thee with a ſimple lay.

When Fate ſhall call thee from a world of woe,
Thy friends around ſhall watch thy cloſing eyes;
With tears, behold thy gentle ſpirit go,
And wiſh to join its paſſage to the ſkies.

The YOUNG FLY *and* OLD SPIDER.

BY THE SAME.

FRESH was the breath of morn—the buſy breeze,
As Poets tell us, whiſper'd through the trees,
And ſwept the dew-clad blooms with wing ſo light:
Phœbus got up, and made a blazing fire,
That gilded every country houſe and ſpire,
And, ſmiling, put on his beſt looks ſo bright.

On this fair morn, a SPIDER who had ſet,
To catch a breakfaſt, his old waving net,
With curious art, upon a ſpangled thorn;
At length, with gravely-ſquinting, longing eye,
Near him eſpy'd a pretty, plump, young fly,
Humming her little oriſons to morn.

"Good morrow, dear Miſs Fly," quoth gallant Grim—
"Good morrow, Sir," reply'd Miſs Fly to him—
"Walk in, Miſs, pray, and ſee what I'm about."

" I'm much obliged t'ye, Sir," Miſs Fly rejoin'd,
" My eyes are both ſo very good, I find,
" That I can plainly ſee the whole, *without*."

" Fine weather, Miſs"—" Yes, very, very fine,"
Quoth Miſs—" prodigious fine indeed :"
" But why ſo coy?" quoth Grim, " that you decline
" To put within my bow'r your pretty head?"
" 'Tis ſimply this,"
Quoth cautious Miſs,
" I fear you'd like my *pretty head* ſo *well*,
" You'd keep it for yourſelf, Sir,—who can tell?"

" Then let me ſqueeze your lovely hand, my dear,
" And prove that all your dread is fooliſh, vain."
" I've a ſore finger, Sir, nay more, I fear,
" You really would not let it go again."

" Poh, poh, child, pray diſmiſs your idle dread;
" I would not hurt a hair of that ſweet head—
" Well, then, with one kind kiſs of *friendſhip* meet me;"
" La, Sir," quoth Miſs, with ſeeming artleſs tongue,
" I fear our *ſalutation* would be *long*;
" So *loving*, too, I fear that you would *eat me*."

So ſaying, with a ſmile ſhe left the rogue,
To weave more lines of death, and plan for prog.

TO THE MEMORY OF

DR. STONEHOUSE'S LADY.

BY MISS MORE.

COME, Reſignation! wipe the human tear,
Domeſtic anguiſh drops o'er virtue's bier;
Bid ſelfiſh ſorrow huſh the fond complaint,
Nor from the God ſhe lov'd detain the ſaint.

Truth, meekneſs, patience, honour'd ſhade! were thine,
And holy hope, and charity divine:
Though theſe thy forfeit being could not ſave,
Thy faith ſubdu'd the terrors of the grave.

Oh! if thy living excellence could teach,
Death has a loftier emphaſis of ſpeech:
In death thy laſt, beſt leſſon ſtill impart,
And write, *prepare to die!* on ev'ry heart.

A PRAYER *on the* PROSPECT *of* DEATH.

BY BURNS.

O THOU unknown Almighty Cauſe
Of all my hope and fear!
In whoſe dread preſence, ere an hour
Perhaps, I muſt appear!

If I have wander'd in thoſe paths
Of life I ought to ſhun,
As ſomething loudly in my breaſt
Remonſtrates I have done;

Thou know'ſt that Thou haſt formed me
With paſſions wild and ſtrong;
And liſt'ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

Where human weakneſs has come ſhort,
Or frailty ſtepp'd aſide,
Do Thou, all good! for ſuch Thou art,
In ſhades of darkneſs hide.

Where with intention I have err'd,
No other plea I have,
But Thou art good; and goodneſs ſtill
Delighteth to forgive.

THE BRITISH

POETICAL MISCELLANY.

PEACE AND HOME.

ANONYMOUS.

OH! tarry, gentle traveller;
Oh! tarry now at ſetting day;
Nor haſte to leave this lowly vale
For lofty mountains far away.

Oh! tell me what has tempted thee
Through woods and dreary wilds to roam
Oh! tell me what has tempted thee
To quit thy lot and peaceful home.

Say, haſt thou not a partner dear,
Who's conſtant to thy love, and kind?
And wilt thou leave her faithful ſide,
Nor caſt one ſorr'wing look behind?

Yon ſun that gilds the village ſpire,
And gayly ſheds his parting ray,
Say ſmiles he not as ſweetly o'er
Thy native village far away?

Does mad ambition lure thy ſteps
To wander in the paths of ſtriſe?
Ah! think how ſwift thy minutes fly!
Ah! think how ſhort thy ſpan of life!

For life is like yon crimſon beam
That trembles in the weſtern ſkies;

Full ſoon, alas! its glories ceaſe;
It ſparkles, glimmers, fades, and dies.

O waſte not then thy fleeting hours
In foreign climes and paths unknown;
Return thee to thy happy plains
That bounteous nature made thy own.

For me, nor gold nor princely pow'r,
Nor purple veſt, nor ſtately dome,
Nor all that trophy'd grandeur boaſts,
Shall lure me from my tranquil home.

This ruſtic cot and ſilent ſhade
Shall evermore my dwelling be;
E'en when my deſtin'd days are ſpent
I'll reſt beneath yon aged tree.

Beſide the brook, a ſimple ſtone
Shall ſerve to guard my cold remains,
And tell the pilgrims, as they paſs,
I dy'd amidſt my native plains.

Return then, gentle traveller;
Return thee with the morning ray;
Nor leave again thy lowly vale
For lofty mountains far away.

SUCH THINGS WERE.

BY J. RANNIE.

SCENES of my youth! ye once were dear,
Though ſadly I your charms ſurvey;
I once was wont to linger here,
From early dawn to cloſing day.
Scenes of my youth! pale ſorrow flings
A ſhade o'er all your beauties now;
And robs the moments of their wings,
That ſcatter pleaſure as they flow;
While ſtill to heighten ev'ry care,
Reflection tells me—*ſuch things were.*

'Twas here a tender mother ſtrove
To keep my happineſs in view;
I ſmil'd beneath a parent's love,
Who ſoft compaſſion ever knew;
In whom the virtues all combin'd,
On whom I could with faith rely;
To whom my heart and ſoul were join'd
By mild affection's primal tie:
Who ſmiles in heav'n, exempt from care,
Whilſt I remember—*ſuch things were.*

'Twas here, (where calm and tranquil reſt
O'erpays the peaſant for his toil,)
That firſt, in bleſſing, I was bleſt
With growing friendſhip's open ſmile.
My friend, far diſtant, doom'd to roam,
Now braves the fury of the ſeas;
He fled his peaceful, happy home,
His little fortune to increaſe:
Whilſt bleeds afreſh the wound of care,
When I remember—*ſuch things were.*

'Twas here—ev'n in this blooming grove,
I fondly gaz'd on Laura's charms,
Who bluſhing own'd a mutual love,
And melted in my youthful arms.
Though hard the ſoul-conflicting ſtrife,
Yet fate, the cruel tyrant, bore
Far from my ſight the charm of life—
The lovely maid I did adore.
'Twould eaſe my ſoul of all its care,
Could I forget that—*ſuch things were.*

Here firſt I ſaw the morn appear
Of guileleſs pleaſure's ſhining day;
I met the dazzling brightneſs here,
Here mark'd the ſoft declining ray—
Beheld the ſkies, whoſe ſtreaming light
Gave ſplendour to the parting ſun;
Now loſt in ſorrow's ſable night,
And all their mingled glories gone!
Till death, in pity, end my care,
I muſt remember—*ſuch things were.*

ON SEEING

CHILDREN GATHERING FLOWERS.

BY T. SMART.

LOVELY Innocents! what pleaſures
Meet you in this happy hour!
Richer far than monarchs' treaſures
Seems each vari'gated flow'r.

Oh! that joys ſupreme may ever
In each boſom find abode!
And no villain's baſe endeavour
Lead your ſteps to ſorrow's road!

Should ſome monſter, iron-hearted,
From their home you parents tear;
Heedleſs of each wound that ſmarted,
Wounds which wives and children bear:

Doom'd awhile, like *mine*, to languiſh,
Rapidly your tears would flow;
While the wretch, who caus'd your anguiſh,
Smiles, inſulting, on your woe.

THE RETROSPECT OF LIFE.

ANONYMOUS.

RICHES chance may take or give;
Beauty lives a day, and dies!
Honour lulls us while we live,
Mirth's a cheat, and pleaſure flies.

Is there nothing worth our care?
Time, and chance, and death our foes
If our joys ſo fleeting are,
Are we only ty'd to woes?

Let bright Virtue anſwer,—no;
Her eternal pow'rs prevail
When honours, riches, ceaſe to flow,
And beauty, mirth, and pleaſure fail.

SONNET.

WRITTEN ON THE SEA SHORE.

BY CHARLOTTE SMITH.

ON ſome rude fragment of the rocky ſhore,
Where, on the fractur'd cliff, the billows break,
Muſing, my ſolitary ſeat I take,
And liſten to the deep and ſolemn roar.

O'er the dark waves the winds tempeſtuous howl;
The ſcreaming ſea-bird quits the troubled ſea:
But the wild gloomy ſcene has charms for me,
And ſuits the mournful temper of my ſoul.

Already ſhipwreck'd by the ſtorms of fate,
Like the poor mariner methinks I ſtand,
Caſt on a rock; who ſees the diſtant land,
From whence no ſuccour comes—or comes too late.
Faint and more faint are heard his feeble cries,
Till, in the mingled tide, th' exhauſted ſuff'rer dies.

ELEGY TO PITY.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

HAIL, lovely pow'r! whoſe boſom heaves the ſigh,
When fancy paints the ſcene of deep diſtreſs;
Whoſe tears ſpontaneous cryſtallize the eye,
When rigid fate denies the pow'r to bleſs.

Not all the ſweets Arabia's gales convey,
From flow'ry meads, can with that ſigh compare:
Not dew-drops, glitt'ring in the morning ray,
Seem half ſo beauteous as that falling tear.

Devoid of fear, the fawns around thee play;
Emblem of peace, the dove before thee flies;
No blood-ſtain'd traces mark thy blameleſs way,
Beneath thy feet no hapleſs inſect dies.

Come, lovely nymph! and range the mead with me,
To ſpring the partridge from the guileful foe,

From ſecret ſnares the ſtruggling bird to free,
And ſtop the hand uprais'd to give the blow.

And when the air with heat meridian glows,
And nature droops beneath the conqu'ring gleam,
Let us, ſlow wand'ring where the current flows,
Save ſinking flies that float along the ſtream.

Or turn to nobler, greater taſks thy care,
To me thy ſympathetic gifts impart;
Teach me in friendſhip's griefs to bear a ſhare,
And juſtly boaſt the gen'rous feeling heart.

Teach me to ſooth the helpleſs orphan's grief,
With timely aid the widow's woes aſſuage,
To mis'ry's moving cries to yield relief,
And be the ſure reſource of drooping age.

So when the genial ſpring of life ſhall fade,
And ſinking nature own the dread decay,
Some ſoul congenial then may lend its aid,
And gild the cloſe of life's eventful day.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

ERE ſin could blight or ſorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care;
The op'ning bud to heav'n convey'd,
And bade it bloſſom there.

THE ROSE.

BY COWPER.

THE Roſe had been waſh'd, juſt waſh'd in a ſhow'r,
Which Mary to Anna convey'd;
The plentiful moiſture encumber'd the flow'r,
And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,
And it ſeem'd, to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left, with regret,
On the flouriſhing buſh where it grew.

I haſtily ſeiz'd it, unfit as it was
For a noſegay, ſo dripping and drown'd;
And ſwinging it rudely—too rudely—alas!
I ſnapp'd it—it fell to the ground.

And ſuch, I exclaim'd, is the pitileſs part
Some act by the delicate mind,
Regardleſs of wringing and breaking a heart,
Already to ſorrow reſign'd.

This elegant roſe, had I ſhaken it leſs,
Might have bloom'd with its owner awhile—
And the tear that is wip'd, with a little addreſs,
May be follow'd perhaps with a ſmile.

The DOG *and the* WATER-LILY.

BY THE SAME.

THE noon was ſhady, and ſoft airs
Swept Ouſe's ſilent tide,
When 'ſcap'd from literary cares,
I wander'd on its ſide.

My ſpaniel, prettieſt of his race,
And high in pedigree;
(Two nymphs adorn'd with every grace
That ſpaniel found for me;)

Now wanton'd loſt in flags and reeds,
Now ſtarting intó ſight,
Purſu'd the ſwallows o'er the meads,
With ſcarce a ſlower flight.

It was the time when Ouſe diſplay'd
His lilies newly blown;
Their beauties I intent ſurvey'd,
And one I wiſh'd my own.

With cane extended far I ſought
To ſteer it cloſe to land,
But ſtill the prize, though nearly caught,
Eſcap'd my eager hand.

Beau watch'd my unſucceſsful pains,
With fix'd conſid'rate face,
And, puzzling, ſet his puppy brains
To comprehend the caſe.

But with a chirrup, clear and ſtrong,
Diſperſing all his dream,
I then withdrew, and follow'd long
The windings of the ſtream.

My ramble finiſh'd, I return'd;
Beau trotting far before,
The floating wreath again diſcern'd,
And plunging left the ſhore.

I ſaw him, with that lily cropp'd,
Impatient ſwim to meet
My quick approach, and ſoon he dropp'd
The treaſure at my feet.

Charm'd with the fight, the world, I cry'd,
Shall know of this thy deed;
My dog ſhall mortify the pride
Of man's ſuperior breed.

But chief myſelf I will enjoin,
Awake at duty's call,
To ſhow a love as prompt as thine,
To Him who gives me all.

THE BRITISH

POETICAL MISCELLANY.

THE DOUBLET OF GREY.

BY MRS. ROBINSON.

BENEATH the tall turrets that nod o'er the dell,
A dark foreſt now blackens the mound:
Where often, at dawn-light, the deep-ſounding bell
Tolls ſadly and ſolemn a ſoul-parting knell,
While the ruin re-echoes the ſound.

Yet long has the caſtle been left to decay,
For its ramparts are ſkirted with thorn;
And no one by moon-light will venture that way,
Leſt they meet the poor maid, in her doublet of grey,
As ſhe wanders, all pale and forlorn!

"And why ſhould ſhe wander? O tell me, I pray,
"And, O! why does ſhe wander alone?"
Beneath the dark ivy, now left to decay,
With no ſhroud, but a coarſe ſimple doublet of grey,
Lies her boſom as cold as a ſtone.

Time was when no form was ſo freſh, or ſo fair,
Or ſo comely, when richly array'd;
She was tall; and the jewels that blaz'd in her hair
Could no more with her eye's living luſtre compare,
Than a roſe with the cheek of the maid.

She lov'd!—but the youth who had vanquiſh'd her heart,
Was the heir of a peaſant's hard toil;
For no treaſure had he; yet a ſtranger to art,
He would oft by a look to the damſel impart
What the damſel receiv'd with a ſmile.

Whene'er to the wake or the chaſe ſhe would go,
The young Theodore loiter'd that way;
Did the ſun-beams of ſummer invitingly glow,
Or acroſs the bleak common the winter winds blow,
Still he watch'd till the cloſing of day.

Her parents ſo wealthy, her kindred ſo proud,
Heard the ſtory of love with diſmay;
They rav'd, and they ſtorm'd, by the Virgin they vow'd,
That, before they would ſee her ſo wedded, a ſhroud
Should be Madeline's bridal array.

One night, it was winter, all dreary and cold,
And the moon-beams ſhone paly and clear;
When ſhe open'd her lattice, in hopes to behold
Her Theodore's form, when the turret-bell toll'd,
And the blood in her heart froze for fear;

Near the green-mantled moat her ſtern father ſhe ſpy'd,
And a grave he was making with ſpeed;
The light, which all ſilver'd the caſtle's ſtrong ſide,
Diſplay'd his wild geſtures, while madly he cry'd—
"Curs'd caitiff! thy boſom ſhall bleed!"

Diſtracted, forlorn, from the caſtle of pride,
She eſcap'd at the next cloſe of day,
Her ſoft bluſhing cheek, with dark berries all dy'd,
With a ſpear on her ſhoulder, a ſword by her ſide,
And her form in *a doublet of grey*.

She travers'd the court, not a vaſſal was ſeen,
Through the gate hung with ivy ſhe flew:
The ſky was unclouded, the air was ſerene,
The moon ſhot its rays the long viſtas between,
And her doublet was ſpangled with dew.

O'er the cold breezy downs to the hamlet ſhe hy'd,
Where the cottage of Theodore ſtood;
For its low roof of ruſhes ſhe oft had deſcry'd,
When ſhe drank of the brook that foam'd wild by its ſide,
While the keen hunters travers'd the wood.

The ſky on a ſudden grew dark, and the wind,
With a deep ſullen murmur, ruſh'd by;
She wander'd about, but no path could ſhe find,
While horrors on horrors encompaſs'd her mind,
When ſhe found that no ſhelter was nigh.

And now, on the dry wither'd fern, ſhe could hear
The hoofs of ſwift horſes rebound;
She ſtopp'd, and ſhe liſten'd, ſhe trembled with fear,
When a voice moſt prophetic and ſad met her ear,
And ſhe ſhudder'd and ſhrunk at the ſound.

"'Tis here we will wait," cry'd the horſeman; "for ſee
"How the moon with black clouds is o'erſpread;
"No hut yields a ſhelter, no foreſt a tree—
"This heath ſhall young Theodore's bridal-couch be,
"And the cold earth ſhall pillow his head.

"Hark! ſome one approaches:—now ſtand we aſide,
"We ſhall know him—for ſee the moon's clear;
"In a doublet of grey he now waits for his bride,
"But, ere dawn-light, the earle ſhall repent of his pride,
"And his pale mangled body reſt here."

Again, the moon ſhrouded in clouds, o'er the plain
The horſemen were ſcatter'd far wide;
The night became ſtormy, the faſt falling rain
Beat hard on her boſom, which dar'd not complain,
And the torrent roll'd ſwift by her ſide.

Now claſhing of ſwords overwhelm'd her with dread,
While her ear met the deep groan of death;
"Yield, yield thee, bold peaſant," the murderer ſaid,
"This turf with thy heart's deareſt blood ſhall be red,
"And thy bones whiten over the heath."

Now ſhrieking, deſpairing, ſhe ſtarts from the ground,
And her ſpear, with new ſtrength ſhe lets go:
She aim'd it at random, ſhe felt it rebound
From the ſure hand of Fate, which inflicted the wound,
As it drank the life-blood of her foe.

The morning advanc'd, o'er the pale chilling ſkies
Soon the warm roſy tints circled wide;
But, oh God! with what anguiſh, what terror ſhe flies,
When her father, all cover'd with wounds, ſhe deſcries
With her lover's pale corpſe by his ſide!

Half frantic ſhe fell on her parent's cold breaſt,
And ſhe bath'd her white boſom with gore;
Then, in anguiſh, the form of her Theodore preſs'd—
"I will yet be thy bride, in the grave we will reſt,"
She exclaim'd; and ſhe ſuffer'd no more.

Now o'er the wild heath, when the winter winds blow,
And the moon-ſilver'd fern branches wave,
Pale Theodore's ſpectre is ſeen gliding ſlow,
As he calls on the damſel in accents of woe,
Till the bell warns him back to his grave.

And while the deep ſound echoes over the wood,
Now the villagers ſhrink with diſmay;
For, as legends declare, where the caſtle once ſtood,
'Mid the ruins, by moon-light, all cover'd with blood,
Shrieks the maid—in *her doublet of grey*.

A COURT AUDIENCE.

ANONYMOUS.

OLD South, a witty churchman reckon'd,
Was preaching once to Charles the Second,
But much too ſerious for a court,
Who at all preaching made a ſport.
He ſoon perceiv'd his audience nod,
Deaf to the zealous man of God!
The doctor ſtopp'd; began to call,
" Pray 'wake the Earl of Lauderdale.
" My Lord! why, 'tis a monſtrous thing!
" You ſnore ſo loud—you'll 'wake the king."

THE WINTER'S DAY.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

WHEN raging ſtorms deform the air,
And clouds of ſnow deſcend,
And the wide landſcape, bright and fair,
No deepen'd colours blend.

When biting froſt rides on the wind,
Bleak from the north and eaſt,
And wealth is at its eaſe reclin'd,
Prepar'd to laugh and feaſt:

When the poor trav'ller treads the plain,
All dubious of his way,
And crawls with night-increaſing pain,
And dreads the parting day:

When poverty, in vile attire,
Shrinks from the biting blaſt,
Or hovers o'er the pigmy fire,
And fears it will not laſt:

When the fond mother hugs her child
Still cloſer to her breaſt,
And the poor infant, froſt-beguil'd,
Scarce feels that it is preſt:

Then let the bounteous hand extend
Its bleſſings to the poor,
Nor ſpurn the wretched, while they bend
All ſuppliant at your door.

TO A LADY WITH A RING.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

"THEE, Mary, with this ring I wed:"—
So ſixteen years ago I ſaid—
Behold another ring! "For what?"
To wed thee o'er again—why not?"

With that *firſt* ring I marry'd youth,
Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth;
Taſte long admir'd; ſenſe long rever'd;
And all my Molly *then* appear'd.

If ſhe, by merit ſince diſclos'd,
Prov'd twice the woman I ſuppos'd,
I plead that doubled merit now,
To juſtify a double vow.

Here then, to-day, (with faith as ſure,
With ardour as intenſe and pure,
As when amidſt the rights divine,
I took thy troth, and plighted mine,)

To thee, ſweet girl, my ſecond ring
A token and a pledge I bring;
With this I wed, till death us part,
Thy riper virtues to my heart;

Thoſe virtues which, before untry'd,
The wife has added to the bride;
Thoſe virtues, whoſe progreſſive claim,
Endearing wedlock's very name,
My ſoul enjoys, my ſong approves,
For conſcience' ſake as well as love's.
For what? They ſhew me hour by hour,
Honour's high thought, affection's pow'r,
Diſcretion's deed, ſound judgment's ſentence;
And teach me all things but—REPENTANCE!

TO LOVE.

ANONYMOUS.

TEACH me, Love, ſince thy torments no precepts can cure,
Since reflection and reaſon deny me relief;
O teach me thy ſcorn and thy wrongs to endure,
While the balm of reſentment ſhall ſolace my grief.

Let my ſighs never heave, let my tears never flow,
Let the ſmile of contempt the ſtern victor defy;
For the tear has a charm which no art can beſtow,
And the language of love is the ſoul-breathing ſigh.

Let me ſhun the proud deſpot, who cauſes my care,
Leſt the torture I ſuffer ſhould feed her diſdain,
For my tyrant delights in the pang of deſpair,
And the ſound which ſhe loves is the deep groan of pain.

I will traverſe the deſart, climb mountains untrod,
Where reflection ſhall ſadden with legions of woes;
I will cool my ſcorch'd brain on the dew-moiſten'd ſod,
While around my torn boſom the loud tempeſt blows.

Yet the mild breath of morning ſhall bid the ſtorm fly,
And the ſun's glowing wreath ſhall encircle the ſteep,
But my boſom ſhall never forget the deep ſigh,
Nor my eyes loſe the viſion that prompts them to weep!

Then, O! where ſhall I wander, in ſearch of repoſe,
Where explore that oblivion which calms the wrung breaſt,
Since the lover finds ſorrow wherever he goes,
And the world has, for paſſion, no pillow of reſt?

To the grave! where the tyrant is robb'd of his pow'r,
Where complainings ſhall ceaſe, for no anguiſh is there;
While the breathing deſtroyer ſhall live a ſhort hour,
Till the pang of remorſe ends the reign of deſpair.

THE UNFORTUNATE FAIR.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

HARD by the road where, on that little mound,
The high graſs ruſtles to the paſſing breeze,
The child of mis'ry reſts her head in peace.
Pauſe there in ſadneſs. That unhallow'd ground
Inſhrines what once was Iſabel. Sleep on,
Sleep on, poor outcaſt!—Lovely was thy cheek,
And thy mild eye was eloquent to ſpeak
The ſoul of pity. Pale, and woe-begone,
Soon did thy fair cheek fade, and thine eye weep,
The tear of anguiſh for the babe unborn,
The helpleſs heir of poverty and ſcorn.
She drank the draught that chill'd the ſoul to ſleep.
I pauſe, and wipe the big drop from mine eye,
Whilſt the proud Levite ſcowls, and paſſes by.

THE WISH.

ANONYMOUS.

GIVE me, kind Heav'n the middle ſtate,
Not meanly poor, nor proudly great!
I aſk no wealth, no pow'r I crave;
Let me not have, nor be a ſlave:
O'er no man let me covet rule;
Let no man e'er make me his tool.

The duty I to others owe,
Teach thou my rebel heart to know,
Yet let me never anxious be,
For duty others owe to me:
But think, ere I too much expect,
The higher duties I neglect.

Bleſs me with health, to earn my food,
With wiſdom to diſcern what's good.
Leſs let me others' errors mind,
Than thoſe within myſelf I find;
Averſe to make their foibles known,
As careful to conceal my own:
And leſt I do another wrong,
Reſtrain the licence of my tongue.

The ills, as mortal, I muſt ſhare,
Make me, without repining, bear:
Convinc'd, the ſinful cauſe is mine,
The merciful chaſtiſement thine.
On every fellow-mortal's woe,
Let me a ready tear beſtow;
Nor be ſo much of need afraid,
As to with-hold my little aid,
When weeping want, with trembling hand,
Makes, in thy name, its meek demand.

When innocence gives laughter birth,
Let me not check the harmleſs mirth;
But bleſs the voice, that kindly cries—
'Be *merry* mortals, and be *wiſe*.'

O gracious Heav'n, theſe bleſſings give!
I care not *where*, but *how*, I live!

THE BRITISH

POETICAL MISCELLANY.

THE FEMALE EXILE.

BY CHARLOTTE SMITH.

NOVEMBER's chill blaſt on the rough beach is howling,
The ſurge breaks afar, and then foams to the ſhore,
Dark clouds o'er the ſea gather heavy and ſcowling,
And the white cliffs re-echo the wild wintry roar.

Beneath that chalk rock, a fair ſtranger, reclining,
Has found on damp ſea-weed a cold lonely ſeat;
Her eyes fill'd with tears, and her heart with repining,
She ſtarts at the billows that burſt at her feet.

There, day after day, with an anxious heart heaving,
She watches the waves, where they mingle with air,
For the ſail, which, alas! all her fond hopes deceiving,
May bring only tidings to add to her care.

Looſe ſtream to wild winds thoſe fair flowing treſſes,
Once woven with garlands of gay ſummer flow'rs;
Her dreſs unregarded beſpeaks her diſtreſſes,
And beauty is blighted by grief's heavy hours.

Her innocent children, unconſcious of ſorrow,
To ſeek the glöſs'd ſhell, or the crimſon weed, ſtray;
Amus'd with the preſent, they heed not to-morrow,
Nor think of the ſtorm that is gath'ring to-day.

The gilt fairy ſhip, with its ribbon-ſail ſpreading,
They launch on the ſalt pool the tide left behind;
Ah! victims—for whom their ſad mother is dreading
The multiply'd mis'ries that wait on mankind.

To fair fortune born, ſhe beholds them with anguiſh,
Now wand'rers with her on a once hoſtile ſoil;
Perhaps doom'd for life in chill pen'ry to languiſh,
Or abject dependence, or ſoul-cruſhing toil.

But the ſea-boat, her hopes and her terrors renewing,
O'er the dim grey horizon now faintly appears;
She flies to the quay, dreading tidings of ruin,
All breathleſs with haſte, half expiring with fears.

Poor mourner!—I would that my fortune had left me
The means to alleviate the woes I deplore;
But, like thine, my hard fate has of affluence bereft me;
I can warm the cold heart of the wretched no more!

TO MEDITATION.

BY MRS. ROBINSON.

SWEET child of Reaſon! maid ſerene!
With folded arms and penſive mein,
Who, wand'ring near yon thorny wild,
So oft my length'ning hours beguil'd.
How oft with thee I've ſtroll'd unſeen,
O'er the lone valley's velvet green;
And bruſh'd away the twilight dew,
That ſtain'd the cowſlip's golden hue.

Oft as I ponder'd o'er the ſcene,
Would mem'ry picture to my heart,
How full of grief my days have been,
How ſwiftly rapt'rous hours depart;
Then wouldſt thou, ſweetly reas'ning, ſay—
"Time journeys through the rougheſt day."

The Hermit, from the world retir'd,
By calm Religion's voice inſpir'd,
Tells how ſerenely time glides on,
From crimſon morn till ſetting ſun;
Within his breaſt nor ſorrows mourn,
Nor cares perplex, nor paſſions burn;
No jealous fears, or boundleſs joy,
The tenor of his mind deſtroy.

He bleſſes Heav'n's benign decree,
That gave his days to peace and thee.

The gentle maid, whoſe roſeate bloom
Fades faſt within a cloiſter's gloom,
Far, by relentleſs Fate, remov'd
From all her youthful fancy lov'd;
Led by thy downy hand, ſhe ſtrays
Along the green dell's tangled maze;
Where, thro' dank leaves, the whiſp'ring ſhow'rs
Awake to life the fainting flow'rs.
Abſorb'd by thee, ſhe hears no more
The diſtant torrent's fearful roar—
The well-known Veſper's ſilver tone:
The bleak wind's deſolating moan;
No more ſhe weeps at fate's decree,
But yields her penſive ſoul to thee.

The Sage, whoſe palſy'd head bends low,
'Midſt ſcatter'd locks of ſilv'ry ſnow,
Still, by his mind's clear luſtre, tells
What warmth within his boſom dwells;
How glows his heart with treaſur'd lore,
How rich in Wiſdom's boundleſs ſtore!
He lifts his radiant eyes, which gleam
With Reſignation's ſainted beam;
And, as the weeping ſtar of morn
Sheds luſtre on the wither'd thorn,
His tear benign calm comfort throws
O'er rugged life's corroding woes:
His pious ſoul's enlighten'd rays
Dart forth to gild his wintry days;
He ſmiles ſerene at Heav'n's decree,
And his laſt hour reſigns to thee.

Oft my full heart to thee hath flown,
And wept for mis'ries not its own;
Oft have I ſunk upon thy breaſt,
And lull'd my weary mind to reſt;
Till I have own'd the bleſt decree,
That gave my ſoul to peace and thee.

THE SIGNAL OF REST.

BY T. SMART.

NOW, in the weſt, the ſun reſplendent ſinks,
And to his cot the weary ruſtic hies;
Where on life's hardſhips he no longer thinks,
But ſweet refreſhing ſleep new ſtrength ſupplies.

Yon bell in vain may bid the eye-lids cloſe,
(Though rung with moſt benevolent intent,)
When *baſe injuſtice* interrupts repoſe,
And *foul ingratitude* the heart has rent.

But ſhould a ſenſe of guilt its terrors bring,
And pierce ſeverely the corrupted mind;
(Day adding greater torments to the ſting,)
Such hope, in nightly ſlumbers, peace to find.

Suff'ring for crimes, theſe may deſerve their reſt,
E'en HOWARD thought them not beneath his care,
Who oft, in priſons, met with the oppreſt,
And kindly bade the wretched not deſpair.

Friend of thy ſpecies! thee my heart reveres,
But ſhuns the fiend whom cruelties delight;
Whoſe barb'rous acts increaſe a mother's fears,
And fill her helpleſs offspring with affright:

Who to paſt ſervice is inſenſate grown,
Which coſt the ſufferer *life's better part*;—
Nor that ſuffic'd,—in priſon he was thrown!
Torn from thoſe pledges deareſt to his heart.

Why his revenge?—'Twas this:—He ſaw his *pride*
Foil'd in th' attempt to hold the injur'd down;
Whoſe firmneſs ſhow'd he ſuch vile means defy'd,
And ſcorn'd to tremble at an upſtart's frown.

Hot was that rage the quiv'ring lip beſpoke;
The look malignant told th' avengement near:
Bar'd was the victim's boſom to the ſtroke,
Nor could a priſon's gloom occaſion fear.

Let the proud tyrant laugh, and ſeem ſecure;
Boaſt his injuſtice, prize oppreſſion's rod:
Judgment will come!—His puniſhment is ſure,
Whoſe cruel deeds offend a righteous God.

THE GRANDAM.

ANONYMOUS.

ROUND a briſk fire, the hearth ſwept clean,
And not a cinder to be ſeen:
Tray faſt aſleep, and puſs a purring,
All ſilent, not a murmur ſtirring;
One winter's night I try'd, at random,
To play off tricks upon my Grandam—
Laugh'd at her manners, mock'd her gait,
And prated as all children prate.
She gave my head a tender ſtroke,
Patted my cheek, and thus ſhe ſpoke:

'Age has it weakneſs, child, 'tis true,
'But then it has its wiſdom too:
'I, what I have, am like to loſe;
'You, what you are to have, may chooſe:
'Let prudence be your firſt election,
'And learn from my defects perfection.
'You ſay I'm toothleſs—I agree;
'As toothleſs let your anger be:
'Purblind—'tis true; ſhould ſcandal name
'The object of another's ſhame,
'And bid your eye the object view,
'Tis well if you are purblind too:
'And ſo I tremble—learn from me,
'When hopes and reaſon diſagree,
'To tremble, fearful and appall'd,
'Nor act what cannot be recall'd:
'I limp—my racing days are paſt;
'Beſides, they ſtumble who go faſt:
'And ſhould you e'er diſaſtrous run,
'Headlong, as many folks have done,
'Where dire contention's rabble-rout,
'Deal militating blows about,
'Exert yourſelf, nor truſt delay,
'While you have ſtrength to limp away.
'Upon a ſtaff you ſee me leaning—
'Mark me, and underſtand my meaning.
'My frame is weak, and ſo's your mind,
'Tott'ring with every blaſt of wind,
'On virtue lean through life's hard gales,
'That's a ſupport which never fails.

'Thus the old lady, in a trice,
Cramm'd me with ſweetmeats and advice:
I liſten'd, lick'd my lips, as loath
To loſe the ſlighteſt goût of both;
And while my mem'ry holds her ſeat,
The fire ſo briſk, the hearth ſo neat,
The purring cat, the ſleeping Tray,
Shall never from that mem'ry ſtray;
Nor, howſoe'er by fortune toſt,
Shall this advice be ever loſt.

THE AFRICAN BOY.

BY MR. JERNINGHAM.

AH! tell me, little mournful Moor,
Why ſtill you linger on the ſhore?
Haſte to your playmates, haſte away,
Nor loiter here with fond delay:
When morn unveil'd her radiant eye,
You hail'd me as I wander'd by;
Returning at th' approach of eve,
Your meek ſalute I ſtill receive.

'Benign inquirer, thou ſhall know,
Why here my lonely moments flow:
'Tis ſaid thy countrymen (no more
Like rav'ning ſharks that haunt the ſhore)
Return to bleſs, to raiſe, to cheer,
And pay compaſſion's long arrear.

'Tis ſaid, the num'rous captive train,
Late bound by the degrading chain,
Triumphant come with ſwelling ſails
'Mid ſmiling ſkies and weſtern gales;
They come, with feſtive heart and glee,
Their hands unſhackled—minds as free;
They come at mercy's great command,
To repoſſeſs their native land.

The gales that o'er the ocean ſtray,
And chaſe the waves in gentle play,

Methinks they whiſper as they fly,
" Juellen ſoon will meet thine eye!"
'Tis this that ſoothes her little ſon,
Blends all his wiſhes into one!

Ah! were I claſp'd in her embrace,
I would forgive her paſt diſgrace,
Forgive the memorable hour,
She fell a prey to tyrant pow'r;
Forgive her loſt diſtracted air,
Her ſorrowing voice, her kneeling pray'r;
The ſuppliant tears that gall'd her cheeks,
And laſt—her agonizing ſhrieks.

Lock'd in her hair, a ruthleſs hand
Trail'd her along the flinty ſtrand;
A ruffian train, with clamours rude,
The impious ſpectacle purſu'd,
Still as ſhe mov'd, in accents mild,
She cries aloud—" My child! my child!"
The lofty bark ſhe now aſcends,
With ſcreams of woe the air ſhe rends;
The veſſel leſs'ning from the ſhore,
Her piteous wails I heard no more:
Now, as I ſtretch'd my laſt ſurvey,
Her diſtant form diſſolv'd away.

That day is paſt—I ceaſe to mourn—
Succeeding joy ſhall have its turn:
Beſide the hoarſe reſounding deep,
A pleaſing anxious watch I keep;
For when the morning clouds ſhall break,
And darts of day the darkneſs ſtreak,
Perchance along the glitt'ring main,
(Oh! may this hope not throb in vain!)
To meet theſe long-deſiring eyes,
Juellen and the ſun may riſe!

GLENOWEN.

BY MRS. ROBINSON.

FAREWELL, dear Glenowen! adieu to thy mountains,
Where oft I have wander'd to welcome the day;

Farewell to thy foreſts, thy cryſtalline fountains,
Which ſtray thro' the valley, and moan as they ſtray.
O'er wide foamy waters I'm deſtin'd to travel,
A poor ſimple exile, forlorn and unknown;
Yet, while the dark fates ſhall my fortune unravel,
My thoughts, my affections, ſhall ſtill be thy own.

Thy cities, proud Gallia, thy wide-ſpreading treaſures,
Thy vallies, where nature luxuriantly roves,
May bid the heart, dancing to fancy's wild meaſures,
Forget, for a moment, its own native groves:
But where is the boſom that ſighs not in ſorrow,
Eſtrang'd from dear objects, to wander alone;
Still counting the moments, from morrow to morrow,
A poor weary traveller, loſt and unknown?

Sweet viſtas of myrtle, and paths of gay roſes,
And hills deck'd with vineyards, and woodlands with ſhades,
Freſh banks of young vi'lets, where fancy repoſes,
And courts gentle ſlumbers, her viſions to aid;
The dark ſilent grotto, the ſoft-flowing fountains,
Where Nature's own muſic flow murmurs along;
The ſun-beams, that dance on the pine-cover'd mountains,
May waken to rapture their own native throng.

But thou, dear Glenowen! canſt bring ſweeter pleaſure,
All barren and bleak as thy ſummits appear:
And, though thou canſt boaſt of no rich gaudy treaſure,
Still Memory traces thy charms with a tear!
The keen blaſt may howl o'er the vallies and mountains,
And ſtrip the rich verdure that mantles each tree;
And winter may bind, in cold fetters, thy fountains,
But ſtill thou art dear, O Glenowen! to me.

THE BRITISH

POETICAL MISCELLANY.

THE CAVE OF ALPHONSO.

ANONYMOUS.

WHEN ev'ning's pale light had retir'd from the plain,
And night had the valley o'erſpread;
When the tears of the ſky were diſtill'd in dark rain,
And the owls from the battlements ſeem'd to complain,
As the wind blew in guſts o'er their head;

A damſel, all frantic with grief and deſpair,
Fled rapidly over the plain:
Her face, though the emblem of Sorrow, was fair;
Diſhevell'd and torn were her ringlets of hair;
Her boſom was lab'ring with pain!

A ſhriek of diſtreſs was then borne on the wind,
More plaintive to hear than the ſound
Of a ring-dove, deſcribing the pangs of its mind,
When no longer its mate in the woods it can find,
Or, finding, perceives a death wound!

It reach'd to the cave where Alphonſo retir'd,
To ſeclude both his ſorrow and woes;
Where the lamp of affection had never expir'd,
Though religion and virtue together conſpir'd
The anguiſh of grief to compoſe.

Yet love was ſtill potent! and under a veſt,
Which duty oblig'd him to wear,
He conceal'd the dear tyrant that ſway'd o'er his breaſt,
That robb'd him alike both of joy and of reſt,
And made him the victim of care!

Sebaſtian had happen'd, by chance, to behold
A maid, whom Alphonſo much priz'd:
He ſought her, he woo'd her—at length he was told,
Her heart could be never attracted by gold,
And his love would be ever deſpis'd.

Enrag'd at a rival, he quickly retires,
The tumult to hide in his breaſt;
For envy and malice together conſpire
To light up a flame, more terrific than fire
That burſts from a volcanic neſt.

Sebaſtian was lord of a boundleſs domain,
And part he reſolv'd to beſtow,
If the ſire of Alphonſo deſpotic would reign,
Compel him to wear both a croſs and a chain,
And take a monaſtical vow.

The bait was attractive—his heart was allur'd;
The peace of his ſon was forgot:
Of his zeal the proud tyrant was firmly aſſur'd—
Alphonſo was deſtin'd of love to be cur'd,
Or ſent to a far-diſtant ſpot.

The ſire, with a mandate moſt rigidly ſtern,
Said, "Alphonſo, 'tis hence my decree,
"That thy boſom no longer with paſſion muſt burn,
"But thy love be for ever entomb'd in an urn,
"And religion the object for thee."

Amazement at firſt check'd the uſe of his ſpeech;
At length he exclaim'd—"Do I hear!
"Reſign my Louiſa!——turn hermit!——and preach!
"Relinquiſh a joy when its juſt in my reach!
"Ah! rather I'll ſtretch on a bier!"

"Decide," ſaid the father, "decide—nor delay——
"Louiſa's exiſtence depends——
"For unleſs you declare that my will you obey,
"And ſolemnly ſwear you agree to my way,
"Her love with her life jointly ends!"

"Oh, ſpare her!" Alphonſo, in terror, then cries;
"To what would you have me agree?"
Then claſping his hands, and imploring the ſkies——
"Louiſa!" ſaid he, "thou delight of my eyes—
"And muſt I reſign love and thee?"

The paleneſs of death o'er his features was ſpread:
Cold dew ſtood in drops on his cheek;
The roſes from thence were entirely fled,
His lips were no longer enamell'd with red,
And his frame became ſuddenly weak.

The moon had thrice circled around in her horn,
Ere Alphonſo recover'd his ſenſe—
Ere he knew that his comforts were totally ſhorn,
That his love from his arms had been forcibly torn,
And was many leagues diſtant from thence.

The wealth that his ſire had ſo vilely attain'd,
Corroded, like care, in his breaſt:
Too late he lamented Sebaſtian had gain'd
A purpoſe, by which his Alphonſo was pain'd,
And totally robb'd of his reſt.

" My ſon," ſaid the tyrant, " alas! I repent,
" And gladly diſpenſe with thy vow:
" But for fear that Sebaſtian ſhould know I repent,
" And recall in the wealth, which in part I have ſpent,
" An appearance of ſanctity ſhow.

" Thy garments muſt henceforth religious appear,
" Thy veſtment ſome order diſcloſe,
" For if ever thy rival ſhould happen to hear
" Thou ſtill haſt a right to reclaim thy loſt dear,
" He'd poſſibly add to thy woes."

" Alas!" ſaid Alphonſo, " the clothes that I wear
" Can only my perſon conceal;
" But give me a veil to confine my deſpair,
" To hide from myſelf the corrodings of care,
" And teach me no longer to feel!

" Or find me ſome ſpot which my ſorrows may hide,
" Where my griefs may in private repoſe;
" Where my tears may augment the ſlow courſe of the tide,
" As it ſilently murmurs my cavern beſide,
" And ſeems to attend to my woes."

The ſpot which Alphonſo ſo ſtrongly deſir'd,
At length, was diſclos'd to his view:—
'Twas a cave, where a hermit had once liv'd retir'd,
Where his life and his virtues together expir'd;
And the moſs round its arches thick grew.

To the inmoſt receſs of this deep and damp cave,
The voice of diſtreſs did extend;
Alphonſo it rous'd, and he ruſh'd forth to ſave
The damſel, who ſought a defence from the brave,
And call'd upon Death as a friend.

But who ſhall deſcribe the emotions that riſe,
As the lamp plac'd the fair one in view?
When Louiſa herſelf was diſclos'd to his eyes!
Yet her ſpirit ſeem'd fled to its manſion the ſkies;
And frantic, with horror, he grew.

"Louiſa!" he cry'd—"thou delight of my heart!
"Oh, ſpeak!——let me feel but thy breath!—
"And have we then met, to be deſtin'd to part?——
"Ah, no!——for I ſwear no perſuaſion or art
"Shall prevent me from ſharing thy death!"

His voice ſoon recall'd the faint ſpirit that fled,
She open'd her languid blue eyes——
Beheld her Alphonſo——reclin'd her weak head
In thoſe arms which to preſs her were openly ſpread,
And ſhield her from grief and ſurpriſe.

The pow'r of expreſſion to both was deny'd——
Their joy was too great to impart:
At length——"My Alphonſo—I'm ſpotleſs!" ſhe cry'd;
"I've eſcap'd all his arts—and I'll now be the bride
"Of him who has long had my heart!"

MATURE JUDGMENT.

GAY in the morn of life's advancing days,
The intellectual faculties expand;
Then Reaſon 'gins to ſpread her vig'rous rays,
And o'er the paſſions rules with influence bland.

But the young eye, unſkill'd in worldly craft,
To ſeeming mis'ry yields the ready tear;
The candid heart, ungall'd by ingrate's ſhaft,
In bands of love holds ev'ry mortal dear.

Alas! incautious—lo! in Friendſhip's maſk,
Deception maſquerades the pop'lous earth:
T' unfold the heart is Time's appropriate taſk,
And Time alone can ſhew its real worth.

Then be it yours, my juvenile compeers,
To weigh the actions of the ſons of men,
Nor reck' that Wiſdom always dwells with years,
Or Probity is always in your ken:

Nor chill the glow of ſympathy too ſoon;
Let ſage-like converſe all your pow'rs mature,
Then pure Diſcretion, bright as ſummer's noon,
Shall guide your "active powers," and "keep
your hearts ſecure."

TO A FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE.

BY MR. ROGERS.

ON thee, bleſt youth! a father's hand confers
The maid thy earlieſt, fondeſt wiſhes knew:
Each ſoft enchantment of the ſoul is hers;
Thine be the joys to firm attachment due.

As on ſhe moves, with heſitating grace,
She wins aſſurance from his ſoothing voice;
And, with a look the pencil could not trace,
Smiles through her bluſhes, and confirms the choice.

Spare the fine tremors of her feeling frame!
To thee ſhe turns—forgive a virgin's fears!
To thee ſhe turns with ſureſt, tend'reſt claim;
Weakneſs that charms, reluctance that endears!

At each reſponſe the ſacred rite requires,
From her full boſom burſts th' unbidden ſigh:
A ſtrange myſterious awe the ſcene inſpires;
And on her lips the trembling accents die.

O'er her fair face what wild emotions play!
What lights and ſhades in ſweet confuſion blend!
Soon ſhall they fly, glad harbingers of day,
And ſettled ſunſhine on her ſoul deſcend!

Ah! ſoon, thine own confeſt, extatic thought!
That hand ſhall ſtrew each flinty path with flow'rs;
And thoſe blue eyes, with mildeſt luſtre fraught,
Gild the calm current of domeſtic hours!

ON VISITING

THE GRAVE OF STERNE,

In Company with a Welſh Bard, Mr. Edward Williams.

BY MR. SAMWELL.

WITH ſacred awe, with kind concern,
We view the ſpot where Yorick lies:
Here Friendſhip ſtill ſhall viſit Sterne,
And tears ſhall fill Affection's eyes.

Silent upon thy grave we ſtand,
And muſe upon the duſt beneath——
The faireſt flow'r from Nature's hand,
Now with'ring in the ſhade of death.

When ev'ning dews thy turf ſo green,
Humanity, with gentle tread,
And bright-ey'd Genius oft are ſeen
Weeping beſide thy earthy bed.

Thoſe dear companions of thy way,
Although from death they could not ſave,
Yet here their vows they duly pay,
And bid remembrance haunt thy grave.

Maria's ſhade, with pious care,
By Cynthia's light ſhall hither come,
And watch the ſpring, with fingers fair,
Decking with flow'rs thy ſimple tomb.

While here, with pilgrim's ſtep they ſtray
Around thy place of endleſs reſt,
We check the fond complaint, and ſay,
'Sure thou art number'd with the bleſt.'

THE DESERTED FARM-HOUSE.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

THIS antique dome, th' unmould'ring tooth of Time
Now level with the duſt has almoſt laid;
Yet, ere 'tis gone, I trace my humble rhyme
From the low ruins that his years have made.

Behold th' unſocial hearth!—where once the fires
Blaz'd high, while yonder wand'ring current froze:
See, the weak roof, that abler props requires,
Admits the chilling winds, and fleecy ſnows.

Here, to forget the labours of the day,
No more the ſwains at ev'ning hours repair;
But wand'ring flocks aſſume the well-known way,
To ſhun the rigours of th' inclement air.

In yonder chamber, half to ruin gone,
Once ſtood the ancient houſewife's curtain'd bed—
Timely the prudent matron has withdrawn,
And each domeſtic comfort with her fled.

The trees, the flow'rs, that her own hand had rear'd,
The plants, the vines, that were ſo verdant ſeen;
The trees, the flow'rs, the vines have diſappear'd,
And every plant has vaniſh'd from the green.

So ſits in tears, on wide Campania's plain,
The ancient miſtreſs of a world enſlav'd,
That triumph'd o'er the land, ſubdu'd the main,
And Time itſelf in her wild tranſports brav'd.

So ſits in tears, on Paleſtina's ſhore,
The Hebrew town, of ſplendour once divine;
Her king, her lords, her triumphs are no more,
Slain are her prieſts, and ruin'd ev'ry ſhrine.

Once in the bounds of this half-ruin'd room,
Perhaps, ſome ſwain nocturnal courtſhip made;
Perhaps ſome Hervey mus'd amidſt the gloom,
Since love and death for ever ſeek the ſhade.

Perhaps ſome miſer, doom'd to diſcontent,
Here counted o'er the heaps acquir'd with pain;
He to the duſt—his gold on traffic ſent,
Shall ne'er diſgrace theſe mould'ring walls again.

Nor ſhall the glow-worm fopling, ſunſhine bred,
Seek at the evening hour this wonted dome—
Time has reduc'd the fabric to a ſhed,
Scarce fit to be the wand'ring beggar's home.

And none but I its piteous fate lament,
None, none but I o'er its ſad aſhes mourn,
Sent by the Muſe, (the time, perhaps, miſpent,)
To ſhed her tears upon its ſilent urn.

EXTEMPORE TO SYMPATHY.

SWEET ſoother of Misfortune's pain,
Than Pity's uſeleſs moan more kind,
How ſeldom are thy efforts vain,
To calm the tempeſt of the mind!

When loſt the fleeting rays of joy,
And melancholy clouds appear;
When Sorrow's pangs the heart annoy,
While Anguiſh prompts the ſtarting tear;

Thy tender voice, and anxious eye,
The ſecret cauſe of grief would know;
Thy wiſh ſincere, and feeling ſigh,
Alleviation's balm beſtow.

Still may thy gen'rous aid incline
To check the fiend Deſpair's controul,
And ſtill thy beaming preſence ſhine,
To cheer the drooping, gloomy ſoul.

THE BRITISH

POETICAL MISCELLANY.

MORNING, *or The* COMPLAINT.

BY DR. GREGORY.

FAR from the ſavage bandit's fierce alarms,
Or diſtant din of horrid deſpots' arms,
Though Pennſylvania boaſts her peaceful plain,
Yet there in blood her petty tyrants reign.
With waving pines though vocal woods be crown'd,
And ſtream-fed vales with living wealth abound,
To golden fields though rip'ning rays deſcend,
With bluſhing fruit though loaded branches bend;
To thoſe who ne'er muſt freedom's bleſſings taſte,
'Tis barren all, 'tis all a worthleſs waſte.
While hoarſe the cat'ract murmur'd on the gale,
And chilling dews ſwept through the murky dale;
Along the hills the diſmal tempeſt howl'd,
And lightnings flaſh'd, and deep the thunder roll'd;
Beneath a leafleſs tree, ere morn aroſe,
The ſlave Adala thus laments his woes:
"Ye griſly ſpectres! gather round my ſeat,
From caves unbleſt, that wretches' groans repeat;
Terrific forms! from miſty lakes ariſe,
And, bloody meteors! threaten through the ſkies.
Oh! curs'd deſtroyers of our hapleſs race!
Of human kind the terror and diſgrace!
Lo! hoſts of duſky captives, to my view,
Demand a deep revenge! demand their due!
And frowning chiefs now dart athwart the gloom,
And, o'er the ſalt ſea wave, pronounce your doom:
But Gods are juſt, and oft the ſtroke forbear,
To plunge the guilty in tenfold deſpair.
Lift high the ſcourge! my ſoul the rack diſdains;
I pant for freedom and my native plains!

With limbs benumb'd, my poor companions lie;
Oppreſs'd by pain and want, the aged ſigh;
Through reedy huts the driving tempeſt pours,
Their feſt'ring wounds receive the ſickly ſhow'rs;
In madd'ning draughts our lords their ſenſes ſteep,
And doom their ſlaves to ſtripes and death in ſleep.
Now, while the bitter blaſt ſurrounds my head,
To times long paſt my reſtleſs ſoul is led,
Far, far beyond the azure hills, to groves
Of ruddy fruit, where beauty fearleſs roves—
O bliſsful ſeats! O ſelf-approving joys!
Nature's plain dictates! ignorance of vice!
O guiltleſs hours! Our cares and wants were few;
No arts of lux'ry or deceit we knew.
Our labour—ſport; to tend our cottage—care;
Or, from the palm, the luſcious juice prepare:
To ſit indulging love's deluſive dream,
And ſnare the ſilver tenants of the ſtream;
Or, (nobler toil!) to aim the deadly blow,
With dext'rous art, againſt the ſpotted foe.
O days, with youthful daring mark'd! 'twas then
I dragg'd the ſhaggy monſter from his den,
And boldly, down the rocky mountain's ſide,
Hurl'd the grim panther in the foaming tide.
Our healthful ſports a daily feaſt afford,
And ev'ning found us at the ſocial board.
Can I forget, ah me! the fatal day,
When half the vale of peace was ſwept away!
Th' affrighted maids, in vain, the gods implore,
And, weeping, view, from far, the happy ſhore;
The frantic dames impatient ruffians ſeize,
And infants ſhriek, and claſp their mothers' knees;
With galling fetters, ſoon their limbs are bound,
And groans throughout the noiſome bark reſound.
Why was I bound? why did not Whydah ſee
Adala gain or death or victory?
No ſtorms ariſe, no waves revengeful roar,
To daſh the monſters on our injur'd ſhore.
Long o'er the foaming deep, to worlds unknown,
By envious winds, the bulky veſſel's blown,
While, by diſeaſe and chains, the weak expire,
Or, parch'd, endure the ſlow-conſuming fire.
Who'd in this land of many ſorrows live,
Where death's the only comfort tyrants give?

Tyrants unbleſt! Each proud of ſtrict command,
Nor age nor ſickneſs holds the iron hand;
Whoſe hearts, in adamant involv'd, deſpiſe
The drooping female's tears, the infant's cries;
From whoſe ſtern brows no grateful look e'er beams,
Whoſe bluſhleſs front nor rape nor murder ſhames.
Nor all I blame; for Naſtal, friend to peace,
Through his wide paſtures bids oppreſſion ceaſe*;
No drivers goad, no galling fetters bind,
Nor ſtern compulſion damps th' exalted mind.
There ſtrong Arcona's fated to enjoy
Domeſtic ſweets, and rear his progeny:
To till his glebe employs Arcona's care,
To Naſtal's God he nightly makes his pray'r;
His mind at eaſe, of chriſtian truths he'll boaſt—
He has no wife, no lovely offspring loſt.
Gay his ſavannah blooms, while mine appears
Scorch'd up with heat, or moiſt with blood and tears.
Cheerful his hearth in chilling winter burns,
While to the ſtorm the ſad Adala mourns.
Lift high the ſcourge! my ſoul the rack diſdains;
I pant for freedom and my native plains!
Shall I his holy prophet's aid implore,
And wait for juſtice on another ſhore?
Or, ruſhing down yon mountain's craggy ſteep,
End all my ſorrows in the ſullen deep?
A cliff there hangs in yon grey morning cloud,
The daſhing wave beneath roars harſh and loud—
But doubts and fears involve my anxious mind,
The gulph of death once paſs'd, what ſhore we find.
Dubious if, ſent beyond th' expanded main,
This ſoul ſhall ſeek its native realms again;
Or if in gloomy miſts condemn'd to lie,
Beyond the limits of yon arching ſky.
A better proſpect oft my ſpirit cheers,
And in my dream the vale of peace appears,
And fleeting viſions of my former life:
My hoary ſire I claſp, my long-loſt wife;
And oft I kiſs my gentle babes in ſleep,
Till, with the ſounding whip, I'm wak'd to weep.
Lift high the ſcourge! my ſoul the rack diſdains;
I pant for freedom and my native plains!

* The Quakers in America have ſet free all their Negroes, and allow them wages, as other ſervants.

Chiefs of the earth, and monarchs of the ſea,
Who vaunt your hardy anceſtors were free;
Whoſe teachers plead th' oppreſs'd and injur'd's cauſe,
And prove the wiſdom of your prophet's laws;
To force and fraud, if juſtice muſt give place,
You're dragg'd to ſlav'ry by ſome rougher race.
Some rougher race your flocks ſhall force away;
Like Afric's ſons your children muſt obey;
The very Gods, who view our conſtant toil,
Shall ſee your offspring till a ruder ſoil,
The pain of thirſt and pinching hunger know,
And all the torments which from bondage flow;
When, far remov'd from chriſtian worlds, we prove
The ſweets of peace, the laſting joys of love.
But, hark! the whip's harſh echo through the trees!
On ev'ry trembling limb freſh horrors ſeize—
Alas! 'tis morn, and here I ſit alone—
Be ſtrong, my ſoul, and part without a groan!
Ruffians, proceed! Adala ne'er ſhall ſwerve,
Prepare the rack, and ſtrain each aching nerve!
Lift high the ſcourge! my ſoul the rack diſdains;
I pant for freedom and my native plains!
Thou God, who gild'ſt with light the riſing day!
Who life diſpenſeſt by thy genial ray!
Will thy ſlow vengeance never, never fall,
But undiſtinguiſh'd favour ſhine on all?
Oh! hear a ſuppliant wretch's laſt, ſad pray'r!
Dart fierceſt rage! infect the ambient air!
This pallid race, whoſe hearts are bound in ſteel,
By dint of ſuff'ring teach them how to feel!
Or, to ſome deſpot's lawleſs will betray'd,
Give them to know what wretches they have made!
Beneath the laſh let them reſign their breath,
Or court, in chains, the clay-cold hand of death;
Or, worſt of ills, within each callous breaſt,
Cheriſh, uncurb'd, the dark internal peſt!
Bid av'rice ſwell with undiminiſh'd rage,
While no new worlds th' accurſed thirſt aſſuage;
Then bid the monſters on each other turn,
The fury paſſions in diſorder burn!
Bid diſcord flouriſh, civil crimes increaſe,
Nor one fond wiſh ariſe that pleads for peace—
Till, with their crimes in wild confuſion hurl'd,
They wake t' eternal anguiſh in a future world!"

EVENING, *or The* FUGITIVE.

BY THE SAME.

MOMBAZE.

SAY, whither, wand'rer, points thy cheerleſs way,
When length'ning ſhades announce the cloſe of day?
In yon wild waſte no friendly roof thou'lt find,
The haunt of ſerpents and the ſavage kind.
And ſure remembrance mocks me, or I trace
In thine the ſemblance of Zamboia's face?
Yet ſcarce thyſelf! for in thy alter'd eye
I read the records of hard deſtiny.
From thy rack'd boſom, ſighs, that ceaſeleſs flow,
A man beſpeak thee exercis'd in woe.
Say, then, what chance has burſt thy rigid chains,
Has led thee frantic o'er theſe diſtant plains?
What potent ſorrows can thy peace infeſt?
What crimes conceal'd prey on thy anxious breaſt?

ZAMBOIA.

No crimes this heart infeſt, this hand defile,
Or frantic drive me o'er a foreign ſoil.
A murder'd wife, and wrongs unmatch'd I mourn,
And bury'd joys, that never ſhall return!
If then thou'rt tempted by the traitor's meed,
Take this poor life, and proſper by the deed!

MOMBAZE.

Not the rich produce of Angola's ſhore,
Not all the miſer's heap'd and glitt'ring ſtore,
Not all that pride would graſp, or pomp diſplay,
Should tempt this hand the wretched to betray.
No traitors dwell within this bleſt domain,
The friends of peace we live, a guileleſs train.
Grief dims thy eye, or gladly wouldſt thou ſee
Thy lov'd Mombazé yet ſurvives in me.
Canſt thou forget? I taught thy youth to dare
The ſylvan herd, and wage the deſp'rate war.
Canſt thou forget? One common lot we drew;
With thee enchain'd, a captive's fate I knew.
Diſtruſt me not; but, unreſerv'd, diſcloſe
The anxious tale that in thy boſom glows.
To part our griefs is oft to mitigate,
And ſocial ſorrow blunts the darts of fate.

Dear to my ſight that form, and doubly dear
Thy well-known accents meet Zamboia's ear.
Oh! had I dy'd, and left the name of ſlave
Deep, deep entomb'd within an early grave!
Oh! had I dy'd, ere ruthleſs fates conſtrain,
With thee enthrall'd, to croſs the weſtern main!
Oh! to have met a glorious death in arms,
And ne'er beheld Melinda's fatal charms!
Time would be ſhort, and memory would fail,
To dwell diſtinctly on the various tale.
Tedious to tell what treach'rous arts were try'd,
To ſoothe the ſmart of ſtill revolting pride.
I liv'd and lov'd—then kiſs'd the fatal chain;
No joy but one to cheer a life of pain.
Yet witneſs bear, thou dear departed ghoſt!
That lonely rov'ſt thy Gambia's ſacred coaſt,
How ſweet the toil that met the morning ray,
How light the labour that oe'rlaſted day.
The reed-built hovel, and the ſcanty fare,
Imperial bliſs could give, Melinda there.
Soft was my pillow on thy gentle breaſt,
When o'er-preſt nature droop'd, in want of reſt;
And if a rebel tear diſgrac'd my eye,
Thine was the tear, and thine the burſting ſigh!
Bliſs I could boaſt, unenvy'd had it paſs'd,
But bliſs too great, for hapleſs ſlaves, to laſt.
A wretch, who baniſh'd from his native clime,
Defil'd with many a black and monſtrous crime,
Preſided o'er us, and, with iron hand,
Held ſavage ſway o'er all the ſervile band.
In him each helliſh paſſion rudely glow'd,
And cruelty in him moſt cruel ſhow'd.
Him luſt infernal, one ſad ev'ning, led
T' invade the chaſteneſs of my marriage-bed:
I chanc'd t' approach—the caitiff I ſurpris'd—
My wife preſerv'd, and had his guilt chaſtis'd;
While full with vengeance boil'd my wounded heart:
But chance reſerv'd him for a baſer part.
Meanwhile, o'erjoy'd that vice e'en then had fail'd,
I bleſs'd the Gods that innocence prevail'd.
The baffled villain, now a foe profeſs'd,
Rolls ſcenes of blood within his rankling breaſt;

With coward arts he forg'd a crafty tale,
And hands unrighteous pois'd the partial ſcale.
Imputed crimes to cruſh the weak ſuffice,
Hearſay is guilt, and damning facts ſurmiſe;
Where uncurb'd will uſurps the place of laws,
No friendly pleader takes the wretch's cauſe:
Our tyrants' fears each want of proof ſupply'd,
We ſtand condemn'd, unqueſtion'd, and untry'd!
Oh! had the grief and ſhame been all my own,
And the black vengeance lit on me alone!
But harſher fates a harder curſe decreed;
Theſe eyes were doom'd te ſee Melinda bleed.
I ſaw her by relentleſs ruffians bound,
The brandiſh'd ſcourge inflict the mortal wound;
Her tender frame abus'd, and mangled o'er,
I ſaw her welt'ring in a flood of gore.
The murd'rous ſcene had ſoon a dreadful cloſe—
And do I live? and can I ſpeak my woes?
Her pregnant womb no longer could ſuſtain
The public ſhame, and agony of pain;
A birth abortive robb'd her of her breath,
And pangs convulſive ſeal'd her eyes in death.
One only pledge my weary ſoul detains,
This hapleſs infant, all that now remains;
The mournful image of my once lov'd wife,
And ties me down awhile to hated life:
Elſe this bold hand ſhould liberty reſtore,
And my rapt ſpirit ſeek a happier ſhore.
Through devious paths with timid haſte we fly,
Where yon blue mountains meet the bending ſky;
Nor ſerpents' haunts I dread, nor deſarts drear,
The maſter-ſavage, Man, alone I fear.

MOMBAZE.

Since from our native realms compell'd to part,
Such pointed ſorrows have not touch'd my heart.
Inſatiate plund'rers! could it not ſuffice
To rend, inhuman, all the ſocial ties?
From guiltleſs joys, that bleſs'd our native ſoil,
Dragg'd to a life of miſery and toil,
Would you yet take the little God has giv'n,
And intercept the gracious dews of heav'n?
Your rage for blood, wild as your thirſt of gain,
Shall no reſpects, nor truths divine, reſtrain?

Th' eternal fabric can a name undo?
Is rape, and murder, ſanctify'd in you?
And us, what laws, as impious as ſevere,
Forbid the common rights of man to ſhare?
Didſt thou, creative Pow'r! thy views confine?
For one proud race the ſpacious earth deſign?
For them alone does plenty deck the vale,
Bluſh in the fruit, and tinge the ſcented gale?
For them the ſeaſons all their ſweets unfold,
Blooms the freſh roſe, and ſhines the waving gold?
Oh, no! all-bounteous is thy equal hand,
And thy fix'd laws irrevocable ſtand.
Hapleſs Zamboia! had it been thy fate
With me to ſhare my more propitious ſtate,
Thy ſoul had breath'd no impious wiſh to die,
Nor the big tear had trembled in thine eye.
Disjoin'd from thee, I too to ſlav'ry went;
But Heav'n a father, not a maſter, lent.
He ſeems as Virtue's ſelf in mortal guiſe;
Though wealthy, ſimple; and though modeſt, wiſe.
Bleſt be the hand that life and freedom gave!
That pow'r can boaſt, exerted but to ſave!
Bleſt the ſage tongue that ſtor'd the vacant mind,
The manners ſoften'd, and the heart refin'd!
That, ſtill to Heav'n's unerring dictates true,
Eternal truth unfolded to our view!
But, come, thy faint and weary limbs repoſe,
Forgetful of thy fears, thy griefs compoſe;
By morning's dawn, with earneſt foot, I ſpeed,
Nor ſleep theſe eyes till I behold thee freed.
Some wealth I have, and, did I prize it more,
Well ſpar'd for this I deem the ſacred ſtore.
So talk'd theſe friends, and to the cottage haſte;
While ſad Zamboia his purſuers trac'd.
The ruffian band arreſt the hapleſs ſwain,
And pray'rs, and tears, and promiſes are vain:
Their vengeful fervour, no—not gifts abate;
But, bound in chains, they drag him to his fate*.

* A higher reward is generally offered for the head of a fugitive Negro, than for bringing him alive.

OSRIC—THE LION.

ANONYMOUS.

SWIFT roll the Rhine's billows, and water the plains,
Where Falkenſtein's Caſtle's majeſtic remains
Their moſs-cover'd turrets ſtill rear:
Oft loves the gaunt wolf 'midſt the ruins to prowl,
What time, from the battlements, pours the lone owl
Her plaints in the paſſenger's ear.

No longer reſound, through the vaults of yon hall,
The ſong of the minſtrel and mirth of the ball;
Thoſe pleaſures for ever are fled:
There now dwells the bat, with her light-ſhunning brood;
There ravens and vultures now clamour for food,
And all is dark, ſilent, and dread!

Ha! doſt thou not ſee, by the moon's trembling light
Directing his ſteps, where advances a knight,
His eye big with vengeance and fate?
'Tis Oſric—the Lion, his nephew who leads,
And ſwift up the crackling old ſtair-caſe proceeds,
Gains the hall, and quick cloſes the gate.

Now round him young Carloman caſting his eyes,
Surveys the ſad ſcene with diſmay and ſurpriſe,
And fear ſteals the roſe from his cheeks;
His ſpirits forſake him, his courage is flown;
The hand of Sir Oſric he claſps in his own,
And, while his voice faulters, thus ſpeaks.

" Dear uncle," he murmurs, " why linger we here?
'Tis late, and theſe chambers are damp, and are drear,
Keen blows, through the ruins, the blaſt!
Oh! let us away, and our journey purſue;
Fair Blumenberg's Caſtle will riſe on our view,
Soon as Falkenſtein Foreſt is paſs'd.

Why roll thus your eye-balls? why glare they ſo wild?
O chide not my weakneſs, nor frown, that a child
Should view theſe apartments with dread;
For know that, full oft, I have heard from my nurſe,
There ſtill on this caſtle has reſted a curſe,
Since innocent blood was here ſhed!

She ſaid, too, bad ſpirits and ghoſts, all in white,
Here uſe to reſort at the dead time of night,
Nor vaniſh till breaking of day;
And ſtill at their coming is heard the deep tone
Of a bell—loud and awful—Hark! hark! 'twas a groan!
Good uncle, oh! let us away!"

" Peace, ſerpent!" thus Oſric—the Lion, replies,
While rage and malignity gloom in his eyes;
" Thy journey and life here muſt cloſe:
Thy caſtle's proud turrets no more ſhalt thou ſee;
No more betwixt Blumenberg's lordſhip and me
Shalt thou ſtand, and my greatneſs oppoſe.

My brother lies breathleſs on Paleſtine's plains,
And thou once remov'd, to his noble domains
No rival my right can deny:
Then, ſtripling, prepare on my dagger to bleed!
No ſuccour is near, and thy fate is decreed;
Commend thee to Jeſus, and die!"

Thus ſaying, he ſeizes the boy by the arm,
Whoſe grief rends the vaulted hall's roof, while alarm
His heart of all fortitude robs;
His limbs ſink beneath him; diſtracted with fears,
He falls at his uncle's feet, bathes them with tears,
And—" Spare me! oh! ſpare me!" he ſobs.

But, ah! 'tis in vain that he ſtrives to appeaſe
The miſcreant; in vain does he cling round his knees,
And ſue, in ſoft accents, for life:

Unmov'd by his ſorrow, unmov'd by his pray'r,
Fierce Oſric had twiſted his hand in his hair,
And aims at his boſom a knife.

But ere the ſteel bluſhes with blood, ſtrange to tell!
Self-ſtruck, does the tongue of the hollow-ton'd bell
The preſence of midnight declare:
And while, with amazement, his hair briſtles high,
Hears Oſric a voice, loud and terrible, cry,
In ſound heart-appalling—"Forbear!"

Straight, curſes and ſhrieks through the chambers reſound,
With helliſh mirth mingled; the walls ſhake around;
The groaning roof threatens to fall;
Loud bellows the thunder; blue lightnings ſtill flaſh;
The caſements, they clatter; chains rattle; doors claſh;
And flames ſpread their waves through the hall.

The clamour increaſes; the portals expand;
O'er the pavement's black marble now ruſhes a band
Of demons, all dropping with gore;
In viſage ſo grim, and ſo monſtrous in height,
That Charloman ſcreams, as they burſt on his ſight,
And ſinks, without ſenſe, on the floor.

Not ſo fell his uncle: he ſees that the throng
Impels, loudly ſhrieking, a female along,
And well the ſad ſpectre he knows:
The demons, with curſes, her ſteps onwards urge,
Her ſhoulders, with whips form'd of ſerpents, they ſcourge,
And faſt from her wounds the blood flows.

"Oh! welcome," ſhe cry'd, and her voice ſpoke deſpair;
"Oh! welcome, Sir Oſric, the torments to ſhare,
Of which thou haſt made me the prey;
Twelve years have I languiſh'd thy coming to ſee;
Ulrilda, who periſh'd diſhonour'd by thee,
Now calls thee to anguiſh away!

My ruin completed, thy love became hate,
Thy hand gave the draught which conſign'd me to fate;
Nor thought I death lurk'd in the bowl:
Unfitted for dying, in guilt, and in pride,
Unbleſt, unabſolv'd, unrepenting, I dy'd,
And demons ſtraight ſeiz'd on my ſoul.

Thou com'ſt, and with tranſports I feel my breaſt ſwell:
Full long have I ſuffer'd the torments of hell,
And now ſhall its pleaſures be mine!
See, ſee, how the fiends are athirſt for thy blood!
Twelve years has my panting heart furniſh'd their food,
Come, wretch, let them feaſt upon thine!"

She ſaid, and the demons their prey flock'd around;
They daſh'd him, with horrible yell, on the ground,
And blood down his limbs trickled faſt:
His eyes from their ſockets, with fury, they tore,
They fed on his entrails, all reeking with gore,
And his heart was Ulrilda's repaſt.

But now the grey cock told the coming of day:
The fiends with their victim ſtraight vaniſh'd away,
And Carloman's heart throbb'd again:
With terror, recalling the deeds of the night,
He roſe, and, from Falkenſtein ſpeeding his flight,
Soon reach'd his paternal domain.

Since then, all, with horror, the ruins behold;
No ſhepherd, though ſtray'd be a lamb from his fold,
No mother, though loſt be her child,
The fugitive dares in theſe chambers to ſeek,
Where fiends nightly revel, and guilty ghoſts ſhriek,
In accents moſt fearful and wild.

Oh! ſhun them, ye pilgrims! though late be the hour,
Though loud howl the tempeſt, and faſt fall the ſhow'r,
From Falkenſtein Caſtle be gone!
There ſtill their ſad banquet hell's denizens ſhare;
There Oſric—the Lion, ſtill raves in deſpair;
Breathe a pray'r for his ſoul, and paſs on!

THE TOPER AND THE FLIES.

BY PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

A Group of topers at a table ſat,
With punch that much regales the thirſty ſoul:
Flies ſoon the party join'd, and join'd the chat,
Humming, and pitching round the mantling bowl;

At length thoſe flies got drunk, and, for their ſin,
Some hundreds loſt their legs, and tumbled in;
And, ſprawling 'midſt the gulph profound,
Like Pharaoh and his daring hoſt, were drown'd!

Wanting to drink—one of the men
Dipp'd from the bowl the drunken hoſt,
And drank—then taking care than none were loſt,
He put in every mother's ſon agen:

Up jump'd the bacchanalian crew on this,
Taking it very much amiſs—
Swearing, and in the attitude to *ſmite*;
"Lord!" cry'd the man, with gravely-lifted eyes,
"Though I don't like to ſwallow flies,
"I did not know but *others might*."

GILES JOLLUP *the* GRAVE *and* BROWN SALLY GREEN.

A PARODY.

BY M. G. LEWIS, ESQUIRE.

A Doctor ſo prim and a ſempſtreſs ſo tight
Hob-a-nobb'd in ſome right maraſquin;
They ſuck'd up the cordial with trueſt delight:
Giles Jollup the Grave was juſt five feet in height,
And four feet the Brown Sally Green.

"And as," ſaid Giles Jollup, "to-morrow I go
"To phyſic a feveriſh land,
"At ſome ſix-penny hop, or perhaps the may'r's ſhow,
"You'll tumble in love with ſome ſmart city beau,
"And with him ſhare your ſhop in the Strand."

"Lord! how can you think ſo?" Brown Sally Green ſaid,
"You muſt know mighty little of me;
"For if you be living, or if you be dead,
"I ſwear, 'pon my honour, that none in your ſtead
"Shall husband of Sally Green be.

"And if e'er for another my heart ſhould decide,
"Falſe to you and the faith which I gave,

" God grant, that, at dinner, too amply ſupply'd,
" Over-eating may give me a pain in my ſide;
" May your ghoſt then bring rhubarb to phyſic the bride,
" And ſend her well-dos'd to the grave!"

Away went poor Giles, to what place is not told.
Sally wept, till ſhe blew her noſe ſore!
But ſcarce had a twelvemonth elaps'd, when, behold!
A Brewer, quite ſtiliſh, his gig that way roll'd,
And ſtopp'd it at Sally Green's door.

His wealth, his pot-belly, and whiſky of cane,
Soon made her untrue to her vows:
The ſteam of ſtrong beer now bewild'ring her brain,
He caught her while tipſy! Denials were vain,
So he carried her home as his ſpouſe.

And now the roaſt beef had been bleſt by the prieſt,
To cram now the gueſts had begun;
Tooth and nail, like a wolf, fell the bride on the feaſt,
Nor yet had the claſh of her knife and fork ceas'd,
When a bell—('twas a duſtman's)—toll'd " one!"

Then firſt, with amazement, Brown Sally Green found,
That a ſtranger was ſtuck by her ſide:
His cravat and his ruffles with ſnuff were embrown'd;
He ate not, he drank not, but, turning him round,
Sent ſome pudding away to be fry'd!!!

His wig was turn'd forwards, and ſhort was his height;
His apron was dirty to view:
The women (oh! wondrous!) were huſh'd at the ſight:
The cats, as they ey'd him, drew back, (well they might,)
For his body was pea-green and blue!

Now as all wiſh'd to ſpeak, but none knew what to ſay,
They look'd mighty fooliſh and queer.
At length ſpoke the bride, while ſhe trembled—" I pray,
" Dear Sir, your peruke that aſide you would lay,
" And partake of ſome ſtrong or ſmall beer!"

The ſempſtreſs is ſilent; the ſtranger complies,
And his wig from his phiz deigns to pull.
Adzooks! what a ſquall Sally gave, through ſurpriſe!
Like a pig that is ſtuck, how ſhe open'd her eyes,
When ſhe recogniz'd Jollup's bare ſkull!

Each miſs then exclaim'd, while ſhe turn'd up her ſnout,
" Sir, your head isn't fit to be ſeen!"
The pot-boys ran in, and the pot-boys ran out,
And could'nt conceive what the noiſe was about,
While the Doctor addreſs'd Sally Green:

" Behold me, thou jill-flirt! behold me!" he cry'd:
" You've broken the faith which you gave!
" God grants, that, to puniſh your falſehood and pride,
" Over-eating ſhould give you a pain in your ſide:
" Come, ſwallow this rhubarb! I'll phyſic the bride,
" And ſend her well-dos'd to the grave!"

Thus ſaying, the phyſic her throat he forc'd down,
In ſpite of whate'er ſhe could ſay;
Then bore to his chariot the damſel ſo brown;
Nor ever again was ſhe ſeen in that town,
Or the Doctor who whiſk'd her away.

Not long liv'd the Brewer: and none, ſince that time,
To make uſe of the brew-houſe preſume;
For 'tis firmly believ'd, that, by order ſublime,
There Sally Green ſuffers the pain of her crime,
And bawls to get out of the room.

At midnight, four times in each year does her ſprite,
With ſhrieks, make the chamber reſound;
" I won't take the rhubarb!" ſhe ſqualls, in affright,
While, a cup in his left hand, a draught in his right,
Giles Jollup purſues her around.

With wigs ſo well powder'd, their fees while they crave,
Dancing round them, twelve doctors are ſeen:
They drink chicken-broth, while this horrible ſtave
Is twang'd thro' each noſe—" To Giles Jollup the Grave,
" And his patient, the ſick Sally Green!"

WILLIAM PENN, NATHAN, *and* THE BAILIFF.

BY PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

AS well as I can recollect,
It is a ſtory of fam'd WILLIAM PENN,
By Bailiffs oft beſet, without effect,
Like numbers of our Lords and Gentlemen—

WILLIAM had got a private hole to ſpy
The folks who came with writs, or "How d'ye do?"
Poſſeſſing, too, a penetrating eye,
Friends from his foes the Quaker quickly knew.

A bailiff in diſguiſe, one day,
Though not diſguis'd to our friend WILL,
Came, to WILL's ſhoulder compliments to pay,
Conceal'd, the catchpole thought, with wondrous ſkill.

Boldly he knock'd at WILLIAM's door,
Dreſt like a gentleman, from top to toe,
Expecting quick admittance to be ſure—
But—no.

WILL's ſervant, NATHAN, with a ſtraight-hair'd head,
Unto the window gravely ſtalk'd, not *ran*—
"Maſter at home?" the Bailiff ſweetly ſaid—
"Thou canſt not ſpeak to him!" reply'd the Man.

"What," quoth the Bailiff, "won't he ſee me then?"
"Nay," ſnuffled NATHAN, "let it not thus ſtrike thee;
"Know, verily, that WILLIAM PENN
"*Hath ſeen* thee, but he doth not *like* thee."

HOW COLD IT IS!

NOW the bluſt'ring Boreas blows,
See, all the waters round are froze;
The trees, that ſkirt the dreary plain,
All day a murm'ring cry maintain;
The trembling foreſt hears their moan,
And ſadly mingles groan with groan:
How diſmal all from eaſt to weſt,—
Heav'n defend the poor diſtreſt!
Such is the tale,
On hill and vale,
Each trav'ller may behold it is;
While low and high
Are heard to cry,
"Bleſs my heart, how cold it is!"

Humanity, delightful tale!
While we feel the winter gale,
May the high peer, in ermin'd coat,
Incline the heart to ſorrow's note;
And where, with mis'ry's weight oppreſs'd,
A fellow ſits a ſhiv'ring gueſt,
Full ample let his bounty flow,
To ſooth the boſom chill'd by woe:
In town or vale,
Where'er the tale
Of real grief unfolded is;
Oh! may he give
The means to live,
To thoſe who know how cold it is!

Perchance ſome warrior, blind and lam'd,
Some dauntleſs tar, for Britain maim'd;
Conſider theſe, for thee they bore
The loſs of limbs, and ſuffer'd more;
Oh! paſs them not, or if you do,
I'll ſigh to think, they fought for you:
Go, pity all, but, 'bove the reſt,
The ſoldier, or the tar diſtreſt:
Through winter's reign,
Relieve their pain,
For what they've done, ſure bold it is;
Their wants ſupply,
Whene'er they cry,
"Bleſs my heart, how cold it is!"

And now, ye ſluggards, ſloths, and beaux,
Who dread the breath that winter blows,
Purſue the conduct of a friend,
Who never found it yet offend;
While winter deals its froſt around,
Go face the air, and beat the ground,
With cheerful ſpirits exerciſe,
'Tis there health's balmy bleſſing lies:
On hill or dale,
Though ſharp the gale,
And frozen you behold it is;
The blood ſhall glow,
And ſweetly flow,
And you'll ne'er cry, "How cold it is!"

ELEGY

On the Death of a Huſband.

IN what ſoft language ſhall my ſoul break free,
My dear Alexis, when I talk of thee?
Nor nymph, nor grace, of all the fancy'd train,
Nor weeping loves ſhall aid my penſive ſtrain:
True paſſion has a force too ſtrong for art;
She needs no Muſe who can invoke her heart:

Taſteleſs of forms, and from all comfort torn,
The huſband—lover—and the friend—I mourn!
All that to worth and tenderneſs was due;
Whate'er exceſs the fondeſt paſſion knew,
I felt—my pray'rs to Heav'n were all for thee;
And love inſpir'd me firſt with piety.
O! thou wert all my triumph, and my pride;
My hope, my peace, my ſhelter, and my guide!
Thy love (ſweet ſtudy) buſy'd all my days,
And my full ſoul's ambition was thy praiſe.

Why has my heart this fond engagement known?
Or, why did Heav'n diſſolve the tie ſo ſoon?
Whence had the charmer all his pow'r to move?
Or, why was all my breaſt ſo tun'd for love?

Oh! he could talk—'twas ecſtacy to hear;
The liſt'ning ſoul hung trembling on the ear.
Muſic's whole pow'r dwelt artleſs on his tongue,
Awfully ſoft, like ſome kind angel's ſong!
Pain, that but heard him ſpeak, was charm'd to reſt;
And mercy melted from the miſer's breaſt:
Hours, days, and years unheeded took their flight—
For time was only meaſur'd by delight!

Fancy ſtill paints him freſh in ev'ry grace,
But the thin ſhade eludes my loſt embrace;
The ſhrinking viſion melts in hapleſs night,
And a cold horror blots my blaſted ſight!—
Then the paſt mis'ry riſes to my view,
His death, ſad ſcene! will be for ever new:
Then with the quickeſt ſenſe his pangs I feel,
And his laſt accents o'er my ſilence ſteal.

'My wife! my ſharpeſt pain, my fondeſt care,
'Heav'n, for thy ſake, will hear a dying pray'r;
'Will lead and comfort thee when I am dead;
'When from theſe aching eyes thy form is fled:
'When theſe cold hands, which now thy graſp implore,
'Shall tremble at the touch of thine no more.
'Oh! where ſhall my unſocial ſpirit ſtray,
'How err, unbleſt, along th' eternal way.
'From all engagements here I now am free,
'But that which keeps my ling'ring ſoul with thee.

'How I have lov'd, thy bleeding heart can tell,
'And we may meet—till which dear time, farewell!'

He ceas'd—and waiting angels caught his breath,
And his quench'd eyes diſſolv'd their beams in death!
But, oh! what words have paſſion to expreſs,
What thought can feel, the rage of my diſtreſs?
Why did they tear me from the breathleſs clay?
I ſhould have ſtaid, and wept my life away.
Yet, gentle ſhade! where'er thou now may'ſt dwell,
Where'er thy ſpirit does the reſt excel,
If thou canſt liſten to my grief, oh! take
The ſofteſt vows that love and truth can make—

'For thee, my thoughts all pleaſure ſhall forego;
'My tears for thee ſhall ſtream in ſecret woe.
'Far from the buſy world I will retire,
'Where mournful mem'ry feeds the ſilent fire:
'Firſt taught by thee the nobleſt flame to prove,
'The force, the life, the elegance of love!
'Sacred I will to thee thy gift confine,
'Graſp thee through death, and be for ever thine!'

THE ART OF PRINTING.

HAIL, myſtic art! which men, like angels, taught,
To ſpeak to eyes, and paint unbody'd thought!
Though deaf and dumb, bleſs'd ſkill! reliev'd by thee,
We make one ſenſe perform the taſk of three;
We ſee, we hear, we touch the head and heart,
And take, or give, what each but yields in part;
With the hard laws of diſtance we diſpenſe,
And without ſound, apart, commune in ſenſe;
View, though confin'd, nay rule this earthly ball,
And travel o'er the wide expanded all;
Dead letters thus, with living notions fraught,
Prove to the ſoul the teleſcopes of thought;
To mortal life a deathleſs witneſs give,
And bid all deeds and titles laſt and live;

In ſcanty life eternity we taſte,
View the firſt ages, and inform the laſt;
Arts, hiſt'ry, laws, we purchaſe with a look,
And keep, like fate, all nature in a book.

NIGHT.

NOW ſilence reigns, and ſolemn darkneſs ſpreads,
O'er all the earth, the gloomy veil of night;
Guilt trembles, and is ſeiz'd with ſudden dread,
And, waits, with horror, the return of light.

Light will return—but not to them return
In whoſe dark ſouls no ray of virtue ſhines;
Not all the ſplendour of the ſprightly morn,
Can clear the miſt that clouds the guilty mind.

Though faſhion throws a veil before their crimes,
And guilt may paſs conceal'd in pleaſure's name:
Yet conſcience will be heard—remorſe, at times,
Will hold a mirror that reveals their ſhame.

The law of God's engrav'd upon our hearts,
Inſtinct—or reaſon—or ſome ray of light,
Which ſacred wiſdom to the mind imparts,
To teach us how to think, and act aright.

Though conſcience from the breaſt awhile may ſtray,
She never totally gives up her reign;
But ſoon or late, ſhe will reſume her ſway,
And bring remorſe and anguiſh in her train.

But darkneſs has no horrors to the mind,
Where virtue and the fear of God do dwell;
Was chaos to return again, they'd find
An inward light that would its gloom diſpel.

Though forked lightnings from the heavens dart,
Or o'er their heads ſhould awful thunder roll,
It would not move the good and virtuous heart,
Nor give one terror to the guiltleſs ſoul.

THE LOTTERY.

AS lately ſaunt'ring through the Hall,
Where crowds attend at Fortune's call,
And Anak's giant ſons are ſeen,
With haughty brow, and threat'ning mein,
I ſtopp'd, attentively to view
The features of the anxious crew;
Who, oft deceiv'd by Fortune's wiles,
Expected her uncertain ſmiles.
The clock ſtrikes nine—the wheel turns round,
Obedient to the well-known ſound.
The tickets drawn, with frequent bawl,
"Blank!—blank!"—re-echoes thro' the Hall:
A diſmal gloom o'er-ſhadows all.
At length, horſe Stentor loudly cries—
"Ten thouſand pounds!" O noble prize!
"Ten thouſand!" quickly flies around,
And each eye ſparkles at the ſound;
But ſoon by various paſſions torn,
Their breaſts with various tumults burn.
This ſmiles with joy, that ſtarts with fear,
This bites his lips, that tears his hair;
Another doubts, and trembling cries—
"I hope my number is a prize!"—
The wheel is ſhut; with progreſs ſlow,
Returning crowds in ſilence go.
The day's ſucceſs is quickly ſhown,
And Fortune's favours all made known.

The tradeſman to the office flies;
His tickets, blanks, ſalute his eyes;
Amaz'd, he utters many a moan,
All hope of thirty thouſand's gone;
Attacks Dame Fortune as unkind,
And cries, with diſcontented mind—
"Why, Fortune, play me ſuch vile pranks,
"To turn your wheel, and give me blanks?
"Enrich'd with vaſt increaſe of ſtore,
"I hop'd to keep my coach and four.
"All blanks! Alas! my bliſs is flown,
"My money loſt, my credit gone!"
Home he returns; deſpairing, ties
The halter round his neck, and dies!

Such is the fate of many a fool,
Who idly ſpurns the golden rule;
And thus prefers uncertain gain,
To honeſt Labour's golden mean.
Thrice happy he, who nobly dares
To laugh at idle Fortune's ſnares;
Procuring, with aſſiduous toil,
The well-earn'd riches of his native ſoil.

TO RELIGION.

BY CHARLES WATKINS, ESQ.

FRIEND of the drooping heart! ſtill whiſp'ring peace,
To ſtaunch the tear which Anguiſh bids to roll;
The balm of Comfort and of Hope increaſe,
And truſtleſs Fear and dull-ey'd Doubt control,
And raiſe to ecſtacy the grateful ſoul,
And teach mankind the paths of bliſs to know,
And how, with tranquil awe, their God adore;
Reveal the ſource, whence only grace could flow,
And future ſpheres—when woe ſhall be no more;
Thou canſt alone thoſe ſacred aids beſtow,
Which calm the ſorrowing ſoul thro' each ſad ſcene below!

TO A LADY,

Who refuſed to accept of a KNIFE from the Writer.

SAID TO BE WRITTEN BY MR. SHERIDAN.

A Knife, dear girl! cuts love, they ſay:
Mere modiſh love perhaps it may;
For any tool, of any kind,
Can ſep'rate what was never join'd.
The knife that cuts our love in two,
Will have much tougher work to do;

Muſt cut your ſoftneſs, worth, and ſpirit,
Down to the vulgar ſize and merit.
To level yours with modern taſte,
Muſt cut a world of ſenſe to waſte,
And from your ſingle beauty's ſtore
Chip what would dizen out a ſcore.
The ſelf ſame blade from me muſt ſever
Senſation, judgment, ſight, for ever;
All mem'ry of endearments paſt;
All hopes of comfort long to laſt;
All that makes fourteen years with you
A ſummer—and a ſhort one too;
All that affection feels and fears,
When hours, without you, ſeem like years—
Till that be done, (and I'd as ſoon
Believe this knife would cut the moon,)
Accept my preſent undeterr'd,
And leave all proverbs to the herd.
If in a kiſs (delicious treat!)
Your lips acknowledge the receipt,
Love, fond of ſuch ſubſtantial fare,
And fond to play the glutton there,
All thoughts of cutting will diſdain,
Save only—cut and come again.

THE BRITISH

POETICAL MISCELLANY.

ELEGY

ON THE THIRTY-FIRST OF DECEMBER.

YES, I will climb yon rough rock's giddy height,
That o'er the ocean bends his brow ſevere;—
And, as I muſe on TIME'S NEGLECTED FLIGHT,
Wait the laſt ſunſhine of the parting Year!

Why do the winds ſo ſadly ſeem to rave!
Why broods ſuch ſolemn horror o'er the deep!
Is it that FANCY points the yawning grave;—
And, ſick'ning, ſhudders at the pond'rous ſleep?

For, O! ſince LAST DECEMBER'S hoary head
Bow'd to oblivion's wave, and ſunk beneath,
From this ſtrange world what flutt'ring clouds are fled,
To throng the caverns of relentleſs Death.

And ev'ry tranſitory ſhade is loſt,
That, in its courſe, was fondly call'd "TO-DAY!"
Spring's ſweets are gone! and Summer's flow'ry boaſt!
And Autumn's purple honours paſs'd away!

And now, though Winter, in rude mantle dreſt,
Extends his icy ſceptre o'er the plain;
Soon ſhall he ſink on April's dewy breaſt,
And laughing May ſhall re-aſſume her reign!

But MAN, when once his bright day's fluſh is o'er,
And youth's too fleeting pleaſures take their wing,
Muſt on life's ſcene re-vegetate no more,
But leap its gulph, to find a ſecond ſpring.

And can that *ſomething*, each man calls "HIMSELF,"
'Midſt this wide miracle of earth and ſky,
Waſte the ſwift moments in the toil for pelf,
Nor raiſe one thought to Nature's Majeſty?

On the globe's ſurface creep, a grov'ling worm!
Nor joy the noon-tide radiance to behold——
Nor trace the mighty hand that guides the ſtorm—
But deem exiſtence relative to gold?

Ah! ſince this awful Now remains for me,
To think, to breathe, to wonder at the Whole,
To move, to touch, to taſte, to hear, to ſee,
To call the myſtic conſciouſneſs, *my ſoul!*

Fain would I ſeek awhile the ſportive ſhade,
Ere the ſcene cloſe upon this doubtful ſtate;
Catch ev'ry painted phantom ere it fade,
And leave the vaſt uncertainty to Fate.

But GRIEF IS MINE—yet can I quit the crew
Whoſe boſoms burn with avarice and pride,
In yon blue vault to quench my thirſty view,
Or tell my feelings to the boiſt'rous tide.

For are there not, as journeying on we go,
With pilgrim ſtep through an unfriendly vale,
Oppreſſion, Malice, Cruelty, and Woe?
And do not Falſehood's venom'd ſhafts aſſail?

Were it not nobler far, with ſocial love,
As fellow-trav'llers in a rugged road,
That each the other's evils ſhould remove,
And with joint force ſuſtain the gen'ral load?

O! while ſuch *fancy'd* happineſs I trace,
A glow of ſadneſs runs through ev'ry vein;
Rapture's warm tear ſteals ſilent down my face,
And thus I wake the philanthropic ſtrain:

Long, long, may Britain's gen'rous Iſle be bleſt
With foreign fame, domeſtic joys increaſe;
At ev'ry inſult ſhake the warlike creſt;
Then wave her laurels in the Bow'r of Peace!

Bleſt be her Sons, in hardy valour bold,
And all who haunt meek Learning's ſacred ſhade;

Th' aſpiring young, and the repoſing old;
The modeſt matron, and th' enchanting maid;

And might the bard upon himſelf beſtow
One humble wiſh, that ſoon his cares may end;
With the dead year, reſign his weight of woe!
Or, with the thorns of life, at leaſt *ſome* roſes blend!

THE PROSTITUTE.

AS trav'llers through life's vary'd paths we go,
What ſights we paſs of wretchedneſs and woe!
Ah! deep, and frequent is the good man's ſigh
O'er thy hard ſuff'rings, poor Humanity!

What form is that, which wanders up and down,
Some poor unfriended orphan of the town!
Heavy, indeed, hath ruthleſs ſorrow preſs'd
Her cold hand at her miſerable breaſt;
Worn with diſeaſe, with not a friend to ſave,
Or ſhed a tear of pity o'er her grave;
The ſickly luſtre leaves her faded eye;
She ſinks in need, in pain, and infamy.

Ah! happier innocent! on whoſe chaſte cheek
The ſpotleſs roſe of virtue bluſhes meek,
Come ſhed, in mercy ſhed, a ſilent tear,
O'er a loſt ſiſter's ſolitary bier!

She might have bloom'd, like thee, in vernal life,
She might have bloom'd the fond endearing wife—
The tender daughter! but want's chilling dew
Blaſted each ſcene hope's faithleſs pencil drew!
No anxious friend ſat weeping o'er her bed,
Or aſk'd the bleſſing on her little head!

She never knew, though beauty mark'd her face,
What beggars woman-kind of every grace!
Ne'er claſp'd a mother's knees with fond delight,
Or liſp'd to Heav'n her pray'r of peace at night!
Alas! her helpleſs childhood was conſign'd,
To the unfeeling mercy of mankind!

ELEGY.

Written to diſſuade a young Lady from frequenting the Tomb of her deceaſed Lover.

BY THE REV. N. BULL.

NOW, through the duſky air, on leaden wings,
Sails the ſad night, in blackeſt clouds array'd;
Hark! in the breeze the gath'ring tempeſt ſings;
How drear it murmurs in the ruſtling ſhade!

Loud, and more loud, is heard the burſting ſound
Of thunder, and the peal of diſtant rain;
While lightnings, gliding o'er the wild profound,
Fire the broad boſom of the daſhing main.

Now dies the voice of village mirth; no more
Is ſeen the friendly lantern's glimm'ring light;
Safe in his cot, the ſhepherd bars his door
On thee, Eliza! and the ſtorm of night.

In yon ſequeſter'd grove, whoſe ſullen ſhade
Sighs deeply on the blaſt, doſt thou remain,
Still faithful to the ſpot, where he is laid,
For whom the tears of beauty flow in vain!

Ah! left alone beneath the dreadful gloom,
Companion of the tempeſt! left alone!
I ſee thee, ſad-reclining o'er the tomb,
A pallid form, and wedded to the ſtone!

Ah! what avails it, Sorrow's gentleſt child!
To wet th' unfruitful urn with many a tear;
To call on Edward's name, with accents wild,
And bid his phantom from the grave appear?

No gliding ſpirits ſkim the dreary ground,
Dreſs the green turf, or animate the gloom;
No ſoft aërial muſic ſwells around,
Nor voice of ſadneſs murmurs from the tomb.

Cold is the breaſt that glow'd with love, and pale
The cheek that, like the morning, bluſh'd before;
Mute are the lips that told the flatt'ring tale,
And rayleſs is the eye that flatter'd more.

Deep, deep beneath the dark myſterious grave,
Thy tears he ſees not, nor can hear thy ſighs:
Deaf is thine Edward as th' Atlantic wave,
Cold as the blaſt that rends the polar ſkies.

Oh! turn, and ſeek ſome ſhelt'ring kind retreat;
Bleak howls the wind, and deadly is the dew:
No pitying ſtar, to guide thy weary feet,
Breaks through the void of darkneſs on thy view.

Think on the dangers that attend thy way!
The gulph deep-yawning, and the treach'rous flood;
The midnight ruffian, prowling for his prey,
Fiend of deſpair and darkneſs, grim with blood!

But, oh! if thoughts terrific fail to move,
Let pity win thee back to thine abode;
Melt at a ſiſter's tears, a mother's love,
Aw'd by the voice of reaſon, and of God!

THE PENITENT MOTHER.

BY MISS HOLCROFT.

REPOSE, ſweet babe! thy crying ceaſe;
For thine's an age of truth and peace;
Kind love thy infant days ſhall rear,
Though love has planted daggers here.

Diſgrace and grief benight my brow,
Fond victim of a perjur'd vow;
A vile ſeducer's guileful art
Betray'd my unſuſpecting heart.

'Twas he deſtroy'd my ſpotleſs fame,
But thou ſhalt long ſurvive my ſhame;
For, when in death I ſleep at reſt,
The world will ceaſe to wound th' oppreſs'd.

Then huſh, ſweet babe! thy cries give o'er,
Diſtract my tortur'd breaſt no more;
For love thy infant days ſhall rear,
And grant my hapleſs fate a tear.

THE WASHING-DAY.

THE Muſes are turn'd goſſips; they have loſt
The buſkin'd ſtep, and clear high-ſounding phraſe,
Language of Gods. Come, then, domeſtic Muſe,
In ſlip-ſhod meaſure, looſely prattling on
Of farm or orchard, pleaſant curds and cream,
Or drowning flies, or ſhoe loſt in the mire
By little whimp'ring boy, with rueful face:
Come, Muſe, and ſing the dreaded *Waſhing-Day*.

—Ye who beneath the yoke of wedlock bend,
With bowed ſoul, full well ye ken the day
Which week ſmooth ſliding after week brings on
Too ſoon; for to that day nor peace belongs
Nor comfort:—Ere the firſt gray ſtreak of dawn,
The red-arm'd waſhers come and chaſe repoſe.

Nor pleaſant ſmile, nor quaint device of mirth,
E'er viſited that day:—The very cat,
From the wet kitchen ſcar'd and reeking hearth,
Viſits the parlour, an unwonted gueſt.

The ſilent breakfaſt-meal is ſoon diſpatch'd,
Uninterrupted, ſave by anxious looks
Caſt at the low'ring ſky, if ſky ſhould low'r.

From that laſt evil, O preſerve us, heav'ns!
For ſhould the ſkies pour down, adieu to all
Remains of quiet; then expect to hear
Of ſad diſaſters—dirt and gravel ſtains
Hard to efface, and loaded lines at once
Snapped ſhort—and linen-horſe by dog thrown down,
And all the petty miſeries of life.

Saints have been calm while ſtretch'd upon the rack,
And Montezuma ſmil'd on burning coals;
But never yet did houſewife notable
Greet with a ſmile a rainy waſhing-day.

—But grant the welkin fair, require not thou
Who call'ſt thyſelf, perchance, the maſter there,
Or ſtudy ſwept, or nicely duſted coat,
Or uſual 'tendance; aſk not, indiſcreet,
Thy ſtockings mended, though the yawning rents
Gape wide as Erebus, nor hope to find

Some ſnug receſs impervious; ſhouldſt thou try
The cuſtom'd garden walks, thine eye ſhall rue
The budding fragrance of thy tender ſhrubs,
Myrtle or roſe, all cruſh'd beneath the weight
Of coarſe check'd apron, with impatient hand
Twitch'd off when ſhow'rs impend: or croſſing lines
Shall mar thy muſings, as the wet cold ſheet
Flaps in thy face abrupt. Woe to the friend
Whoſe evil ſtars have urg'd him forth to claim
On ſuch a day the hoſpitable rites;
Looks blank, at beſt, and ſtinted courteſy,
Shall he receive; vainly he feeds his hopes
With dinner of roaſt chicken, ſavoury pie,
Or tart or pudding:—pudding he nor tart
That day ſhall eat!—nor, though the huſband try,
Mending what can't be help'd, to kindle mirth
From cheer deficient, ſhall his conſort's brow
Clear up propitious; the unlucky gueſt
In ſilence dines, and early ſlinks away.

I well remember, when a child, the awe
This day ſtruck into me; for then the maids,
I ſcarce knew why, look'd croſs, and drove me from them;
Nor ſoft careſs could I obtain, nor hope
Uſual indulgences; jelly or creams,
Relique of coſtly ſuppers, and ſet by
For me their petted one; or butter'd toaſt,
When butter was forbid; or thrilling tale
Of ghoſt, or witch, or murder—So I went
And ſhelter'd me beſide the parlour fire;
There my dear grandmother, eldeſt of forms,
Tended the little ones, and watch'd from harm;
Anxiouſly fond, though oft her ſpectacles
By elfin cunning hid, and oft the pins
Drawn from her ravell'd ſtocking, might have ſour'd
One leſs indulgent.———

At intervals, my mother's voice was heard,
Urging diſpatch; briſkly the work went on,
All hands employ'd to waſh, to rinſe, to wring,
To fold, and ſtarch, and clap, and iron, and plait.

Then would I ſit me down, and ponder much
Why waſhings were. Sometimes through hollow bole
Of pipe amuſed we blew, and ſent aloft

The floating bubbles, little dreaming then
To ſee, Mongolfier, thy ſilken ball
Ride boyant through the clouds—ſo near approach
The ſports of children and the toils of men.

Earth, air, and ſky, and ocean, hath its bubbles,
And verſe is one of them——this moſt of all.

TO A WRETCH

SHIVERING IN THE STREET.

THY plaintive voice, ſo eloquent and meek,
Poor child of wretchedneſs! I never hear,
But ſilently I turn t' indulge the tear
Which pity gives! To me thine accents ſpeak—
Haply of her, who knows no friend, the fate:
Or one to dark deſpondency conſign'd,
Or caſt to the cold mercy of mankind,
On life's bleak waſte!—But thou, though deſolate,
Shalt find no ſhelter! through her proud abode,
Grandeur, in Folly's ſplendid robes, ſhall flaunt;
Riot his ſong of merriment ſhall chaunt:
But thou ſhalt journey friendleſs on thy road,
Nor ſhall one friendly brother think on thee,
Save him, who pitieth poverty, like me!

THE BRITISH

POETICAL MISCELLANY.

THE NATURAL SON.

BY THE REV. J. BIDLAKE.

CHILDREN of Plenty, who the cheering rays
Of lib'ral Fortune's golden ſunſhine ſhare,
While love parental crowns your cloudleſs days,
Meets ev'ry wiſh, prevents each riſing care;

Ah! do not ſpurn misfortune's outcaſt child,
Who knows no ſhelter, finds no friendly door;
A ſnow-drop, ſhatter'd in the dreary wild,
Nipt by the ſtorm, with rain beſprinkled o'er.

On me no father bends his partial eyes,
No mother in her ſoft'ring arms protects;
My daily wants no tenderneſs ſupplies,
My doubtful ſteps no precept now directs.

Can they deſerve the parent's ſacred name,
Untrue to nature, and than brute leſs kind,
Who dare to riot in a guilty flame,
Nor own the feelings of parental mind?

Beat not e'en ſavage breaſts with pious love,
Do thoſe forget a parent's tender care?
E'en brutal inſtinct ſoft affections prove;
The ſweet ſenſations even reptiles ſhare.

Yet poliſh'd life, unbluſhing, dares diſown
The firſt, the deareſt feelings of the ſoul;
Falſely refin'd, and boldly ſhameleſs grown,
Spurns at all law, defies all ſoft controul.

Condemn'd to pine, forſook by fickle love,
Of ſacred honour ſtripp'd, of conſcious pride;
Condemn'd ingratitude's ſharp ſtings to prove,
Of broken heart, alas! my mother dy'd.

In vain, 'tis ſaid, I ſtretch'd my infant arms,
That aſk'd to meet her fond, her warm embrace;
In vain the dawning bluſh of orient charms
Sat ſmiling in the roſes of my face.

Ah! touch'd by death, beneath his icy pow'r,
No anſw'ring ſmiles, no look could ſhe repay;
So, nipt by vernal froſts, a tranſient flow'r
Hangs o'er the infant bud, and fades away.

On the wide world caſt forth, forlorn, unknown,
No friendſhip bleeds, no kindred breaſt, for me;
No ties of dear relationſhip I own,
The wand'ring child of caſual charity.

Canſt thou, who gav'ſt me birth, canſt thou maintain,
In oſtentatious pomp, yon menial crowd?
O! could the refuſe of that wanton train
To feed theſe famiſh'd lips but be allow'd!

There proudly tow'ring o'er the ſubject land,
By coſtly art bedeck'd, and laviſh taſte,
Behold my father's ſumptuous manſion ſtand,
The ſeat of riot, and licentious waſte.

In golden goblets laughs the luſcious wine,
High viands ſick'ning appetite invite;
On ſilken beds their lux'ry ſinks ſupine,
And wantonneſs and coſt their pow'rs unite.

Each faithleſs friend the ready gate receives,
The cup of water cold where I implore;
My famiſh'd appetite no ſcrap relieves,
To me and want alone is clos'd the door.

Could I but lay this poor dejected head
Where e'en the fav'rite brute may ſhelter'd feed;
Could I but find the ſtraw my humble bed,
Half as the hound belov'd, or pamper'd ſteed.

Yet he, with raptur'd eye, can fondly view
The offspring branch of wedded Avarice;

And is to me, alas! no pity due?
  Thus, guiltleſs, muſt I pay the tax of vice?

Has bounteous nature been to me leſs kind?
  Leſs nicely bade my forming features grow?
With true affections leſs ſupply'd my mind?
  What ſtain has God affix'd upon this brow?

No little bird that ſhelters in a tree,
  No beaſt that to the ſecret covert hies,
But clearly proves kind Heav'n's vaſt charity,
  And bids me hope for Mercy's large ſupplies.

Tis ſaid this face is caſt in equal mould,
  Where of the heart the pure ſenſations play;
For oft, too oft, of beauty am I told,
  By thoſe who wiſh that beauty to betray.

Hear then, ye ſons of Pleaſure, hear my tale,
  Who gaily wanton in variety;
And think, like me, how, pierc'd by ev'ry gale,
  Your offspring aſks the mite of charity.

CANZONET.

BY DR. HURDIS.

CAN aught be more fair to the eye
  Than the bluſh of the maidenly year?
Can aught with the orchard-bloom vie,
  When in May its ſweet bloſſoms appear?
Can aught like the eglantine pleaſe,
  Or the roſe-budding?—Tell me, what can?
O! thrice more attractive than theſe
  Is the cheek of my ſweet little Anne.

What can charm like the ſpring of the field,
  When it trickles tranſparently by?
Or what ſweeter pleaſure can yield
  Than to look on the gems of the ſky?
What can win like the tremulous dew,
  Which the zephyrs on goſſamer fan?

O! thrice more enchanting to view
Is the eye of my ſweet little Anne.

Can aught like the morning delight,
When it dawns towards peaceable day?
Or bewitch like the planet of night,
When ſhe ſteals in good humour away?
Is there aught like the ſweetneſs of eve,
When ſerene, as when nature bagan,
The ſoft ſun takes his mellow laſt leave?
Yes; the ſmile of my ſweet little Anne.

Can aught more delicious be nam'd
Than the exquiſite juice of the pine?
More inviting can aught be proclaim'd
Than the elegant branch of the vine?
Is there aught can in flavour exceed
Ev'ry beverage precious to man?
O yes; theſe are taſteleſs indeed,
To the kiſs of my ſweet little Anne.

Thrice more than the ſun-ſetting hour,
Or the dawn of the morning benign,
More delightful than ſpring's ſweeteſt flow'r,
Or the mirth-making juice of the vine:
More ſerene than the gems of the ſky,
And more ſoft than the down of the ſwan,
Is the cheek, is the lip, is the eye,
Is the ſmile of my ſweet little Anne.

THE FALLING TOWER.

MARK ye the Tow'r whoſe lonely halls
Re-echo to yon falling ſtream?
Mark ye its bare and crumbling walls,
Where ſlowly fades the ſinking beam?

There, oft, when Eve, in ſilent trance,
Hears the lorn red-breaſt's plaintive moan,
Time, caſting round a cautious glance,
Heaves from its baſe ſome mould'ring ſtone.

There, though, in Time's departed day,
War wav'd his glitt'ring banners high,
Though many a minſtrel pour'd the lay,
And many a beauty tranc'd the eye;

Yet never 'midſt the gorgeous ſcene,
'Midſt the proud feaſts of ſplendid pow'r,
Shone on the pile a beam ſerene,
So bright as gilds its falling hour.

Oh! thus, when Life's gay ſcenes ſhall fade,
And Pleaſure loſe its wonted bloom,
When creeping Age ſhall bear my head,
And point to me the ſilent tomb,

Then may Religion's hallow'd flame,
Shed on my mind its mildeſt ray;
And bid it ſeek, in purer frame,
One bright Eternity of Day!

TO THE SNOW-DROP.

BY THE REV. J. BIDLAKE.

CHILD of the wintry hour! ah! doom'd to truſt
Thy tender beauties to inclement ſkies!
Firſt off'ring of the year,
And harbinger of ſpring!
Cradled in friendly greens, how penſive droops
Thy nodding head! while in thy baſhful eye,
As mournful of thy fate,
Hangs ſad a pearly tear,

Companion of Adverſity! like thee,
To dangers rough conſign'd, the new-dropt lamb,
With unſtain'd fleece and ſoft,
Preſſes thy verdant bank.
Alas! in this bad world, nor Innocence
Secures from biting Slander's pois'nous tooth,
Nor Gentleneſs itſelf,
Her virgin ſiſter meek.

The temper mild, that knows not how to frown,
Nor of harſh rule the ſceptre how to wield,
Is form'd to ſink before
The boiſt'rous paſſions' rage.
Alas! like thee, poor injur'd Flavia bloom'd,
The ſweeteſt bud of unſuſpicious youth!
Like thee all purity,
Like thee, to ſtorms conſign'd.

But, ah! ſhe felt the rude unpitying breath
Of Malice, keener than the wintry winds;
And ſhrunk beneath the blaſt
That never, never ſpares.
Poor early victim of its pow'r, ſhe ſunk
Pity'd, believ'd, and mourn'd, alas! too late;
Chill'd by the icy touch,
And early foot of Death.

Oft as thy chaſte, thy unaſſuming face
Shall deck the morning of the naſcent year,
This wounded breaſt ſhall heave
With pangs of cureleſs grief:
When painful Mem'ry tells how ſoon ſhe fell,
And hapleſs paſs'd, like thee, fair ſpotleſs flow'r!
Her little life, forlorn,
Amid the wilds of fate.

PRESENTED WITH AN ALMANACK, 1797.

BY MR. PRATT.

MAY the ſmooth hours, that form Matilda's year,
Be mark'd by pleaſure's ſmile, or pleaſure's tear!
In kind atonement of relenting fate,
Some wiſh accompliſh'd on each minute wait!
And as her eyes theſe circling leaves ſurvey,
To note the progreſs of each bliſsful day;
E'en while ſhe fears that bliſs too great to laſt,
Still may the preſent triumph o'er the paſt.
Happy the paſt, the future yet more bleſt,
To-morrow ſtill victorious o'er the reſt!

TO A FROG.

POOR being! wherefore doſt thou fly,
Why ſeek to ſhun my gazing eye,
And palpitate with fear?
Indulge a paſſing trav'ller's ſight,
And leap not on in vain affright;
No cruel foe is here.

I would but pauſe awhile, to view
Thy dappled coat of many a hue;
Thy rapid bound ſurvey;
And ſee how well thy limbs can glide
Along the ſedge-crown'd ſtreamlet's tide,
Then journey on my way.

No ſavage ſage am I, whoſe pow'r
Shall tear thee from thy ruſh-wove bow'r,
To feel th' unſparing knife;
No barb'rous ſchemes this hand ſhall try,
Nor, to prolong thy death, would I
Prolong thy little life.

Ah! let not him, whoſe wanton ſkill
Delights the mangled frog to kill,
The wreath of praiſe attain!
Philoſophy abhors the heart
That proſtitutes her ſacred art,
To give one being pain.

ANNA.

BY W. GIFFORD, ESQ.

I Wiſh I was where Anna lies;
For I am ſick of ling'ring here,
And ev'ry hour Affection cries,
Go, and partake her humble bier.

I wiſh I could! For when ſhe dy'd
I loſt my all; and life has prov'd
Since that ſad hour a dreary void,
A waſte unlovely, and unlov'd.—

But who, when I am turn'd to clay,
Shall duly to her grave repair,
And pluck the ragged moſs away,
And weeds that have no " buſineſs there ?"

And who, with pious hand, ſhall bring
The flow'rs ſhe cheriſh'd, ſnow-drops cold,
And vi'lets that unheeded ſpring,
To ſcatter o'er her hallow'd mould ?

And who, while mem'ry loves to dwell
Upon her name, for ever dear,
Shall feel his heart with paſſion ſwell,
And pour the bitter, bitter tear ?

I did it; and would fate allow,
Should viſit ſtill, ſhould ſtill deplore—
But health and ſtrength have left me now,
And I, alas! can weep no more,

Take then, ſweet maid! this ſimple ſtrain,
The laſt I offer at thy ſhrine;
Thy grave muſt then undeck'd remain,
And all thy mem'ry fade with mine.

And can thy ſoft perſuaſive look,
Thy voice, that might with muſic vie,
Thy air, that ev'ry gazer took,
Thy matchleſs eloquence of eye,

Thy ſpirits, frolickſome, as good,
Thy courage, by no ills diſmay'd,
Thy patience, by no wrongs ſubdu'd,
Thy gay good humour—Can they " fade ?"

THE BRITISH

POETICAL MISCELLANY.

LENORA.

A BALLAD, FROM BÜRGER.

AT break of day, with frightful dreams
Lenora ſtruggled ſore:
My William, art thou ſlaine, ſay'd ſhe,
Or doſt thou love no more?

He went abroade with Richard's hoſt,
The Paynim foes to quell:
But he no word to her had writt,
An he was ſick or well.

With ſowne of trump, and beat of drum,
His fellow-ſoldyers come;
Their helmes bydeckt with oaken boughs,
They ſeeke their long'd-for home.

And ev'ry roade, and ev'ry lane
Was full of old and young,
To gaze at the rejoicing band,
To hail with gladſome toung.

"Thank God!" their wives and children ſaide;
"Welcome!" the brides did ſaye:
But greet or kiſs Lenora gave
To none upon that daye.

She aſkte of all the paſſing traine,
For him ſhe wiſht to ſee:
But none of all the paſſing traine
Could tell if lived hee.

And when the ſoldyers all were bye,
She tore her raven haire,
And caſt herſelf upon the groune,
In furious deſpaire,

Her mother ran and lyfte her up,
And claſped in her arme,
"My child, my child, what doſt thou ail?
God ſhield thy life from harm!"

"O mother, mother! William's gone!
What's all beſyde to mee?
Their is no mercye, ſure, above!
All, all were ſpar'd but hee?"

"Knell downe, thy paternoſter ſaye,
'Twill calm thy troubled ſpright:
The Lord is wyſe, the Lord is good;
What hee hath done is right."

"O mother, mother, ſay not ſo;
Moſt cruel is my fate:
I prayde, and prayde; but watte avayl'd?
'Tis now, alas! too late."

"Our Heav'nly Father, if we praye,
Will help a ſuff'ring childe:
Go take the holy ſacrament;
So ſhall thy grief grow milde."

"O mother, what I feel within,
No ſacrament can ſtaye:
No ſacrament can teche the dead
To bear the ſight of daye."

"May be among the heathen folk
Thy William falſe doth prove,
And puts away his faith and troth,
And takes another love.

Then wherefore ſorrow for his loſs?
Thy moans are all in vain:
And when his ſoul and body parte,
His falſehode brings him paine."

"O mother, mother! William's gone:
My hope is all forlorne:
The grave my only ſafeguarde is—
Oh, had I ne'er been borne!

Go out, go out, my lamp of life;
In griſlie darkneſs die:
There is no mercye, ſure, above!
For ever let me die."

" Almighty God! O do not judge
My poor unhappy childe;
She knows not what her lips pronounce,
Her anguiſh makes her wilde!

My girl, forget thine earthly woe,
And think on God and bliſs;
For ſo, at leaſt, ſhall not thy ſoule
Its heavenly bridegroom miſs."

" O mother, mother! what is bliſſe,
And what the fiendis celle?
With him 'tis heaven any where,
Without my William, helle.

Go out, out, my lamp of life:
In endleſs darkneſs die:
Without him I muſt loath the earth,
Without him ſcorn the ſkye."

And ſo deſpaire did rave and rage
Athwarte her boiling veins;
Againſt the Providence of Heaven
She hurlde her impious ſtrains.

She bete her breaſte, and wrung her hands,
And rollde her tearleſſe eye,
From riſe of morne, till the pale ſtars
Again did freeke the ſkye.

When harke! abroade ſhe hearde the trampe
Of nimble-hoofed ſteed;
She hearde a knighte with clank alighte,
And climb the ſtaire in ſpeede.

And ſoon ſhe hearde a tinkling hande,
That twirled at the pin;
And through her door, that open'd not,
Theſe words were breathed in:

" What ho! what ho! thy dore undoe;
Art watching or aſleepe?
My love, doſt yet remember mee,
And doſt thou laugh or weep?"

" Ah! William here ſo late at night;
Oh! I have watchte and wak'd:
Whence doſt thou come? For thy return
My herte has ſorely ak'd."

" At midnight only we may ride;
I come o'er land and ſea:
I mounted late, but ſoon I go;
Aryſe, and come with mee."

" O William, enter firſt my bowre,
And give me one embrace:
The blaſts athwarte the hawthorne hiſs;
Awayte a little ſpace."

" The blaſts athwarte the hawthorn hiſs,
I may not harboure here;
My ſpur is ſharp, my courſer pawes,
My houre of flight is nere.

All as thou ly'ſt upon thy couch,
Aryſe and mount behinde;
To-night we'le ride a thouſand miles?
The bridal-bed to finde."

" How! ride to night a thouſand miles?
Thy love thou doſt bemocke:
Eleven is the ſtroke that ſtill
Rings on within the clocke."

" Look up: the moon is bright, and we
Outſtride the earthlie men;
I'll take thee to the bridal-bed,
And night ſhall end but then."

" And where is, then, thy houſe and home;
And where thy bridal-bed?"
" 'Tis narrow, ſilent, chilly, dark;
Far hence I reſt my head."

" And is there any room for mee,
Wherein that I may creepe?"
" There's room enough for thee and mee,
Wherein that wee may ſleepe.

All as thou ly'ſt upon thy couch,
Aryſe, no longer ſtop;
The wedding gueſts thy coming waite,
Thy chamber dore is ope."

All in her ſarke, as there ſhe lay,
Upon his horſe ſhe ſprung;
And, with her lily hand ſo pale,
About her William clung.

And hurry-ſkurry forth they goe,
Unheeding wet or drye;
And horſe and rider ſnort and blowe,
And ſparkling pebbles flye.

How ſwift the flood, the mead, the wood,
Aright, aleft, are gone!
The bridges thunder as they paſs,
But earthly ſowne is none.

Tramp, tramp, acroſs the land they ſpeede;
Splaſh, ſplaſh, acroſs the ſee:
"Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;
Doſt fear to ride with mee?

The moon is brighte, and blue the nyght;
Doſt quake the blaſt to ſtem?
Doſt ſhudder, mayde, to ſeek the dead?"
"No, no, but what of them?

How gloomlie ſownes yon girgye ſong!
Nighte-raven's flappe the wing.
What knell doth ſlowlie toll ding-dong?
The pſalms of death who ſing?

It creeps, the ſwarthie funeral traine,
The corſe is on the biere;
Like croke of todes from lonely moores,
The chaunte doth meet the eere."

"Go, bear her corſe when midnight's paſt,
With ſong, and tear, and wayle;
I've gott my wife, I take her home,
My hour of wedlocke hayl.

Lead forth, O clarke, the chaunting quire,
To ſwell our nuptial ſong:
Come, preaſte, and read the bleſſing ſoone,
For bed, for bed we long."

They heede his calle, and huſht the ſowne;
The biere was ſeen no more;
And followde him o'er field and flood
Yet faſter than before.

Halloo! halloo! away they goe,
Unheeding wet or drye;
And horſe and rider ſnort and blowe,
And ſparkling pebbles flye.

How ſwift the hill, how ſwift the dale,
Aright, aleft, are gone!
By hedge and tree, by thorpe and towne,
They gallop, gallop on.

Tramp, tramp, acroſs the land they ſpeede,
Splaſh, ſplaſh acroſs the ſee:
"Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;
Doſt fear to ride with mee?

Look up, look up, any airy crewe
In roundel dances reele:
The moon is bryghte, and blue the nyghte,
Mayſt dimlie ſee them wheele.

Come to, come to, ye ghoſtlie crew,
Come to, and follow mee,
And daunce for us the wedding daunce,
When we in bed ſhall be."

And bruſh, bruſh, bruſh, the ghoſtlie crew
Come wheeling ore their heads,
All ruſtling like the wither'd leaves
That wyde the wirlwind ſpreads.

Halloo! halloo! away they goe,
Unheeding wet or drye;
And horſe and rider ſnort and blowe,
And ſparkling pebbles flye.

And all, that in the moonſhyne lay,
Behynde them fled afar;
And backwarde ſcudded, overhead,
The ſky and every ſtar.

Tramp, tramp, acroſs the land they ſpeede;
Splaſh, ſplaſh, acroſſe the ſee:
"Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;
Doſt feare to ride with mee?

I weene the cock prepares to crowe;
The ſand will ſoone be runne:
I ſnuffe the earlye morning aire;
Downe, downe! oure work is done.

The dead, the dead can ryde apace;
Oure wed-bed here is fit:
Oure race is ridde, oure journey ore,
Oure endleſſe union knit."

And lo! an yren-grated gate
Soon biggens to their viewe:
He crackte his whyppe; the clangynge boltes,
The doors aſunder flewe.

They paſs, and 'twas on graves they trode;
"'Tis hither we are bounde:"
And many a tombſtone ghoſtlie white
Lay in the moonſhyne round.

And when he from his ſteede alytte,
His armour, black as cinder,
Did moulder, moulder all awaye,
As were it made of tinder.

His head became a naked ſkull;
Nor haire nor eyne had hee;
His body grew a ſkeleton,
Whilome ſo blythe of blee.

And at his dry and bony heele
No ſpur was left to be;
And in his witherede hande you might
The ſythe and houre-glaſſe ſee.

And lo! his ſteede did thin to ſmoke,
And charnel fires outbreathe;
And pal'd, and bleach'd, then vaniſh'd quite
The mayde from underneathe.

And hollow howlings hung in aire,
And ſhrieks from vaults aroſe:
Then knew the mayde ſhe might no more
Her living eyes uncloſe.

But onwarde to the judgement-ſeat,
Through myſte and moonlighte dreare,
The ghoſtlie crewe their flyghte perſewe,
And hollowe in her eare:—

"Be patient; though thyne herte ſhoulde breke,
Arrayne not Heaven's decree,
Thou now art of thie body refte,
Thie ſoule forgiven bee!"

TRIBUTE,

To the MEMORY of a DECEASED FRIEND.

BY MR. ROSCOE.

MORTAL, from yon lower ſphere,
Ere eternal joys thou ſhare,
Are thy earthly duties done,
Huſband, father, friend, and ſon?

Haſt thou, o'er a parent's head,
Drops of filial fondneſs ſhed?
What the pleaſure—haſt thou prov'd,
'Tis to love and to be lov'd?

Haſt thou, with delighted eyes,
Seen thy num'rous offspring riſe?
Haſt thou in the paths of truth
Led their inexperienc'd youth?

Didſt thou e'er, in ſadneſs, bend
O'er the ſorrows of a friend?
Didſt thou haſten unappall'd,
When thy ſinking country call'd?

Huſband, father, friend, and ſon,
Well thy journey haſt thou run;
Life has known its beſt employ,
Sown in virtue, reap'd in joy.

THE BRITISH

POETICAL MISCELLANY.

THE EXILE.

BY C. M. LEWIS, ESQ.

FAREWELL, O native Spain! farewell for ever
  Theſe baniſh'd eyes ſhall view thy coaſts no more:
A mournful preſage tells my heart, that never
  Gonzalvo's ſteps again ſhall preſs thy ſhore.

Huſh'd are the winds; while ſoft the veſſel, failing
  With gentle motion, ploughs th' unruffled main,
I feel my boſom's boaſted courage failing,
  And curſe the waves which bear me far from Spain.

I ſee it yet! Beneath yon blue clear heaven,
  Still do the ſpires, ſo well-belov'd, appear.
From yonder craggy point, the gale of even
  Still wafts my native accents to mine ear.

Propp'd on ſome moſs-crown'd rock, and gayly ſinging,
  There, in the ſun, his nets the fiſher dries;
Oft have I heard the plaintive ballad, bringing
  Scenes of paſt joy before my forr'wing eyes.

Ah! happy ſwain! he waits th' accuſtom'd hour,
  When twilight-gloom obſcures the cloſing ſky:
Then gladly ſeeks his lov'd paternal bow'r,
  And ſhares the feaſt his native fields ſupply.

Friendſhip and Love, his cottage gueſts, receive him
  With honeſt welcome, and with ſmile ſincere:
No threat'ning woes of preſent joys bereave him;
  No ſigh his boſom owns, his cheek no tear.

Ah! happy ſwain! ſuch bliſs to me denying,
  Fortune thy lot with envy bids me view;

Me, who, from home and Spain an exile flying,
Bid all I value, all I love, adieu.

No more mine ear ſhall liſt the well-known ditty,
Sung by ſome mountain-girl, who tends her goats,
Some village ſwain imploring am'rous pity,
Or ſhepherd chanting wild his ruſtic notes.

No more my arms a parent's fond embraces,
No more my heart domeſtic calm muſt know;
Far from theſe joys, with ſighs which mem'ry traces,
To ſultry ſkies and diſtant climes I go.

Where Indian ſuns engender new diſeaſes,
Where ſnakes and tigers breed, I bend my way,
To brave the fev'riſh thirſt no art appeaſes,
The yellow plague, and madding blaze of day.

But not to feel ſlow pangs conſume my liver,
To die by piece-meal in the bloom of age,
My boiling blood drank by inſatiate fever,
And brain delirious with the day-ſtar's rage,

Can make me know ſuch grief as thus to ſever,
With many a bitter ſigh, dear land! from thee;
To feel this heart muſt doat on thee for ever,
And feel that all thy joys are torn from me!

Ah me! how oft will fancy's ſpells, in ſlumber,
Recall my native country to my mind!
How oft regret will bid me ſadly number
Each loſt delight, and dear friend left behind!

Wild Murcia's vales, and lov'd romantic bowers,
The river on whoſe banks a child I play'd,
My caſtle's ancient halls, its frowning towers,
Each much-regretted wood and well-known glade.

Dreams of the land where all my wiſhes centre,
Thy ſcenes, which I am doom'd no more to know,
Full oft ſhall mem'ry trace, my ſoul's tormentor,
And turn each pleaſure paſt to preſent woe.

But, lo! the ſun beneath the waves retires;
Night ſpeeds apace her empire to reſtore;
Clouds from my ſight obſcure the village-ſpires,
Now ſeen but faintly, and now ſeen no more.

Oh! breathe not, winds! Still be the water's motion!
Sleep, ſleep, my bark! in ſilence on the main:
So when to-morrow's light ſhall gild the ocean,
Once more mine eyes ſhall ſee the coaſt of Spain.

Vain is the wiſh! My laſt petition ſcorning,
Freſh blows the gale, and high the billows ſwell:
Far ſhall we be before the break of morning:
Oh! then, for ever, native Spain, farewell!

FIDELE.

BY MR. COLLINS.

TO fair Fidele's graſſy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds ſhall bring
Each op'ning ſweet of earlieſt bloom,
And rifle all the breathing ſpring.

No wailing ghoſt ſhall dare appear,
To vex, with ſhrieks, this quiet grove;
But ſhepherd-lads aſſemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch ſhall here be ſeen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays ſhall haunt the green,
And dreſs thy grave with pearly dew.

The red-breaſt oft, at ev'ning hours,
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moſs and gather'd flow'rs,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain,
In tempeſts, ſhake the ſylvan cell,
Or 'midſt the chaſe, on ev'ry plain,
The tender thought on thee ſhall dwell.

Each lonely ſcene ſhall thee reſtore,
For thee the tear be duly ſhed;
Belov'd till life can charm no more,
And mourn'd till Pity's ſelf be dead.

ELIZA.

BY DR. DARWIN.

NOW ſtood ELIZA on the wood-crown'd height,
O'er Minden's plains, ſpectatreſs of the fight;
Sought with bold eye, amid the bloody ſtrife,
Her dearer ſelf, the partner of her life;
From hill to hill the ruſhing hoſt purſu'd,
And view'd his banner, or believ'd ſhe view'd.
Pleas'd with the diſtant roar, with quicker tread,
Faſt by his hand one liſping boy ſhe led;
And one fair girl, amid the loud alarm,
Slept on her 'kerchief, cradled by her arm;
While round her brows bright beams of honour dart,
And love's warm eddies circle round her heart.
—Near and more near th' intrepid beauty preſs'd,
Saw, through the driving ſmoke, his dancing creſt,
Heard the exulting ſhout, "They run! they run!"
"Great GOD!" ſhe cry'd, "he's ſafe! the battle's won!"

A ball now hiſſes through the airy tides,
(Some fury wing'd it, and ſome demon guides!)
Parts the fine locks, her graceful head that deck,
Wounds her fair ear, and ſinks into her neck;
The red ſtream, iſſuing from her azure veins,
Dyes her white veil, her iv'ry boſom ſtains.—
—"Ah me!" ſhe cry'd, and, ſinking on the ground,
Kiſs'd her dear babes, regardleſs of the wound,
"Oh! ceaſe not yet to beat, thou vital urn!
"Wait guſhing life, oh! wait my love's return!—
"Hoarſe barks the wolf, the vulture ſcreams from far!
"The angel, Pity, ſhuns the walks of war!—
"Oh! ſpare, ye war-hounds, ſpare their tender age!—
"On me, on me," ſhe cry'd, "exhauſt your rage!
Then, with weak arms, her weeping babes careſs'd,
And, ſighing, hid them in her blood-ſtain'd veſt.

From tent to tent th' impatient warrior flies,
Fear in his heart, and frenzy in his eyes;
Eliza's name along the camp he calls,
Eliza echoes through the canvas walls;
Quick through the murm'ring gloom his footſteps tread,
O'er groaning heaps, the dying and the dead,

Vault o'er the plain, and in the tangled wood,
Lo! dead ELIZA welt'ring in her blood!—
—Soon hears his liſt'ning ſon the welcome ſounds,
With open arms and ſparkling eyes he bounds:—
" Speak low," he cries, and gives his little hand,
" ELIZA ſleeps upon the dew-cold ſand;
" Poor weeping babe, with bloody fingers preſs'd,
" And try'd, with pouting lips, her milkleſs breaſt!
" Alas! we both with cold and hunger quake—
" Why do you weep?—mama will ſoon awake."
—" She'll wake no more!" the hopeleſs mourner cry'd,
Upturn'd his eyes, and claſp'd his hands, and ſigh'd;
Stretch'd on the ground awhile entranc'd he lay,
And preſs'd warm kiſſes on the lifeleſs clay;
And then upſprung with wild convulſive ſtart,
And all the father kindled in his heart:
" Oh, Heav'ns!" he cry'd, " my firſt raſh vow forgive
" Theſe bind to earth, for theſe I pray to live!"
Round his chill babes he wrapt his crimſon veſt,
And claſp'd them ſobbing to his aching breaſt.

SLAVERY.

BY THE SAME.

HARK! heard ye not that piercing cry,
Which ſhook the waves and rent the ſky?
E'en now, e'en now, on yonder weſtern ſhores,
Weeps pale Deſpair, and writhing Anguiſh roars:
E'en now in Afric's groves, with hideous yell,
Fierce SLAV'RY ſtalks, and ſlips the dogs of hell;
From vale to vale the gath'ring cries rebound,
And ſable nations tremble at the ſound!

YE BANDS OF SENATORS! whoſe ſuffrage ſways
Britannia's realms, whom either Ind obeys;
Who right the injur'd, and reward the brave,
Stretch your ſtrong arm, for ye have pow'r to ſave!
Thron'd in the vaulted heart, his dread reſort,
Inexorable CONSCIENCE holds his court;

With ſtill ſmall voice the plots of Guilt alarms,
Bares his maſk'd brow, his lifted hand diſarms:
But, wrapp'd in night with terrors all his own,
He ſpeaks in thunder, when the deed is done.
Hear him, ye Senates! hear this truth ſublime,
'HE, WHO ALLOWS OPPRESSION, SHARES THE CRIME.'

No radiant pearl, which creſted Fortune wears,
No gem, that twinkling hangs from Beauty's ears,
Not the bright ſtars, which night's blue arch adorn,
Nor riſing ſuns, that gild the vernal morn,
Shine with ſuch luſtre as the tear, that breaks,
For other's woe, down Virtue's manly cheeks.

VIRTUE AN ORNAMENT.

BY J. FORDYCE, D. D.

THE diamond's and the ruby's rays
Shine with a milder, finer flame,
And more attract our love and praiſe
Than beauty's ſelf, if loſt to fame.

But the ſweet tear in pity's eye
Tranſcends the diamond's brighteſt beams;
And the ſoft bluſh of modeſty
More precious than the ruby ſeems.

The glowing gem, the ſparkling ſtone,
May ſtrike the ſight with quick ſurprize;
But truth and innocence alone
Can ſtill engage the good and wiſe.

No glitt'ring ornament or ſhow
Will ought avail in grief or pain!
Only from inward worth can flow
Delight that ever ſhall remain.

Behold, ye fair, your lovely queen!
'Tis not her jewels, but her mind;
A meeker, purer, ne'er was ſeen;
It is her virtue charms mankind!

TO HENRY.

BY ELIZA.

WHAT ſilver ſounds, melodious, meet my ear,
And mourn, reſponſive, on the ſighing gale,
Dropping, ſo ſweetly ſad, the pitying tear,
O'er the ſoft ſorrows of a recent tale.

Ah me! no fancy'd woes I hold to view;
The woe-fraught ſcene is prattled round the coaſt;
Too true, alas! and pity 'tis, 'tis true—
William and Mary were together loſt!

Nay, ſtart not, Henry, for 'twas half conceal'd;
The ſimple facts too copious for my line:
Liſten,—ah! liſt,—the reſt ſhall be reveal'd—
Thou wilt not grudge to mingle tears with mine.

Oh! it will coſt me many a pang, I ween,
To trace their infant loves, each childiſh joy,
When little Mary gambol'd o'er the green
With her lov'd William, then a fair-hair'd boy.

Freſh, like the roſy morn, his cherub face,
And, like the berry dark, his laughing eyes;
And Mary's too beam'd ſweet with kindred grace,
The ſoft mild blue that paints the azure ſkies.

Oft hand in hand they rambled o'er the plain,
And fill'd their little laps with ſtore of flow'rs;
And oft purſu'd the gilded fly in vain—
Theſe were the paſtimes of their earlieſt hours.

But war's ſhrill clarion rous'd the youth to arms—
To gain for Mary wealth and fair renown:
Sighing he tore him from her blooming charms,
And left her weeping, joyleſs, and forlorn.

Full oft retiring from the noiſy throng,
To hide from vulgar eyes the ſtruggling tear,
He breath'd his conſtant vows in artleſs ſong,
And pour'd the trembling numbers on her ear.

So the lone bird, within the grove retir'd,
Trills her ſweet notes, the thorn within her breaſt:

So ſings the ſwan, her dying notes admir'd,
Her own ſad requiem to eternal reſt.

" Mary, dear maid, though ocean rolls between,
" And far, far off is white-cliff'd Albion's ſhore,
" Some ſweet remark of thine illumes each ſcene,
" Thy image breathes in ev'ry op'ning flow'r.

" In the carnation, rich with coral glow,
" The milder roſe-bud, and the jeſs'mine fair,
" Thy lip, thy modeſt bluſh, thy ſkin of ſnow,
" And, in the almond brown, thy gloſſy hair.

" If the tall palm-tree bows beneath the breeze,
" Thy eaſy ſhape waves graceful in my view;
" If the ſweet blue-bell gliſtens through the trees,
" 'Tis Mary's eye, impearl'd with pity's dew."

Thus would he ſing, till years of tedious toil
Sweet competency's meed had well acquir'd;
He came full laden with the ſpoiler's ſpoil,
And juſt in view of happineſs—expir'd.

Ah! what remains to cloſe the dire affair?
Or who can paint the maiden as ſhe ſtood?
Claſping her hands, and frantic with deſpair,
She plung'd, impetuous, in the raging flood.

Ah, hapleſs lovers!—dear preſumptuous maid!
There may thy woes, thy cruel ſorrows, ceaſe—
Fruitleſs, alas! is now all human aid,
The hand which bruis'd can only give thee peace.

HENRY AND ELIZA.

ELIZA was beyond compare
The pride of all the plain;
Fair, yet belov'd by every fair,
Ador'd by ev'ry ſwain.

Though nature had each charm combin'd
The beauteous maid to grace,
And bade the ſweetneſs of her mind
Stand pictur'd in her face;

Yet fortune, from her earlieſt years,
A fate diſaſtrous wove,
And doom'd her to an age of tears,
For one ſhort hour of love.

In childhood's helpleſs ſtate bereft
Of parents' watchful care,
Her inexperienc'd youth was left
A prey to ev'ry ſnare.

One only fault the maid poſſeſs'd—
If that a fault we deem—
A tender, unſuſpecting breaſt,
Too laviſh of eſteem.

Unvers'd in woes that other's find,
In wiles that others fear;
Artleſs herſelf, ſhe thought mankind
Were, like herſelf, ſincere.

But, ah! ere yet the luckleſs maid
Had fifteen ſummers run,

Her faith and honour were betray'd—
Her virtue was undone.

Young Henry, with ſucceſsful art,
To win her favour ſtrove,
Long practis'd on her youthful heart,
And early gain'd her love.

Fraught with each ſoft, reſiſtleſs charm,
With each perſuaſive pow'r,
He ſtill'd diſcretion's kind alarm,
And cropp'd the virgin flow'r.

Her orphan ſtate, her tender years,
Her pure unſpotted fame,
Serv'd but to huſh his guilty fears,
And fan his lawleſs flame.

By honour's dictates unreſtrain'd,
By faith nor juſtice ſway'd;
That confidence his vows obtain'd
His perfidy betray'd.

So poor Eliza's hapleſs fate
Fill'd Henry's breaſt with care:
Nor could the vain parade of ſtate
Protect him from deſpair.

He ſaw the beauties once he priz'd
All wither in their bloom;
By lawleſs paſſion ſacrific'd
Untimely to the tomb.

For how could injur'd honour look
Its author in the face?
Or how could ſuff'ring virtue brook
Invective and diſgrace?

No ſorrows could afford relief,
No penitence atone;
The ſigh ſhe gave to other's grief
She wanted for her own.

The partners of her youthful years
Unpitying her diſtreſs,
Nor kindly help'd to dry her tears,
Nor ſtrove to make them leſs.

Her lov'd companions turn'd away,
To former friendſhip cold;
And left her in affliction's day,
Uncheriſh'd, unconſol'd.

So ever through the world we find
Each breaſt at woe recoils;
And all the favours of mankind
But laſt while fortune ſmiles.

Too juſt life's guilty joys t' indure,
Too weak its thorns to brave,
No friend but death ſhe could procure,
No comfort but the grave.

Awhile ſhe Heav'n's forgiveneſs pray'd
For errors long confeſt;
Then ſought the ſolitary ſhade,
And ſilent ſunk to reſt.

Hard fortun'd ſex! in every ſtate,
From cuſtom's rigid pow'r,
Years of remorſe can't expiate
One inadvertant hour.

Unſkill'd in life's precarious way,
Should love their boſoms burn,
And yielding nature chance to ſtray,
They never can return:

In vain they with repentant ſighs
Their ſad experience mourn;
E'en thoſe who ought to ſympathize
Abandon them with ſcorn.

Say, why, ye virgins, who beſtow
On moſt compaſſion's tear;
The pangs alone yourſelves may know
You thus refuſe to cheer?

O! rather kindly condeſcend
To aid the drooping fair,
Your mercy with your juſtice blend,
And ſnatch them from deſpair.

Eliza's death when Henry heard,
He gave a piteous groan;

The cenſure of the world he fear'd,
But more he fear'd his own.

In vain he flew to crowds and courts,
Guilt every bliſs deſtroys;
Intruded on his morning ſports,
And damp'd his ev'ning joys.

At length, with conſtant grief o'ercome,
With anguiſh and diſmay,
He hy'd him to the lonely tomb
Which held Eliza's clay.

There weeping o'er the turf-clad ground,
Of all exiſtence tir'd,
He caſt his ſtreaming eyes around,
And mournfully expir'd.

Thus warn'd, ye fair, with caution arm
'Gainſt man's perfidious arts;
Since youth and beauty vainly charm,
When honour once departs.

Let Hymen's ſacred bands unite
Where paſſion is declar'd,
Give ſanction to approv'd delights,
And authorize regard.

So ſhall no rankling cares annoy,
No tears unceaſing flow!
So ſhall you feel a mother's joy,
Without a mother's woe.

INSCRIPTION,

Engraved on a Marble Table, fixed againſt the Wall of an Hermitage.

WHOE'ER thou art theſe lines now reading,
Think not, though from the world receding,
I joy my lonely days to lead in
This deſart drear,
That with remorſe a conſcience bleeding
Hath led me here.

No thought of guilt my boſom ſours:
Free-will'd I fled from courtly bowers;
For well I ſaw in halls and towers,
That luſt and pride,
The arch-fiend's deareſt, darkeſt powers,
In ſtate preſide.

I ſaw mankind with vice incruſted;
I ſaw that honour's ſword was ruſted:
That few for aught but folly luſted;
That he was ſtill deceiv'd who truſted
In love or friend;
And hither came, with men diſguſted,
My life to end.

In this lone cave, in garments lowly,
Alike a foe to noiſy folly,
And brow-bent gloomy melancholy,
I wear away
My life, and in my office holy
Conſume the day.

This rock my ſhield when ſtorms are blowing;
The limpid ſtreamlet yonder flowing
Supplying drink; the earth beſtowing
My ſimple food;
But few enjoy the calm I know in
This deſart rude.

Content and comfort bleſs me more in
This grot, than 'ere I felt before in
A palace; and with thoughts ſtill ſoaring
To God on high.
Each night and morn with voice imploring
This wiſh I ſigh:

" Let me, O Lord! from life retire,
Unknown each guilty worldly fire,
Remorſeful throb, or looſe deſire;
And when I die,
Let me in this belief expire,
To God I fly!"

Stranger, if, full of youth and riot,
As yet no grief has marr'd thy quiet,

Thou haply throw'ſt a ſcornful eye at
The Hermit's prayer:
But if thou haſt a cauſe to ſigh at
Thy fault, or care:

If thou haſt known falſe love's vexation,
Or haſt been exil'd from thy nation,
Or guilt affrights thy contemplation,
And makes thee pine;
Oh! how muſt thou lament *thy* ſtation,
And envy mine!

TO A MOTH,

FLUTTERING ABOUT A CANDLE.

VAIN flutt'ring inſect, pageant of an hour,
Come, let me thwart thy ſelf-deſtructive will;
Short are the pleaſures in thy little pow'r,
Yet thou wilt make them even *ſhorter* ſtill.

How apt an emblem of miſtaken Man,
When ſwells each vein with youth's empurpled tide,
I ſee the ſemblance to my kindred clan,
And own the folly ſhame would gladly hide.

Both are attracted by an empty blaze;
Pleaſure to Man, what *flame* to thee ſupplies;
Each idly flutters in illuſive rays,
Then falls a victim, and repentant dies.

IMITATION OF HORACE,

BOOK xvi. ODE 2.

BY MR. HASTINGS,

On his paſſage from Bengal to England.

FOR eaſe the harraſs'd ſeaman prays,
When equinoctial tempeſts raiſe
The Cape's ſurrounding wave;

When, hanging o'er the reef, he hears
The cracking maſt, and ſees or fears,
Beneath, his wat'ry grave.

For eaſe, the ſlow *Mahratta* ſpoils,
And hardier *Sic* erratic toils,
While both their eaſe forgo;
For eaſe, which neither gold can buy,
Nor robes, nor gems, which oft belie
The cover'd heart, beſtow;

For neither gold nor gems, combin'd,
Can heal the ſoul, or ſuff'ring mind:
Lo! where their owner lies;
Perch'd on his couch diſtemper breathes,
And care, like ſmoke, in turpid wreathes
Round the gay ceiling flies.

He who enjoys, nor covets more,
The lands his father held before,
Is of true bliſs poſſeſs'd:
Let but his mind unfetter'd tread,
Far as the paths of knowledge lead,
And wiſe, as well as bleſt.

No fears his peace of mind annoy,
Leſt printed lies his fame deſtroy,
Which labour'd years have won;
Nor pack'd committees break his reſt,
Nor av'rice ſends him forth in queſt
Of climes beneath the ſun.

Short is our ſpan; then why engage
In ſchemes, for which man's tranſient age,
Was ne'er by fate deſign'd;
Why ſlight the gifts of nature's hand,
What wand'rer from his native land
E'er left himſelf behind?

The reſtleſs thought and wayward will,
And diſcontent attend him ſtill,
Nor quit him while he lives;
At ſea, care follows in the wind,
At land, it mounts the pad behind,
Or with the poſt-boy drives.

He who would happy live to-day,
Muſt laugh the preſent ills away,
Nor think of woes to come;
For come they will, or ſoon or late,
Since mix'd at beſt is man's eſtate,
By heaven's eternal doom.

To ripen'd age Clive liv'd renown'd,
With lacks enrich'd, with honour's crown'd,
His valour's well-earn'd meed;
Too long, alas! he liv'd to hate
His envy'd lot, and dy'd too late,
From life's oppreſſion freed.

An early death was Elliot's doom:
I ſaw his op'ning virtues bloom,
And manly ſenſe unfold;
Too ſoon to fade! I bade the ſtone
Record his name 'midſt hordes unknown,
Unknowing what it told.

To thee, perhaps, the fates may give,
I wiſh they may, in health to live,
Herds, flocks, and fruitful fields;
Thy vacant hours in mirth to ſhine,
With theſe, the muſe already thine,
Her preſent bounties yields.

For me, O ſhore, I only claim
To merit, not to ſeek for fame,
The good and juſt to pleaſe;
A ſtate above the fear of want,
Domeſtic love, heav'n's choiceſt grant,
Health, leiſure, peace, and eaſe.

THE BRITISH

POETICAL MISCELLANY.

THE BLEEDING ROCK.

BY MISS HANNAH MORE.

WHERE beauteous *Belmont* rears its modeſt brow,
To view *Sabrina's* ſilver waves below,
Liv'd LINDAMIRA; fair as Beauty's Queen,
The ſame ſweet form, the ſame enchanting mien,
With all that ſofter elegance of mind
By genius heighten'd, and by taſte refin'd.
Yet early was ſhe doom'd the child of care,
For love, ill-fated love ſubdu'd the fair.
Ah! what avails each captivating grace,
The form enchanting, or the finiſh'd face?
Or what each beauty on the heav'n-born mind,
The ſoul ſuperior, or the taſte refin'd?
Beauty but ſerves deſtruction to inſure,
And *ſenſe*, to feel the pang it cannot cure.
Each neighb'ring youth aſpir'd to gain her hand,
And many a ſuitor came from many a land.
But all in vain each neighb'ring youth aſpir'd,
And diſtant ſuitors all in vain admir'd.
Averſe to hear, yet fearful to offend,
The lover ſhe refus'd ſhe made a friend:
Her meek rejection wore ſo mild a face,
More like acceptance ſeem'd it than diſgrace.

Young POLYDORE, the pride of rural ſwains,
Was wont to viſit *Belmont's* blooming plains.
Who has not heard that *Polydore* could throw
Th' unerring dart to wound the flying doe?
How leave the ſwifteſt at the race behind,
How mount the courſer, and out-ſtrip the wind?

With melting ſweetneſs, or with magic fire,
Breathe the ſoft lute, or ſtrike the louder lyre?
From that fam'd lyre no vulgar muſic ſprung,
The Graces tun'd it, and Apollo ſtrung.

Apollo too was once a ſhepherd ſwain,
And fed the flock, and grac'd the ruſtic plain,
He taught what charms to rural life belong,
The ſocial ſweetneſs, and the ſylvan ſong;
He taught, fair Wiſdom in her grove to woo,
Her joys how precious, and her wants how few!
The ſavage herds in mute attention ſtood,
And raviſh'd *Echo* fill'd the vocal wood;
The ſacred Siſters, ſtooping from their ſphere,
Forgot their golden harps, intent to hear.
Till Heav'n the ſcene ſurvey'd with jealous eyes,
And Jove, in envy, call'd him to the ſkies.

Young *Polydore* was rich in large domains,
In ſmiling paſtures, and in flow'ry plains:
With theſe, he boaſted each exterior charm,
To win the prudent, and the cold to warm;
To act the tenderneſs he never felt,
In ſorrow ſoften, and in anguiſh melt.
The ſigh elaborate, the fraudful tear,
The joy diſſembled, and the well-feign'd fear,
All theſe were his; and his the treach'rous art
That ſteals the guileleſs and unpractis'd heart.

Too ſoon he heard of *Lindamira's* fame,
'Twas each enamour'd ſhepherd's fav'rite theme;
Return'd the riſing, and the ſetting ſun,
The ſhepherd's fav'rite theme was never done;
They prais'd her wit, her worth, her ſhape, her air!
And e'en inferior beauties thought her fair.

Such ſweet perfection all his wonder mov'd;
He ſaw, admir'd, nay, fancy'd that he lov'd:
But *Polydore* no real paſſion knew,
Loſt all to truth in feigning to be true.
No ſenſe of tenderneſs could warm a heart,
Too proud to feel, too ſelfiſh to impart.

Cold as the ſnows of *Rhodope* deſcend,
And with the chilling waves of *Hebrus* blend;

So cold the breaſt where *vanity* preſides,
And mean ſelf-love the boſom feelings guides.

Too well he knew to make his conqueſt ſure,
Win her ſoft heart, yet keep his own ſecure.
So oft he told the well-imagin'd tale,
So oft he ſwore—how ſhould he not prevail?
Too unſuſpecting not to be deceiv'd,
The well-imagin'd tale the nymph believ'd;
She lov'd the youth, ſhe thought herſelf belov'd,
Nor bluſh'd to praiſe whom every maid approv'd.
Alas! that youth, from *Lindamira* far,
For newer conqueſts wages cruel war;
With other nymphs on other plains he roams,
Where injur'd *Lindamira* never comes;
Laughs at her eaſy faith, inſults her woe,
Nor pities tears himſelf had taught to flow.

And now her eye's ſoft radiance ſeem'd to fail,
And now the crimſon of her cheek grew pale;
The lilly there, in faded beauty, ſhows
Its ſickly empire o'er the vanquiſh'd roſe.
Devouring ſorrow marks her for his prey,
And ſlow and certain mines his ſilent way.
Yet, as apace her ebbing life declin'd,
Increaſing ſtrength ſuſtain'd her firmer mind.
'Oh! had my heart been hard as his,' ſhe cry'd,
'An hapleſs victim thus I had not dy'd:
'If there be gods, and gods there ſurely are,
'Inſulted virtue doubtleſs is their care.
'Then haſten, righteous Heav'n! my tedious fate,
'Shorten my woes, and end my mortal date:
'Quick let your pow'r transform this failing frame,
'Let me be any thing but what I am!
'And ſince the cruel woes I'm doom'd to feel,
'Proceed, alas! from having lov'd too well;
'Grant me ſome form where love can have no part,
'Nor human weakneſs reach my guarded heart.
'If pity has not left your bleſt abodes,
'Change me to flinty adamant, ye gods;
'To hardeſt rock, or monumental ſtone,
'Rather than let me know the pangs I've known,
'So ſhall I thus no farther torments prove,
'Nor taunting rivals ſay "ſhe dy'd for love."

'For ſure if aught can aggrevate our fate,
'Tis ſcorn or pity from the breaſt we hate.'
She ſaid—the gods accord the ſad requeſt:
For when were pious prayers in vain addreſs'd?

Now, ſtrange to tell, if rural folks ſay true,
To harden'd rock the ſtiff'ning damſel grew;
No more her ſhapeleſs features can be known,
Stone is her body, and her limbs are ſtone;
The growing rock invades her beauteous face;
And quickly petrifies each living grace;
The ſtone her ſtature nor her ſhape retains,
The nymph is vaniſh'd, but the rock remains.
Yet would her heart its vital ſpirits keep,
And ſcorn to mingle with the marble heap.

When babbling Fame the fatal tidings bore,
Grief ſeiz'd the ſoul of perjur'd *Polydore*;
Deſpair and horror robb'd his ſoul of reſt,
And deep compunction wrung his tortur'd breaſt,
Then to the fatal ſpot in haſte he hy'd,
And plung'd a deadly poniard in his ſide:
He bent his dying eyes upon the ſtone,
And, 'Take, ſweet maid,' he cry'd, 'my parting groan.'
Fainting, the ſteel he graſp'd, and, as he fell,
The weapon pierc'd the rock he lov'd ſo well;
The guiltleſs ſteel aſſail'd the mortal part,
And ſtabb'd the vital, vulnerable heart;
The life-blood iſſuing from the wounded ſtone,
Blends with the crimſon current of his own,
And, though revolving ages ſince have paſt,
The meeting torrents undiminiſh'd laſt;
Still guſhes out the ſanguine ſtream amain,
The ſtanding wonder of the ſtranger ſwain.

Now once a year, ſo ruſtic records tell,
When o'er the heath reſounds the midnight bell;
On eve of Midſummer, that foe to ſleep,
What time young maids their annual vigils keep,
The * tell-tale ſhrub freſh gather'd to declare
The ſwains who falſe, from thoſe who conſtant are;
When ghoſts, in clanking chains, the church-yard walk,
And to the wond'ring ear of fancy talk:

* Midſummer-men, conſulted, as oracles, by village-maids.

When the ſcar'd maid ſteals trembling through the grove,
To kiſs the tomb of him who dy'd for love:
When with long watchings, *Care*, at length oppreſt,
Steals broken pauſes of uncertain reſt;
Nay, *Grief* ſhort ſnatches of repoſe can take,
And nothing but *Deſpair* is quite awake:
Then, at that hour, ſo ſtill, ſo full of fear,
When all things horrible to thought appear,
Is perjur'd *Polydore* obſerv'd to rove,
A ghaſtly ſpectre, through the gloomy grove;
Then to the Rock, the *Bleeding Rock* repair,
Where, ſadly ſighing, it diſſolves to air.

Still when the hours of ſolemn rites return,
The village train in ſad proceſſion mourn;
Pluck every weed which might the ſpot diſgrace,
And plant the faireſt field-flow'rs in their place:
Around no noxious plant or flow'ret grows,
But the firſt daffodil, and earlieſt roſe:
The ſnow-drop ſpreads its whiteſt boſom here,
And golden cowſlips grace the vernal year:
Here the pale primroſe takes a fairer hue,
And every vi'let boaſts a brighter blue.
Here builds the wood-lark, here the faithful dove
Laments her loſt, or wooes her living love.
Secure from harm is ev'ry hallow'd neſt,
The ſpot is ſacred where true-lovers reſt.
To guard the rock from each malignant ſprite,
A troop of guardian ſpirits watch by night,
Aloft in air each takes his little ſtand,
The neighb'ring hill is hence call'd *Fairy Land.**

On the DEATH *of a* FAVOURITE OLD SPANIEL.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

AND they have drown'd thee then at laſt, poor Phillis!
The burthen of old age was heavy on thee,
And yet thou ſhouldſt have liv'd! What tho' thine eye
Was dim, and watch'd no more, with eager joy,

* By contraction Failand, a hill well known in Somerſetſhire; not far from this is the Bleeding Rock, from which conſtantly iſſues a crimſon current.

The wonted call, that on thy dull ſenſe ſunk
With fruitleſs repetition, the warm ſun
Would ſtill have cheer'd thy ſlumber; thou didſt love
To lick the hand that fed thee; and though paſt
Youth's active ſeaſon, even life itſelf
Was comfort. Poor old friend! moſt earneſtly
Would I have pleaded for thee; thou hadſt been
Still the companion of my childiſh ſports:
And, as I roam'd o'er Avon's woody cliffs,
From many a day-dream has thy ſhort quick bark
Recall'd my wand'ring ſoul. I have beguil'd
Often the melancholy hours at ſchool,
Sour'd by ſome little tyrant, with the thought
Of diſtant home, and I remember'd then
Thy faithful fondneſs: for not mean the joy,
Returning at the pleaſant holidays,
I felt from thy dumb welcome. Penſively
Sometimes have I remark'd thy ſlow decay,
Feeling myſelf chang'd too, and muſing much
On many a ſad viciſſitude of life!
Ah! poor companion! when thou follow'dſt laſt
Thy maſter's parting footſteps to the gate
That clos'd for ever on him, thou didſt loſe
Thy trueſt friend, and none was left to plead
For the old age of brute fidelity!
But fare thee well! mine is no narrow creed:
And HE who gave thee being, did not frame
The myſtery of life to be the ſport
Of mercileſs man! There is another world
For all that live and move—a better one!
Where the proud bipeds, who would fain confine
Infinite Goodneſs to the little bounds
Of their own charity, may envy thee!

THE RAZOR-SELLER.

BY PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

FORBEAR, my friends, to ſacrifice your fame
To ſordid gain, unleſs that you are ſtarving:
I own that hunger will indulgence claim
For hard ſtone heads and landſcape carving.

In order to make haſte to ſell and eat;
For there is certainly a charm in meat;
And in rebellious tones will ſtomachs ſpeak,
That have not taſted victuals for a week.

But yet there are a mercenary crew
Who value ſome no more than an old ſhoe,
Provided for their daubs they get a ſale;
Juſt like the man—but ſtay—I'll tell the tale.

A fellow in a market town,
Moſt muſical, cry'd razors up and down,
And offer'd twelve for eighteen-pence;
Which certainly ſeem'd wondrous cheap,
And, for the money, quite a heap,
As ev'ry man would buy, with caſh and ſenſe.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard:
Poor Hodge, who ſuffer'd by a broad black beard,
That ſeem'd a ſhoe-bruſh ſtuck beneath his noſe,
With cheerfulneſs the eighteen-pence he paid,
And proudly to himſelf, in whiſpers, ſaid,
"This raſcal ſtole the razors, I ſuppoſe.

"No matter if the fellow *be* a knave,
"Provided that the razors *ſhave*;
"It certainly will be a monſtrous prize."
So home the clown with his good fortune went,
Smiling, in heart and ſoul content,
And quickly ſoap'd himſelf to ears and eyes.

Being well lather'd from a diſh or tub,
Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,
Juſt like a hedger cutting furze:
'Twas a vile razor!—then the reſt he try'd—
All were impoſtors—"Ah," Hodge ſigh'd,
"I wiſh my eighteen-pence within my purſe!"

In vain to chaſe his beard, and bring the graces,
He cut, and dug, and winc'd, and ſtamp'd, and ſwore,
Brought blood, and danc'd, blaſphem'd, and made wry faces,
And curs'd each razor's body o'er and o'er.

His muzzle form'd of *oppoſition* ſtuff,
Firm as a Foxite, would not loſe its ruff:
So kept it—laughing at the ſteel and ſuds:

Hodge, in a paſſion, ſtretch'd his angry jaws,
Vowing the direſt vengeance, with clench'd claws,
On the rank cheat that ſold the goods.
" Razors! a vile confounded dog,
" Not fit to ſcrape a hog!"

Hodge ſought the fellow—found him—and begun:
" P'rhaps, Maſter Razor-rogue, to you 'tis fun,
" That People flay themſelves out of their lives:
" You raſcal! for an hour have I been grubbing,
" Giving my crying whiſkers here a ſcrubbing,
" With razors juſt like oyſter-knives.
" Sirrah! I tell you, you're a knave,
" To cry up razors that can't *ſhave*."

" Friend," quoth the razor-man, " I'm not a knave:
" As for the razors you have bought,
" Upon my ſoul I never thought
" That they would *ſhave*."

" Not think they'd *ſhave!*" quoth Hodge, with wond'ring eyes,
And voice not much unlike an Indian yell;
" What were they made for then, you dog?" he cries.
" Made!" quoth the fellow, with a ſmile—" to *ſell*."

THE BRITISH

POETICAL MISCELLANY.

ELEGY.

Written in a Country Church-Yard.

BY MR. GRAY.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds ſlowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkneſs and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring landſcape on the ſight,
And all the air a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of ſuch as, wand'ring near her ſecret bow'r,
Moleſt her ancient ſolitary reign.

Beneath theſe rugged elms, that yew-tree's ſhade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet ſleep.

The breezy call of incenſe-breathing morn,
The ſwallow twitt'ring from the ſtraw-built ſhed,
The cock's ſhrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more ſhall rouſe them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth ſhall burn,
Or buſy houſewife ply her ev'ning care;
No children run to liſp their ſire's return,
Or climb his knees the envy'd kiſs to ſhare.

Oft did the harveſt to their ſickle yield,
Their furrow oft the ſtubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their ſturdy ſtroke!

Let not Ambition mock their uſeful toil,
Their homely joys, and deſtiny obſcure;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a diſdainful ſmile,
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor.

The boaſt of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud! impute to theſe the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raiſe,
Where, through the long-drawn aiſle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem ſwells the note of praiſe.

Can ſtory'd urn, or animated buſt,
Back to its manſion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the ſilent duſt,
Or Flatt'ry ſoothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celeſtial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have ſway'd,
Or wak'd to ecſtacy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the ſpoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repreſs'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the ſoul.

Full many a gem of pureſt ray ſerene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flow'r is born to bluſh unſeen,
And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntleſs breaſt,
The little tyrant of his fields withſtood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may reſt,
Some Cromwell, guiltleſs of his country's blood.

Th' applauſe of liſt'ning ſenates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to deſpiſe,
To ſcatter plenty o'er a ſmiling land,
And read their hiſt'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade; nor circumſcrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade through ſlaughter to a throne,
And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The ſtruggling pangs of conſcious Truth to hide,
To quench the bluſhes of ingenuous Shame,
Or heap the ſhrine of Luxury and Pride
With incenſe kindled at the Muſe's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble ſtrife,
Their ſober wiſhes never learnt to ſtray;
Along the cool ſequeſter'd vale of life
They kept the noiſeleſs tenor of their way.

Yet e'en theſe bones from inſult to protect,
Some frail memorial ſtill erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and ſhapeleſs ſculpture deck'd,
Implores the paſſing tribute of a ſigh.

Their name, their years, ſpelt by th' unletter'd Muſe,
The place of fame and elegy ſupply,
And many a holy text around ſhe ſtrews,
That teach the ruſtic moraliſt to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulneſs a prey,
This pleaſing anxious being e'er reſign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor caſt one longing ling'ring look behind?

On ſome fond breaſt the parting ſoul relies,
Some pious drops the cloſing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our aſhes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Doſt in thoſe lines their artleſs tales relate,
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred ſpirit ſhall inquire thy fate,

Haply ſome hoary-headed ſwain may ſay,
" Oft have we ſeen him, at the peep of dawn,
" Bruſhing with haſty ſteps the dews away,
" To meet the ſun upon the upland lawn.

" There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
" That wreathes its old fantaſtic root ſo high,
" His liſtleſs length at noontide would he ſtretch,
" And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

" Hard by yon wood, now ſmiling as in ſcorn,
" Mutt'ring his wayward fancies, he would rove;
" Now drooping, woeful wan! like one forlorn,
" Or craz'd with care, or croſs'd in hopeleſs love.

" One morn I miſs'd him on the cuſtom'd hill,
" Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
" Another came; nor yet beſide the rill,
" Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he:

" The next, with dirges due, in ſad array,
" Slow thro' the church-way path we ſaw him borne:
" Approach, and read (for thou canſt read) the lay
" Grav'd on the ſtone beneath yon aged thorn:"

THE EPITAPH.

HERE reſts his head upon the lap of Earth,
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his ſoul ſincere;
Heav'n did a recompenſe as largely ſend:
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear;
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wiſh'd) a friend.

No further ſeek his merits to diſcloſe,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repoſe,)
The boſom of his Father and his God.

THE FIRE-SIDE.

BY DR. COTTON.

DEAR Chloe, while the buſy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In Folly's maze advance;
Though ſingularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll ſtep aſide,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs:
No noiſy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling ſtranger near,
To ſpoil our heart-felt joys.

If ſolid happineſs we prize,
Within our breaſt this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to beſtow;
From our own ſelves our joys muſt flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

Of reſt was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing, ſhe left,
That ſafe retreat, the ark;
Giving her vain excurſion o'er,
The diſappointed bird once more
Explor'd the ſacred bark.

Though fools ſpurn Hymen's gentle pow'rs,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By ſweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly underſtood,
Gives, to the tender and the good,
A paradiſe below.

Our babes ſhall richeſt comforts bring;
If tutor'd right, they'll prove a ſpring
Whence pleaſures ever riſe:
We'll form their minds, with ſtudious care,
To all that manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the ſkies.

While they our wiſeſt hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, ſupport our age,
And crown our hoary hairs:
They'll grow in virtue ev'ry day,
And thus our fondeſt loves repay,
And recompenſe our cares.

No borrow'd joys, they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot:

Monarchs! we envy not your ſtate;
We look with pity on the great,
And bleſs our humbler lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed;
But then how little do we need!
For nature's calls are few:
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may ſuffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore reliſh, with content,
Whate'er kind Providence has ſent,
Nor aim beyond our pow'r;
For if our ſtock be very ſmall,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor loſe the preſent hour.

To be reſign'd when ills betide,
Patient when favours are deny'd,
And pleas'd with favours giv'n;
Dear Chloe, this is wiſdom's part;
This is that incenſe of the heart,
Whoſe fragrance ſmells to heav'n.

We'll aſk no long-protracted treat,
Since winter's life is ſeldom ſweet;
But when our feaſt is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll ariſe,
Nor grudge our ſons, with envious eyes,
The relics of our ſtore.

Thus hand and hand, through life we'll go;
Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe,
With cautious ſteps, we'll tread;
Quit its vain ſcenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

While conſcience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts ceaſe,
Like a kind angel, whiſper peace,
And ſmooth the bed of death.

A THOUGHT UPON DEATH.

BY FITZGERALD.

'TIS vain, my ſoul, 'tis impious all,
The human lot to mourn,
That life ſo ſoon muſt fleet away,
And duſt to duſt return.

Alas! from death the terrors fly,
When once 'tis underſtood;
'Tis nature's call—'tis God's decree—
And is, and muſt be, good.

Weary'd his limbs with honeſt toil,
And void of cares his breaſt,
See how the lab'ring hind ſinks down
Each night to wholeſome reſt.

No nauſeous fumes perplex his ſleep,
No guilty ſtarts ſurprize;
The viſions, that his fancy forms,
All free and cheerful riſe.

So thou, nor led by luſts aſtray,
Nor gall'd with anxious ſtrife,
With virtuous induſtry fulfil
The plain intent of life.

Paſs calmly thy appointed day,
And uſefully employ,
And then thou'rt ſure, whate'er ſucceed
Is reſt, and peace, and joy.

To a BEAUTIFUL SPRING *in a* VILLAGE.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

ONCE more, ſweet ſtream! with ſlow foot wand'ring near,
I bleſs thy milky waters, cold and clear.
Eſcap'd the flaſhing of the noontide hours,
With one freſh garland of Pierian flow'rs,

(Ere from thy zephyr-haunted brink I turn,)
My languid hand ſhall wreath thy moſſy urn.
For not through pathleſs grove, with murmur rude,
Thou ſootheſt the ſad wood-nymph, Solitude:
Nor thine unſeen in cavern depths to dwell,
The hermit-fountain of ſome dripping cell!
Pride of the vale! thy uſeful ſtreams ſupply
The ſcatter'd cots and peaceful hamlet nigh.
The elfin tribe around thy friendly banks,
With infant uproar, and ſoul-ſoothing pranks,
Releas'd from ſchool their little hearts at reſt,
Launch paper navies on thy waveleſs breaſt.
The ruſtic here at eve, with penſive look,
Whiſtling lorn ditties, leans upon his crook;
Or, ſtarting, pauſes, with hope-mingled dread,
To liſt the much-lov'd maid's accuſtom'd tread:
She, vainly mindful of her dame's command,
Loiters, the long-fill'd pitcher in her hand.
Unboaſtful ſtream! thy font, with pebbled falls,
The faded form of paſt delight recalls,
What time the morning ſun of hope aroſe,
And all was joy; ſave when another's woes
A tranſient gloom upon my ſoul impreſs'd,
Like paſſing clouds impictur'd on thy breaſt.
Life's current then ran ſparkling to the noon,
Or ſilv'ry ſtole beneath the penſive moon.
Ah! now it works rude brakes and thorns among,
Or o'er the rough rock burſts, and foams along!

THE BRITISH

POETICAL MISCELLANY.

EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

"TURN, gentle hermit of the dale!
"And guide my lonely way
"To where yon taper cheers the vale,
"With hoſpitable ray.

"For here forlorn and loſt I tread,
"With fainting ſteps and ſlow,
"Where wilds, immeaſurably ſpread,
"Seem length'ning as I go."

"Forbear, my ſon!" the hermit cries,
"To tempt the dang'rous gloom;
"For yonder faithleſs phantom flies,
"To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here to the houſeleſs child of want
"My door is open ſtill;
"And though my portion is but ſcant,
"I give it with good will.

"Then turn to-night, and freely ſhare
"Whate'er my cell beſtows;
"My ruſhy couch and frugal fare,
"My bleſſing and repoſe.

"No flocks, that range the valley free,
"To ſlaughter I condemn:
"Taught by that Pow'r that pities me,
"I learn to pity them:

" But from the mountain's graſſy ſide
" A guiltleſs feaſt I bring;
" A ſcrip with herbs and fruits ſupply'd,
" And water from the ſpring.

" Then, pilgrim! turn, thy cares forego,
" All earth-born cares are wrong;
" Man wants but little here below,
" Nor wants that little long."

Soft, as the dew from heav'n deſcends,
His gentle accents fell:
The modeſt ſtranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderneſs obſcure
The lonely manſion lay;
A refuge to the neighb'ring poor,
And ſtrangers led aſtray.

No ſtores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a maſter's care;
The wicket, op'ning with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmleſs pair.

And now, when buſy crowds retire
To take their ev'ning reſt,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his penſive gueſt:

And ſpread his vegetable ſtore,
And gayly preſs'd and ſmil'd;
And, ſkill'd in legendary lore,
The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around, in ſympathetic mirth,
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To ſoothe the ſtranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His riſing cares the hermit ſpy'd,
With anſw'ring care oppreſs'd:
" And whence, unhappy youth!" he cry'd,
" The ſorrows of thy breaſt?

" From better habitations ſpurn'd,
" Reluctant doſt thou rove?
" Or grieve for friendſhip unreturn'd,
" Or unregarded love?

" Alas! the joys that fortune brings
" Are trifling, and decay;
" And thoſe who prize the paltry things,
" More trifling ſtill than they.

" And what is friendſhip but a name,
" A charm that lulls to ſleep;
" A ſhade that follows wealth or fame,
" And leaves the wretch to weep!

" And love is ſtill an emptier ſound,
" The modern fair one's jeſt!
" On earth unſeen, or only found
" To warm the turtle's neſt.

" For ſhame! fond youth! thy ſorrows huſh,
" And ſpurn the ſex!" he ſaid;
But, while he ſpoke, a riſing bluſh
His love-lorn gueſt betray'd.

Surpris'd, he ſees new beauties riſe,
Swift mantling to the view,
Like colours o'er the morning ſkies,
As bright, as tranſient too.

The baſhful look, the riſing breaſt,
Alternate ſpread alarms;
The lovely ſtranger ſtands confeſs'd
A maid in all her charms.

" And, ah! forgive a ſtranger rude,
" A wretch forlorn," ſhe cry'd,
" Whoſe feet unhallow'd thus intrude
" Where Heav'n and you reſide.

" But let a maid thy pity ſhare,
" Whom love has taught to ſtray;
" Who ſeeks for reſt, but finds deſpair
" Companion of her way.

" My father liv'd beſide the Tyne,
" A wealthy lord was he;
" And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
" He had but only me.

" To win me from his tender arms,
" Unnumber'd ſuitors came;
" Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
" And felt, or feign'd, a flame.

" Each hour, a mercenary crowd,
" With richeſt proffers, ſtrove;
" Among the reſt young Edwin bow'd;
" But never talk'd of love.

" In humble, ſimpleſt habit clad,
" No wealth or pow'r had he:
" Wiſdom and worth were all he had,
" And theſe were all to me.

" The bloſſom op'ning to the day,
" The dews of heav'n refin'd,
" Could naught of purity diſplay,
" To emulate his mind.

" The dew, the bloſſoms of the tree,
" With charms inconſtant, ſhine;
" Their charms were his, but, woe to me!
" Their conſtancy was mine.

" For ſtill I try'd each fickle art,
" Importunate and vain;
" And while his paſſion touch'd my heart,
" I triumph'd in his pain.

" Till, quite dejected with my ſcorn,
" He left me to my pride;
" And ſought a ſolitude forlorn,
" In ſecret, where he dy'd.

" But mine the ſorrow, mine the fault,
" And well my life ſhall pay;
" I'll ſeek the ſolitude he ſought,
" And ſtretch me where he lay.

" And there, forlorn, deſpairing, hid,
" I'll lay me down and die;
" 'Twas ſo for me that Edwin did,
" And ſo for him will I."

" Forbid it, Heav'n!" the hermit cry'd,
And claſp'd her to his breaſt;
The wond'ring fair one turn'd to chide;
'Twas Edwin's ſelf that preſs'd.

" Turn, Angelina! ever dear,
" My charmer! turn to ſee
" Thy own, thy long-loſt Edwin here,
" Reſtor'd to love and thee.

" Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
" And ev'ry care reſign.
" And ſhall we never, never part,
" My life!—my all that's mine?

" No, never, from this hour to part,
" We'll live and love ſo true;
" The ſigh that rends thy conſtant heart,
" Shall break thy Edwin's too."

ELEGY.

On the DEATH of an UNFORTUNATE LADY.

BY ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

WHAT beck'ning ghoſt, along the moon-light ſhade,
Invites my ſteps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis ſhe!—but why that bleeding boſom gor'd,
Why dimly gleams the viſionary ſword?
O ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it in heav'n a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reverſion in the ſky,
For thoſe who greatly think or bravely die?

Why bade ye elſe, ye pow'rs! her ſoul aſpire
Above the vulgar flight of low deſire?
Ambition firſt ſprung from your bleſt abodes;
The glorious fault of angels and of gods:
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breaſts of kings and heroes glows.
Moſt ſouls, 'tis true, peep out but once an age,
Dull ſullen pris'ners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
Uſeleſs, unſeen, as lamps in ſepulchres;

Like eaſtern kings, a lazy ſtate they keep,
And, cloſe confin'd to their own palace, ſleep.

From theſe, perhaps, (ere nature bade her die,)
Fate ſnatch'd her early to the pitying ſky.
As into air the purer ſpirits flow,
And ſep'rate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the ſoul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, falſe guardian of a charge too good,
Thou mean deſerter of thy brother's blood!
See on theſe ruby lips the trembling breath,
Theſe cheeks, now fading at the blaſt of death:
Cold is that breaſt which warm'd the world before,
And thoſe love-darting eyes muſt roll no more.
Thus, if Eternal Juſtice ruſe the ball,
Thus ſhall your wives, and thus your children fall:
On all the line a ſudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearſes ſhall beſiege your gates.
There paſſengers ſhall ſtand, and, pointing, ſay,
(While the long fun'rals blacken all the way,)
Lo! theſe were they whoſe ſouls the furies ſteel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented paſs the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So periſh all, whoſe breaſt ne'er learnt to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' woe.

What can atone, O ever-injur'd ſhade!
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domeſtic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghoſt, or grac'd thy mournful bier.
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd;
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By ſtrangers honour'd, and by ſtrangers mourn'd.
What though no friends in ſable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances and the public ſhow;
What though no weeping loves thy aſhes grace,
Nor poliſh'd marble emulate thy face:
What though no ſacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb;

Yet ſhall thy grave with riſing flow'rs be dreſs'd,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breaſt:
There ſhall the morn her earlieſt tears beſtow,
There the firſt roſes of the year ſhall blow;
While angels, with their ſilver wings, o'erſhade
The ground now ſacred by thy reliques made.

So peaceful reſts, without a ſtone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of duſt alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud ſhall be!

Poets themſelves muſt fall like thoſe they ſung,
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
E'en he, whoſe ſoul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall ſhortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;
Then from his cloſing eyes thy form ſhall part,
And the laſt pang ſhall tear thee from his heart;
Life's idle buſineſs at one gaſp be o'er,
The muſe forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

ODE TO SPRING.

HAIL, genial goddeſs! blooming Spring!
Thy bleſt return, O! let me ſing;
And aid my languid lays:
Let me not ſink in ſloth ſupine,
While all creation at thy ſhrine
Its annual tribute pays.

Eſcap'd from winter's freezing pow'r,
Each bloſſom greets thee, and each flow'r;
And, foremoſt of the train,
By nature (artleſs handmaid!) dreſs'd,
The ſnow-drop comes in lily'd veſt,
Prophetic of thy reign.

The lark now ſtrains her tuneful throat,
While ev'ry loud and ſprightly note
Calls Echo from her cell.

Beware! ye maids, that liſten round,
A beauteous nymph became a ſound,
The nymph who lov'd too well.

The bright-hair'd ſun, with warmth benign,
Bids tree, and ſhrub, and ſwelling vine
Their infant buds diſplay:
Again the ſtreams refreſh the plains,
Which winter bound in icy chains,
And, ſparkling, bleſs his ray.

Life-giving zephyr breathes around;
And inſtant glows th' enamell'd ground
With nature's vary'd hues:
Not ſo returns our youth decay'd;
Alas! nor air, nor ſun, nor ſhade
The ſpring of life renews.

The ſun's too quick-revolving beam
Apace diſſolves the human dream,
And brings th' appointed hour:
Too late we catch his parting ray,
And mourn the idly waſted day,
No longer in our pow'r.

Then happieſt he, whoſe lengthen'd ſight
Purſues by virtue's conſtant light,
A hope beyond the ſkies:
Where frowning winter ne'er ſhall come,
But roſy ſpring for ever bloom,
And ſuns eternal riſe.

THE BRITISH

POETICAL MISCELLANY.

THE LASS OF FAIR WONE.

From the German of BÜRGER.

BESIDE the parſon's bow'r of yew
Why ſtrays a troubled ſpright,
That peaks and pines, and dimly ſhines
Through curtains of the night?

Why ſteals along the pond of toads
A gliding fire ſo blue,
That lights a ſpot where grows no graſs,
Where falls no rain nor dew?

The parſon's daughter once was good,
And gentle as the dove,
And young and fair——and many came
To win the damſel's love.

High o'er the hamlet, from the hill,
Beyond the winding ſtream,
The windows of a ſtately houſe
In ſheen of ev'ning gleam.

There dwelt in riot, rout, and roar,
A lord ſo frank and free;
That oft, with inward joy of heart,
The maid beheld his glee.

Whether he met the dawning day,
In hunting trim ſo fine,
Or tapers, ſparkling from his hall,
Beſhone the midnight wine.

He ſent the maid his picture, girt
With diamond, pearl, and gold;
And ſilken paper, ſweet with muſk,
This gentle meſſage told:

"Let go thy ſweethearts, one and all;
Shalt thou be baſely woo'd,
That worthy art to gain the heart,
Of youths of noble blood?

The tale I would to thee bewray,
In ſecret muſt be ſaid,
At midnight hour I'll ſeek thy bow'r;
Fair laſs be not afraid.

And when the am'rous nightingale
Sings ſweetly to his mate,
I'll pipe my quail-call from the field:
Be kind, nor make me wait."

In cap and mantle clad he came,
At night, with lonely tread;
Unſeen, and ſilent as a miſt,
And huſh'd the dogs with bread.

And when the am'rous nightingale
Sung ſweetly to his mate,
She heard his quail-call in the field,
And, ah! ne'er made him wait.

The words he whiſper'd were ſo ſoft,
They won her ear and heart:
How ſoon will ſhe, who loves, believe!
How deep a lover's art!

No lure, no ſoothing guiſe, he ſpar'd,
To baniſh virtuous ſhame;
He call'd on holy God above,
As witneſs to his flame.

He claſp'd her to his breaſt, and ſwore
To be for ever true:
"O yield thee to my wiſhful arms,
Thy choice thou ſhalt not rue."

And while ſhe ſtrove he drew her on,
And led her to the bow'r
So ſtill, ſo dim—and round about
Sweet ſmelt the beans in flow'r.

There beat her heart, and heav'd her breaſt,
And pleaded every ſenſe;
And there the glowing breath of luſt
Did blaſt her innocence.

But when the fragrant beans began
Their fallow blooms to ſhed,
Her ſparkling eyes their luſtre loſt;
Her cheek its roſes fled:

And when ſhe ſaw the pods increaſe,
The ruddier cherries ſtain,
She felt her ſilken robe grow tight,
Her waiſt new weight ſuſtain.

And when the mowers went a-field,
The yellow corn to ted,
She felt her burden ſtir within,
And ſhook with tender dread.

And when the winds of autumn hiſs'd
Along the ſtubble field;
Then could the damſel's piteous plight
No longer be conceal'd.

Her ſire, a harſh and angry man,
With furious voice revil'd:
"Hence from my ſight! I'll none of thee—
I harbour not thy child."

And faſt amid her flutt'ring hair,
With clenched fiſt he gripes,
And ſeiz'd a leathern thong, and laſh'd
Her ſide with ſounding ſtripes.

Her lily ſkin, ſo ſoft and white,
He ribb'd with bloody wales;
And thruſt her out, though black the night,
Though ſleet, and ſtorm, aſſails.

Up the harſh rock, on flinty paths,
The maiden had to roam;
On tott'ring feet ſhe grop'd her way,
And ſought her lover's home.

"A mother thou haſt made of me,
Before thou mad'ſt a wife;
For this, upon my tender breaſt
Theſe livid ſtripes are rife:

" Behold."—And then, with bitter ſobs,
She ſank upon the floor—
" Make good the evil thou haſt wrought;
" My injur'd name reſtore."

" Poor ſoul; I'll have the hous'd and nurs'd:
Thy terrors I lament.
Stay here; we'll have ſome further talk—
The old one ſhall repent.—"

" I have no time to reſt and wait;
That ſaves not my good name:
If thou with honeſt ſoul haſt ſworn,
Oh, leave me not to ſhame;

But at the holy altar be
Our union ſanctify'd;
Before the people and the prieſt
Receive me for thy bride!"

" Unequal matches muſt not blot
The honours of my line:
Art thou of wealth or rank for me,
To harbour thee as mine?

What's fit and fair I'll do for thee;
Shalt yet retain my love—
Shalt wed my huntſman—and we'll then
Our former tranſports prove."

" Thy wicked ſoul, hard-hearted man,
May pangs in hell await!
Sure if not ſuited for thy bride,
I was not for thy mate.

Go, ſeek a ſpouſe of nobler blood,
Nor God's juſt judgments dread—
So ſhall, ere long, ſome baſe-born wretch
Defile thy marriage bed.—

Then, traitor, feel how wretched they
In hopeleſs ſhame immerſt;
Then ſmite thy forehead on the wall,
While horrid curſes burſt.

Roll thy dry eyes in wild deſpair—
Unſooth'd thy grinning woe:
Through thy pale temples fire the ball,
And ſink to fiends below."

Collected then, ſhe ſtarted up,
And through the hiſſing ſleet,
Through thorn and briar, through flood and mire,
She fled with bleeding feet.

" Where now," ſhe cry'd, " my gracious God!
What refuge have I left?"
And reach'd the garden of her home,
Of hope in man bereft.

On hand and foot ſhe feebly crawl'd
Beneath the bow'r unbleſt;
Where with'ring leaves and gath'ring ſnow,
Prepar'd her only reſt.

There rending pains and darting throes
Aſſail'd her ſhudd'ring frame;
And from her womb a lovely boy,
With wail and weeping came.

Forth from her hair a ſilver pin,
With haſty hand ſhe drew,
And preſs'd againſt its tender heart,
And the ſweet babe ſhe ſlew.

Erſt when the act of blood was done,
Her ſoul its guilt abhorr'd:
" My Jeſus! what has been my deed?
Have mercy on me, Lord!"

With bloody nails, beſides the pond,
Its ſhallow grave ſhe tore:
" There reſt in God; there ſhame and want
Thou canſt not ſuffer more:

Me vengeance waits. My poor, poor child,
Thy wound ſhall bleed afreſh,
When ravens from the gallows tear
Thy mother's mould'ring fleſh.—"

Hard by the bow'r her gibbet ſtands:
Her ſkull is ſtill to ſhow;
It ſeems to eye the barren grave,
Three ſpans in length, below.

That is the ſpot where grows no graſs;
Where falls no rain nor dew:
Whence ſteals along the pond of toads
A hov'ring fire ſo blue.

And nightly, when the ravens come,
Her ghoſt is ſeen to glide;
Purſues and tries to quench the flame,
And pines the pool beſide.

ON HEALTH.

BY THOMSON.

AH! what avail the largeſt gifts of Heav'n,
When drooping health and ſpirits go amiſs?
How taſteleſs then whatever can be giv'n!
Health is the vital principle of bliſs,
And exerciſe of health. In proof of this,
Behold the wretch who ſlugs his life away;
Soon ſwallow'd in diſeaſe's ſad abyſs;
While he whom toil has brac'd, or manly play,
Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear as day.

O! who can ſpeak the vig'rous joys of health?
Unclogg'd the body, unobſcur'd the mind:
The morning riſes gay; with pleaſing ſtealth,
The temp'rate ev'ning falls ſerene and kind.
In health the wiſer brutes true gladneſs find.
See! how the younglings friſk along the meads,
As May comes on, and wakes the balmy wind!
Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds:
Yet what, but high-ſtrung health, this dancing pleaſance breeds?

MORTALITY.

SWIFT o'er the high graſs ſweeps the blaſt,
A ſilver ſhade ſpreads o'er the lively green;
The gale is paſt,
No more the ſilver ſhade is ſeen.
Saw ye the lightning flaſh along the ſky?
Save yonder blaſted oak,
A drear memorial of the with'ring ſtroke,
It leaves no trace to guide the foll'wing eye.

Children of men! and ſuch your lot;
Ye live your little hour, and die and are forgot!

What, then, avail the jewell'd crown of Pow'r,
Pomp's ermin'd robe, or Glory's death-red ſword?
What, then, the Wiſe one's dreams, the Miſer's hoard?
When Death proclaims th' irrevocable hour,
Life's vain diſtinctions ceaſe; th' eternal doom
Bids all the ſons of clay be equal in the tomb.

What though Earth's millions the dark realms explore,
No cheering tidings reach mankind from thence,
For there the eye of Wiſdom ſees no more,
And ſilent is the tongue of Eloquence.
For no one of th' innumerable dead
Reviſits men from that obſcure abode;
For never ſpirit twice could tread
The dark, the dreadful road.

Why ſleeps the poet—he whoſe magic ſong
Leads charmed Fancy thoſe wild realms along,
Whoſe ſhadowy portals bear the ominous line,
" Quit ev'ry hope, all ye who enter here!"
Why ſleeps the bard divine,
Whoſe ſpirit " far beyond the viſible ſphere,
" Soar'd on the ſeraph wings of Extaſy?"
Why ſleeps the ſeer,
Who gave the laws of nature to our eye,
Fill'd with a portion of divinity?

For me, be mine, when Fate ſhall free
This ſpirit from mortality,
Catching Mem'ry's mellow'd ſigh,
Still o'er my wonted haunts to fly;
In gentle viſions to deſcend,
The guardian angel of my friend.
To eaſe the laſt long-ling'ring breath,
Breathe joy prophetic in the hour of death,
Embrace, in air, the new-born ſprite,
And guide it to the realms of light!

Enthuſiaſt!—if thou canſt—explore
The vale of life that lies before.
Dark is the vale of years,

Dimm'd by thoſe little miſts in Reaſon's feeble eye:—
Enthuſiaſt! ceaſe to gaze amid immenſity.

When on the bed of death
Quick beats my pulſe, and falt'ring heaves my breath;
When round me watch my friends, with ſtreaming eyes,
Wearying the ſick heart with their fruitleſs cries:
Let me, in that laſt moment know
What proud joys Virtue can beſtow,
And fearleſs of the iron rod,
Look up to thee, my friend, my father, and my GOD!

Ah! ſpare that agonizing hour—
Come *quickly*, Death! and I will bleſs thy pow'r.
Come *quickly—ſnatch* me to the realms above,
But ſpare that pang to part with thoſe I love!
And when the graſs ſhall wave
Slow o'er my humble grave,
My grave beſide ſome hawthorn buſh, whereon
The nightingale ſhall ſing her ſong,
Then may the peaſant ſay, and drop a tear,
" The bard, belov'd by all, lies bury'd here."

THE BRITISH

POETICAL MISCELLANY.

THE PEASANT OF AUBURN.

BY DR. COOMBE.

DARK was the ſky, and fatal was the morn,
When firſt from Auburn's vale I roam'd forlorn.
The neighb'ring ſwains came penſive o'er the lea,
And, parting, breath'd their laſt kind pray'rs for me.
Ah! gentle ſouls, your pray'rs for me how vain,
The man of ſorrow, penury, and pain.

Thus Edwin mourn'd, pale, melancholy, ſlow,
Where wild Ohio's ſounding waters flow.
The ſun ſet low'ring on the plaints he made,
And ſavage howlings doubly gloom'd the ſhade.

O Thou, in public toils with glory try'd,
Whoſe high-born honours are thy humbleſt pride,
Whoſe private worth, in Fame's proud fane enroll'd,
Time ſhall emblaze in characters of gold;
Illuſtrious HOWARD! ſhield th' unpoliſh'd lays
Which twine this cypreſs wreath around thy bays.
And whilſt thy breaſt matures each patriot plan
That gladdens life, and man endears to man,
Hear what big woes the village group befell,
By Auburn's penſive bard foretold too well.

Night o'er the ſcene her duſky horrors drew,
The ſtars burn'd dim, the rapid whirlwind flew;
E'en the lone cot deny'd its cheering ray,
As o'er the wild the wand'rer urg'd his way.
No more the birds prolong'd their ſoothing ſtrain,
No more the landſcape ſtole a pang from pain;

In ev'ry buſh deſtruction ſeem'd to hide,
And hoarſe beneath him foam'd the ſullen tide.
Amidſt uncoffin'd bones, as thus he paſs'd,
Where many a gallant Briton breath'd his laſt,
From diſtant hills ſtrange fires began to glow,
That mark'd the ravage of the barb'rous foe.
The ſcene, the hour, renew'd the trickling tear,
When thus, with mingled groans, the mournful ſeer:

God of my life! protect me as I ſtray,
Where panthers prowl, and murd'rous men betray.

Once I was bleſt beyond the peaſant's lot;
In humble neatneſs roſe my little cot.
I ſaw my whit'ning fleece the down adorn,
I ſaw my valley wave with golden corn,
I ſaw my duteous children round me bloom,
Nor envy'd pride its palace and its plume.
Pleas'd with what Heav'n had lent, and far from ſtrife,
Calm, unreprov'd, I walk'd the vale of life.
But vain the humbleſt hope the poor can form,
When fierce oppreſſion wings th' unfeeling ſtorm.
Nor peace, nor love, nor merit's modeſt woe,
Can or avert, or mitigate the blow.
Alas! regardleſs of the ſuppliant train,
The tyrant lord uſurps the whole domain.
The peaſant's glebe, his garden's decent bound,
The ſhade he rear'd, the lane with ſweet-brier crown'd,
All, all muſt yield, as wills imperious pride,
And e'en the ſtraw-thatch'd cottage is deny'd.
Hence, at this hour, by deſp'rate ſorrow led,
A baniſh'd man, I roam the world for bread.

Yet witneſs, Heav'n, though ſuch thy chang'd decrees,
Ne'er did I waſte my hours in loit'ring eaſe;
Ne'er did the bleſſings prompt a wiſh to ſtray,
Health nerv'd my limbs, and virtue bleſs'd my day.
Conſtant at dawn to hardy toils I roſe,
Brav'd the bleak winds, and deſolating ſnows;
Whilſt ſweet contentment lent her magic pow'r,
Soften'd the gale, and warm'd the frozen ſhow'r.
Still ſad remembrance fondly calls to view
The field, where once the branching poplar grew:
'Twas there, when ſpring renew'd the ploughman's toil,
My long-drawn furrow turn'd the rugged ſoil;

There, with my ſickle, through long ſummer days,
I work'd, regardleſs of the noontide blaze;
And there the lab'ring band, as leiſure ſway'd,
The bough-crown'd reaper, and the village maid,
Led up their ſports along the bord'ring green,
Whilſt age look'd on, and bleſs'd the harmleſs ſcene.
Such were my toils, in days too bright to laſt,
Such joys were mine, but all thoſe joys are paſt!
Mean though I was, and circled too with care,
Yet, bleſt with little, I had ſtill to ſpare.
No neighbour's ſorrows but aſſail'd my breaſt,
No poorer brother left my door unbleſt.
To all my mite, to ſome, more ſingly dear,
I gave the tender tribute of a tear.
Ofttimes, returning from the taſk of day,
I hail'd the weary trav'ller on his way,
Remark'd the hour of reſt was nearly come,
And preſs'd the ſtranger to my ſocial home.
Heedleſs of future ills, the playful train,
To meet their ſire, came ſhouting o'er the plain,
With eager joy their little news convey'd,
Or round the green their mimic dance diſplay'd.
Perhaps, ſome neighb'ring ſwain, of genial ſoul,
Would lift the latch, and join our ſober bowl:
And, whilſt his ſoothing tales engag'd the gueſt,
Of ſlighted love, or modeſt worth diſtreſt,
Whate'er our dairy, or our fields afford,
In frugal plenty ſmil'd upon the board.
Bleſt ſocial home! and ye dear diſtant bow'rs!
Scenes of my youth, and all my bliſsful hours!
Where'er by fortune's hand neglected thrown,
This heart, this faithful heart, is all your own.
E'en now, weak nature rous'd to keener pain,
Dwells on your charms, and bleeds in every vein.

Good Heav'n! what anguiſh wrung this boding heart,
When the rough boatſwain gave the word to part.
Then firſt the tear, at nature's bidding, fell,
As bleeding Friendſhip preſs'd its long farewell.
Pale on mine arm connubial mildneſs hung;
Fond filial duty round my boſom clung.
Firm for their ſakes, along the ſurf-beat ſtrand,
And whiſp'ring peace, I led the weeping band;

Deceiv'd their thoughts from Auburn's much-lov'd plain,
And talk'd of happier ſeats beyond the main.
Poor aged man! ſince that eventful day,
Deſpair and terror mark'd thee for their prey.
War, ſickneſs, famine, burſting on thine head,
Mock thy vain toils, and weigh thee to the dead.

Ah me! the words our pious preacher ſpoke,
When firſt to him my mournful mind I broke.
" Edwin," he ſaid, with looks of kind diſmay,
" Earth's meteor-hopes but glitter to betray.
" Thou canſt not fly from God's all-chaſt'ning hand,
" Storms ſweep the ocean, diſcord blaſts the land,
" No change of climate can reverſe our doom,
" Life's various roads all centre in the tomb."
Thus the meek ſage my raſh reſolve repreſs'd,
Whilſt tears of pity bath'd his hoary breaſt.
Oh! had I liſten'd to his wiſe alarms,
Then had I dy'd at home in Friendſhip's arms.

Twelve tedious weeks we plough'd the wat'ry main,
And hop'd the port, but hop'd alas! in vain,
Till left of Heav'n, and preſs'd for daily bread,
Each gaz'd at each, and hung the ſickly head.
Two little ſons, my hope, my humble pride,
Too weak to combat, languiſh'd, wail'd, and dy'd.
Stretch'd on the deck the breathleſs cherubs lay,
As buds put forth in April's ſtormy day.
Nor Emma's ſelf remain'd my woes to cheer,
Borne with her babes upon a wat'ry bier.
Five days ſhe ſtruggled with the fever's fire,
The ſixth, ſad morn! beheld my ſaint expire.
Theſe trembling lips, her lips convulſive preſs'd,
Theſe trembling hands ſuſtain'd her ſinking breaſt;
Theſe trembling hands diſcharg'd each mournful rite,
Sooth'd her laſt pang, and ſeal'd her dying ſight.
To the ſame deep their dear remains were giv'n,
Their mingled ſpirits wing'd their flight to heav'n.

One only daughter, in life's vernal pride,
Surviv'd the wreck that whelm'd my all beſide.
Snatch'd from the peace of death, and loathing day,
On bleak Henlopen's coaſt the mourner lay.
Theſe aged arms her languid body bore
Through the rude breakers to that ruder ſhore.

Mercy, ſweet Heav'n! and did the pitying ſtorm
Spare but for deeper ills that angel form!
Bleſt had we ſunk unheeded in the wave,
And mine and Lucy's been one common grave.
But I am loſt, a worn-out, ruin'd man,
And fiends complete what tyranny began.

Much had I heard, from men unus'd to feign,
Of this New World, and Freedom's gentle reign.
'Twas fam'd that here, by no proud maſter ſpurn'd,
The poor man ate ſecure the bread he earn'd;
That verdant vales were fed by brighter ſtreams
Than my own Medway, or the ſilver Thames;
Fields without bounds ſpontaneous fruitage bore,
And peace and virtue bleſs'd the favour'd ſhore.
Such were the hopes which once beguil'd my care,
Hopes form'd in dreams, and baſeleſs as the air.

Is this, O dire reverſe, is this the land,
Where nature ſway'd, and peaceful worthies plann'd?
Where injur'd freedom, through the world impell'd,
Her hallow'd ſeat, her laſt aſylum held?
Ye glitt'ring towns that crown th' Atlantic deep,
Witneſs the change, and, as ye witneſs, weep.
Mourn all ye ſtreams, and all ye fields deplore
Your ſlaughter'd ſons, your verdure ſtain'd with gore.

Time was, bleſt time, to weeping thouſands dear,
When all that poets picture flouriſh'd here.
Then war was not, religion ſmil'd and ſpread,
Arts, manners, learning, rear'd their poliſh'd head;
Commerce, her ſails to every breeze unfurl'd,
Pour'd on their coaſts the treaſures of the world.
Paſt are thoſe halcyon days. The very land
Droops a weak mourner, wither'd and unmann'd.
Brothers 'gainſt brothers riſe in vengeful ſtrife,
The parent's weapon drinks the children's life;
Sons, leagu'd with foes, unſheath their impious ſword,
And gore the nurt'ring breaſt they late ador'd.

How vain my ſearch to find ſome lowly bow'r,
Far from thoſe ſcenes of death, this rage for pow'r;
Some quiet ſpot, conceal'd from ev'ry eye,
In which to pauſe from woe, and calmly die.

No ſuch retreat theſe boundleſs ſhades embrace,
But man with beaſt divides the bloody chaſe.
What though ſome cottage riſe amid the gloom,
In vain its paſtures ſpring, its orchards bloom:
Far, far away the wretched owners roam,
Exiles like me, the world their only home.

Here, as I trace my melancholy way,
The prowling Indian ſnuffs his wonted prey.
Ha!—ſhould I meet him in his duſky round—
Late in theſe woods I heard his murd'rous ſound—
Still the deep war-hoop vibrates on mine ear,
And ſtill I hear his tread, or ſeem to hear.
Hark, the leaves ruſtle! What a ſhriek was there!
'Tis he! 'tis he! his triumphs rend the air.
Hold, coward heart, I'll anſwer to the yell,
And chaſe the murd'rer to his gory cell.
Savage!—But, oh! I rave—o'er yonder wild,
E'en at this hour he drives my only child;
See, the dear ſource and ſoother of my pain,
My tender daughter, drags the captive chain.

Ah, my poor Lucy! in whoſe face, whoſe breaſt,
My long-loſt Emma liv'd again confeſt,
Thus robb'd of thee, and ev'ry comfort fled,
Soon ſhall the turf infold this weary'd head;
Soon ſhall my ſpirit reach that peaceful ſhore,
Where bleeding friends unite, to part no more.
Then ſhall I ceaſe to rue the fatal morn,
When firſt from Auburn's vale I roam'd forlorn.

He ſpoke—and, frantic with the ſad review,
Prone on the ſhore his tott'ring limbs he threw.
Life's crimſon ſtrings were burſting round his heart,
And his torn ſoul was throbbing to depart;
No pitying friend, no meek-ey'd ſtranger near,
To tend his throes or calm them with a tear.
Angels of grace, your golden pinions ſpread,
Temper the winds, and ſhield his houſeleſs head.
Let no rude ſounds diſturb life's awful cloſe,
And guard his relics from inhuman foes.
O haſte, and waft him to thoſe radiant plains,
Where fiends torment no more, and love eternal reigns.

On VIEWING *the* CORPSE *of a* SISTER.

FROM HURDIS'S TEARS OF AFFECTION.

AH me! is this my Iſabel? are theſe
The lips where health his odorif'rous gales
And vernal roſes ſhed? Are theſe the balls,
Whoſe dew ſo often fell to ſoothe my pain,
And welcome my return, provoking ſtill
The latent ſympathy my looks deny'd,
Till my heart melted, and my eyes o'erflow'd?
Are theſe the fingers that ſo charm'd my ear?
Is this the hand that dwelt upon my arm
So many ſummers in the ev'ning walk?
The hand that ſerv'd me with good will ſo free,
Guided the pen ſo fairly, and the heart
So ſweetly pourtray'd on the vacant leaf?
How chang'd and how diſguis'd! Dear, lovely maid!
Theſe waſted features, and this dread attire
Deprive thee of all ſemblance. But for theſe
Eternal horrors, which thy limbs encloſe,
And this thy name engraven, I ſhould deem
Deluſion bound me in her ſubtle chain.
Whither, oh! whither is thy beauty fled?

THE MOUSE'S PETITION.

BY MRS. BARBAULD.

OH! hear a penſive pris'ner's pray'r,
For liberty that ſighs;
And never let thine heart be ſhut
Againſt the wretch's cries.

For here forlorn and ſad I ſit,
Within the wiry grate;
And tremble at th' approaching morn,
Which brings impending fate.

If e'er thy breaſt with freedom glow'd,
And ſpurn'd a tyrant's chain,
Let not thy ſtrong oppreſſive force
A free-born mouſe detain.

O! do not ſtain, with guiltleſs blood,
Thy hoſpitable hearth;
Nor triumph that thy wiles betray'd
A prize ſo little worth.

The ſcatter'd gleanings of a feaſt
My frugal meals ſupply;
But if thine unrelenting heart
That ſlender boon deny,

The cheerful light, the vital air,
Are bleſſings widely giv'n;
Let nature's commoners enjoy
The common gifts of heav'n.

The well-taught philoſophic mind
To all compaſſion gives;
Caſts round the world an equal eye,
And feels for all that lives.

If mind, as ancient ſages taught,
A never-dying flame,
Still ſhift through matter's varying forms,
In ev'ry form the ſame.

Beware, leſt in the worm you cruſh
A brother's ſoul you find;
And tremble, leſt thy luckleſs hand
Diſlodge a kindred mind.

Or, if this tranſient gleam of day
Be *all* of life we ſhare,
Let pity plead within thy breaſt,
That little *all* to ſpare.

So may thy hoſpitable board
With health and peace be crown'd;
And ev'ry charm of heart-felt eaſe
Beneath thy roof be found.

So when deſtruction lurks unſeen,
Which men, like mice, may ſhare,
May ſome kind angel clear thy path,
And break the hidden ſnare.

THE BRITISH

POETICAL MISCELLANY.

ELEGY.

Written on the Plain of Fontenoy.

BY ANNA MATILDA.

CHILL blows the blaſt, and twilight's dewy hand
Draws, in the weſt, her duſky veil away;
A deeper ſhadow ſteals along the land,
And nature muſes at the death of day.

Near this bleak waſte no friendly manſion rears
Its walls, where mirth and ſocial joys reſound,
But each ſad object melts the ſoul to tears,
While horror treads the ſcatter'd bones around.

As thus alone and comfortleſs I roam,
Wet with the drizzling ſhow'r, I ſigh ſincere;
I caſt a fond look tow'rds my native home,
And think what valiant Britons periſh'd here.

Yes, the time was, not very far the date,
When carnage here her crimſon toil began;
When nations' ſtandards wav'd in threat'ning ſtate,
And man the murd'rer met the murd'rer man.

For war is murder, though the voice of kings
Has ſtil'd it juſtice, ſtil'd it glory too;
Yet from worſe motives fierce ambition ſprings,
And there fix'd prejudice is all we view!

But ſure 'tis Heav'n's immutable decree,
For thouſands ev'ry age in fight to fall;
Some nat'ral cauſe prevails we cannot ſee,
And that is fate which we ambition call.

O let th' aſpiring warrior think, with grief,
That as produc'd by chymic art refin'd,
So glitt'ring conqueſt, from the laurel-leaf,
Extracts a gen'ral poiſon for mankind.

Here let him wander at the midnight hour,
Theſe morbid rains, theſe gelid gales to meet;
And mourn, like me, the ravages of pow'r!
And feel, like me, that victʼry is defeat!

Nor deem, ye vain! that e'er I mean to ſwell
My feeble verſe with many a ſounding name;
Of ſuch the mercenary bard may tell,
And call ſuch dreary deſolation, fame.

The genuine muſe removes the thin diſguiſe
That cheats the world, whene'er ſhe deigns to ſing;
And full as meritorious to her eyes
Seems the poor ſoldier as the mighty king!

Alike I ſhun in labour'd ſtrain to ſhow,
How Britain more than triumph'd, though ſhe fled,
Where Louis ſtood, where ſtalk'd the column ſlow;
I turn from theſe, and dwell upon the dead.

Yet much my beating breaſt reſpects the brave,
Too well I love them not to mourn their fate;
Why ſhould they ſeek for greatneſs in the grave?
Their hearts are noble, and in life they're great.

Nor think 'tis but in war the brave excel—
To valour ev'ry virtue is ally'd!
Here faithful friendſhip 'mid the battle fell,
And love, true love, in bitter anguiſh dy'd.

Alas! the ſolemn ſlaughter I retrace,
That checks life's current, circling through my veins,
Bath'd in moiſt ſorrow many a beauteous face,
And gave a grief, perhaps, that ſtill remains.

I can no more—an agony too keen
Abſorbs my ſenſes, and my mind ſubdues:
Hard were that heart which here could beat ſerene,
Or the juſt tribute of a pang refuſe.

But, lo! through yonder op'ning clouds afar
Shoots the bright planet's ſanguinary ray,
That bears thy name, fictitious lord of war!
And with red luſtre guides my lonely way.

Then, Fontenoy, farewell! yet much I fear,
(Wherever chance my courſe compels,) to find
Diſcord and blood—the thrilling ſounds I hear,
"The noiſe of battle hurtles in the wind."

From barb'rous Turkey to Britannia's ſhore,
Oppoſing int'reſts into rage increaſe,
Deſtruction rears her ſceptre, tumults roar;
Ah! where ſhall hapleſs man repoſe in peace?

CORIN'S PROFESSION.

BY PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

NOW, Joan, we are marry'd—and now let me ſay,
Tho' both are in youth, yet that youth will decay;
In our journey through life, my dear Joan, I ſuppoſe,
We ſhall *oft* meet a Bramble, and *ſometimes* a Roſe!

When a cloud on this forehead ſhall darken my day,
Thy ſunſhine of ſweetneſs muſt ſmile it away;
And when the dull vapour ſhall dwell upon thine,
To chaſe it the labour and triumph be mine.

Thou ſhalt milk our one cow, and, if Fortune purſue,
In good time, with her bleſſing, my Joan ſhall milk two.
I will till our ſmall field, while my prattle and ſong
Shall charm, as I drive the bright ploughſhare along.

When finiſh'd the day, by the fire we'll regale,
And treat our good neighbour at eve with our ale;
For, Joan, who could wiſh for ſelf only to live,
One bleſſing of life, my dear girl, is—to give.

E'en the Red-breaſt and Wren ſhall not ſeek us in vain,
While thou haſt a crumb, or thy Corin a grain;
Not only their ſongs will they pour from the grove,
But yield by example ſweet leſſons of love.

Tho' thy beauty muſt fade, yet thy youth I'll remember,
That thy May was my own, when thou ſhoweſt December;
And when age to my head ſhall his winter impart,
The ſummer of love ſhall repoſe in my heart!

LOVE AND INDUSTRY.

BY MISS SEWARD.

O Share my cottage, deareſt maid!
Beneath a mountain wide and high,
It neſtles in a ſilent glade,
And Wye's clear currents wander by.
Each tender care, each honeſt art,
Shall chaſe all future want from thee;
When thy ſweet lips conſent impart,
To climb theſe ſleepy hills with me.

Far from the city's vain parade,
No ſcornful brow ſhall there be ſeen;
No dull impertinence invade,
Nor envy baſe, nor ſullen ſpleen.
The ſhadowy rocks, that circle round,
From ſtorms ſhall guard our ſylvan cell;
And there ſhall ev'ry joy be found,
That loves in peaceful vales to dwell.

When late the tardy ſun ſhall peer,
And faintly gild yon little ſpire;
When nights are long, and froſts ſevere,
And our clean hearth is bright with fire;
Sweet tales to read, ſweet ſongs to ſing!
O! they ſhall drown the wind and rain,
E'en till the ſoften'd ſeaſon bring
The merry ſpring-time back again!

Then hawthorns, flow'ring in the glen,
Shall guard the warbling plumy throng;
Nor boaſt the buſy haunts of men
So fair a ſcene, ſo ſweet a ſong.
Thy arms the new-yean'd lamb will ſhield,
And to the ſunny ſhelter bear;
While, o'er the rough and breathing field,
My hands impel the gleaming ſhare.

Ne'er doubt our wheaten ears will riſe,
And full their yellow harveſt glow;
Then prove, with me, the ſprightly joys,
That Love and Induſtry beſtow.

Their jocund pow'rs can baniſh ſtrife,
Her clouds no paſſing day will ſee;
Since all the leiſure hours of life
Shall ſtill be ſpent in pleaſing thee.

TO THE SUN.

BY MR. FAWCETT.

THOU dazzling ball! vaſt univerſe of flame!
Idol ſublime! Error's moſt glorious god!
Whoſe peerleſs ſplendours plead in the excuſe
Of him that worſhips thee, and ſhine away
The ſin of pagan knees! whoſe awful orb,
Though Truth informs my more enlighten'd creed,
Almoſt entices my o'er-raviſh'd heart
To turn idolator, and tempts my mouth
To kiſs my hand before thee: Nature's pride!
Of matter moſt magnificent diſplay!
Bright maſter-piece of dread Omnipotence!
Ocean of ſplendour! wondrous world of light!
Thy ſweet return my kindled lays ſalute.

Hail, amiable viſion! ev'ry eye
Looks up and loves thee: ev'ry tongue proclaims,
'Tis pleaſant to behold thee; roſy Health
And laughing Joy, thy beauteous daughters, play
Before thy face for ever, and rejoice
In thine indulgent ray. Nature mourns
Thine annual departure; in deſpair,
Like one forſaken by her love, ſhe ſits,
And tears from off her all her gay attire,
And drowns her face in tears, and languid lies,
As if of life devoid: but lo, ſhe lives!
She lives again! her glorious rover comes,
To wake her from her lethargy of woe,
And warm her into beauty with a ſmile.

Fountain of inſpiration! fir'd by thee,
Imagination's ſacred tumults riſe,

And pour upon the fair, immortal page,
The ſplendid image and the burning word!
O hallow'd hour! o'erflowing with delight!
Moments of more than earthly ecſtacy!
When the bleſt bard, panting beneath thy rays,
Feels the fine rapture ſilently infus'd
Into his agitated breaſt; and full
Of his bright god, with lofty fury raves,
Celeſtially diſturb'd! till the ſtrong flames,
That his whole ſoul to heav'nly madneſs heat,
Have ſpent their blaze in all the rage of ſong!

Great conflagration! whoſe immortal fires,
With myſtic, everlaſting fuel fed,
Flame with a gen'rous fury; flame to ſpread
Far other ſcene than ſmoaking ruin round,
Fair flow'rs and ſmiling verdure, fields that wave
With yellow wealth, and boughs that ſtoop beneath
Their bluſhing load, with affluence oppreſt!

Great father of the ſyſtem! round whoſe throne,
In filial circles, all thy children ſhine,
Exulting in thy kind paternal ſmile!
Well-order'd family! for ever free
From jarring ſtrife; harmonious moving on
In eaſy dance; and calling human life
To liſt the muſic of your ſilent glide,
And make its ſocial ſyſtem chime like yours.
Preceptors ſweet of concert and of love!
Had but this noiſy ſcene an ear to learn.

Or is thy name the ſtudent's ſacred lamp,
Hung up on high, and trimm'd by Heav'n's own hand?
By whoſe pure light, more precious to his eye,
Than that which trembles on his nightly page,
(Man's puny tome,) with ſilent joy he reads
The broad, inſtructive ſheet, which thou haſt held,
All-wiſe inſtructor! to thy pupil man,
Through ev'ry age. Invaluable book!
In ſchools unrival'd, though but little read!
Fair, faultleſs piece! immortal work of Heav'n!
Bible of ages! boundleſs word of God!
Writ in a language to all nations known;
And, through all time, with care divine preſerv'd
From all corrupt interpolations pure.

HYMN TO BENEVOLENCE.

BY BLACKLOCK.

HAIL! ſource of tranſport ever new!
While I thy ſtrong impulſe purſue
I taſte a joy ſincere;
Too vaſt for little minds to know,
Who on themſelves alone beſtow
Their wiſhes and their care.

Daughter of God! delight of man!
From thee felicity began;
Which ſtill thy hand ſuſtains:
By thee ſweet Peace her empire ſpread,
Fair Science rais'd her laurell'd head,
And Diſcord gnaſh'd in chains.

Far as the pointed ſun-beam flies
Through peopled earth and ſtarry ſkies,
All nature owns thy nod;
We ſee its energy prevail
Through being's ever-riſing ſcale,
From nothing e'en to God.

By thee inſpir'd, the gen'rous breaſt,
In bleſſing others only bleſt,
With goodneſs large and free,
Delights the widow's tears to ſtay,
To teach the blind their ſmootheſt way,
And aid the feeble knee.

O come! and o'er my boſom reign,
Expand my heart, inflame each vein,
Through ev'ry action ſhine;
Each low, each ſelfiſh wiſh controul;
With all thy eſſence warm my ſoul,
And make me wholly thine.

If from thy ſacred paths I turn,
Nor feel their griefs, while others mourn,
Nor with their pleaſures glow;
Baniſh'd from God, from bliſs, and thee,
My own tormentor let me be,
And groan in hopeleſs woe.

SOLILOQUY *upon my* LAST SIX-PENCE.

Having loſt a few Shillings the day before.

IN the far corner of a ragged pocket,
There ſtill remains a ſolitary Six-pence,
My laſt reſource——Its glitt'ring brothers,
To me, alas! are now no more! all gone,
Through the dire gap of a deceitful ſeam;
My honeſt, faithful, gen'rous friends, farewell!
Joy of my heart, and pleaſure of my eyes,
You royal ſtamps of majeſty divine,
Yes, you, who never yet refus'd your ſervice,
Though ſent on errand e'er ſo vile or mean.

[*Looking at the Six-pence.*

Thou little twinkler, thou alone remain'ſt
Of all my glitt'ring ſtore.—And muſt thou too diſſolve?
Yes, time will have it ſo.—There, waiter, bring me change—
What though thou art my laſt, and here thou leav'ſt
Thy maſter friendleſs on a foreign ſhore!
He ſhall not droop; ſure that ſame Pow'r who kindly feeds
The hungry ravens, when to him they cry,
The orphan's father, and the ſtranger's ſhield,
Can ſuccour him, though guilty, poor, and friendleſs.—
Go, then, and fetch the friendly cordial.
But let me charge thee, as my laſt requeſt,
O! ſtill be kind and uſeful: ever ſhun
The impious hand, that would in iron cheſt,
Thy uſeful, humble ſervices confine.—
Go, I diſmiſs thee—O! farewell! for ever!
As lightning ſwift, fly to ſome empty fob,
And faithful ſtill, as thou haſt been to me,
Aſſiſt, where'er chill penury uſurps;
For only there thy value can be known.

THE BRITISH

POETICAL MISCELLANY.

THE FREEBOOTER.

From the German of BÜRGER.

HIGH on a rock, embow'r'd in wood,
In ancient days a caſtle ſtood;
Its tow'rs, when driving in the vale,
The poſt-boy ſhow'd me with his hand:
"Thoſe were the terrors of the land,"
He ſaid, and thus began his tale:

With knowing look, he nodding ſaid,
"The treaſure in that rock that's laid,
"To grant to me were Heaven willing,
"I'd tell the king, ſir, in a trice,
"(Pray on your kingdom ſet a price!
"I'd not be driving for a ſhilling.)

"Of many a one, as I am told,
"The mouth has water'd for his gold;
"But Chriſt have mercy, Heav'n befriend!
"A coal-black hound, with iron jaws,
"With eyes of fire and monſtrous claws,
"Has brought them to untimely end.

"Once only ev'ry ſeven years,
"On Chriſtmas-eve, a flame appears.
"With hollow groans and ruſtling wind,
"The treaſure riſes from the ground,
"Watch'd by black goat inſtead of hound;
"And that's the time to lay the fiend.

"If from this goat, mark well the ſnare,
"You do not pluck one milk-white hair;
"Ever ſuch the ways of evil!

" Headlong you're tumbled down the rock,
" Your body's mangled with the ſhock,
" Your ſoul is hurry'd to the devil.

" From Old Nick's wiles deliver me!
" From Lords and Law pray keep me free!
" With neither will I have to do;
" By no agreement think to win,
" Spite of all clauſe, they'll take you in,
" They'll read it X inſtead of U.

" Treaſure digging, and lottery,
" Fortune-hunting, and alchymy,
" Lead only to deſpair and ſtrife;
" My ſaying is this, riſe early,
" Work ſteady, and live orderly,
" And Heav'n above will bleſs your life.

" A Baron grim, grown old in crimes,"
The poſt-boy ſaid, " in former times,
" Within thoſe walls conceal'd his gold;
" With horſe, and foot, and warlike car,
" Ravag'd the country near and far,
" And brought his plunder to this hold.

" To raviſh, murder, rob, or burn,
" Afforded joy to him in turn;
" Threats he fear'd not, ſword, or halter:
" Was aught to get, daſh in a crack,
" He had it, and as ſnug was back,
" In den as ſtrong as Gibraltar.

" Such fright prevail'd in neighb'ring town,
" The men ſcarce call'd their ſouls their own,
" His name drove women into fits:
" Juſtices weigh and plan in vain,
" Conſult, reſolve, and plan again,
" They counſell'd till they'd loſt their wits.

" A hag was ta'en, a lump of ſins,
" She'd made the children ſwallow pins,
" Dry'd cows, and play'd ſuch devil's tricks,
" Jack Catch, as valet to this witch,
" Had laid her, nicely dreſs'd in pitch,
" On couch of faggot and of ſticks.

" Hold," ſhe cry'd, " don't put the fire on:
" Down I'll fetch the grim old Baron;
" The May'r agreed, had her unbound,
" Promis'd a patent free from harm,
" To conjure, uſe her ſpells, and charm,
" And ſafely witch the land around.

" Such bargain ſeems a fooliſh thing,
" Such as to us no gain would bring,
" But Satan's friends ne'er act as one:
" From broils of rogues, good will enſue.
" This hell-hound to her word prov'd true,
" What ſhe'd agreed was fairly done.

" Chang'd to a toad, at time of reſt,
" She crawl'd up to the robber's neſt,
" (By hocus pocus ſhe'd this knack,)
" Of his beſt ſteed then took the form;
" And when the cock crow'd in the morn,
" Full arm'd he vaulted on her back.

" With thund'ring courſe now flew our witch,
" O'er rocks and walls, o'er hedge and ditch:
" Your Baron pull'd till black in face,
" And curs'd and kick'd, but all in vain,
" She heeded neither ſpurs nor rein,
" Nor ſtopp'd till in the market-place.

" With ſcrapes and ſneers he's handed down,
" Your Lordſhip's welcome to our town,
" Good quarters are prepar'd for you:
" Ev'ry dog, ſir, has his day,
" Your courteſy we'll now repay,
" Our hangman ſhall the honours do.

" Soon the rogue was brought to trial,
" Facts were prov'd beyond denial;
" In iron cage he was confin'd.
" And leaſt at morn he ſhould be ſick,
" They daily gave him an emetic,
" And then he with Duke Humphrey din'd.

" The hangman vers'd in deeds of blood,
" With helliſh torment, cut, for food,
" Limbs from off this famiſh'd ſinner:

" And when he'd eaten the laſt ſtump,
" They broil'd his ſtomach and his rump,
" And ſerv'd them up for dinner.

" And when he'd eat himſelf all up,
" And naught remain'd to bite or ſup,
" The devil took his ſoul away.
" Great was the triumph of the town!
" In this Court-hall, the truth's well known,
" The cage hangs up unto this day.

" This cage, ſir, often brings to mind
" Thoſe dealers in the human kind."
(Thus my driver's ſtory ended,)
" Were they ſhut in't and taught to feel
" Mis'ries they on the world entail,
" Their manners might be mended."

Scarce had the lad his hiſt'ry done,
When up comes Monſieur San Facon,
And ſtops our carriage, bids us riſe,
Tumbles all our luggage over;
Lur'd with hopes that he'd diſcover
Something that had not paid th' exciſe.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A WIFE.

COME, penſive Melancholy! thou who ſhunn'ſt
The buſy haunts of men; 'tis thee I woo.
Come, calm the tumults of a mind diſturb'd:
Thee will I cheriſh as a welcome gueſt,
And freely, in ſome lone retreat, indulge
The gloom of grief, unnotic'd and unknown.
Complaints were vain, ſince none can yield relief;
Yet tears may tell the ſuff'rings I endure,
And eaſe that weight of woe which wounds ſo deep
No time can heal. Oh! I've for ever loſt
My firſt, my early, and my only love.
Dear ſource of comfort! thou art now no more;
Thou waſt the ſoft'ner of my ev'ry care,
My friend, my ſweet companion, and my all.
What can to me exiſtence now endear,
Since cheerfulneſs and health with thee are fled,

And peace and hope are ſtrangers to my breaſt?
My limbs, late active and alert, reſiſt
The dictates of my will, and, trembling, ſcarce
Have pow'r to bear from earth my tott'ring frame.

Oh! what an effort did I lately make,
When, with diſtreſs o'erwhelm'd, and anguiſh keen,
I gain'd th' aſcent, where reſted what remain'd
Of her I lov'd—a ſolemn ſilence reign'd,
And gloomy darkneſs mark'd the cheerleſs ſpot;
Save through a crevice one ſmall ſtreaming ray,
Which glimm'ring ſhone to guide me to her bed.
There once again, and once, alas! for all,
With weeping eyes, I view'd that face and form,
On which, with rapture, oft I us'd to gaze;
That face and form which ſpoke a graceful eaſe,
Sweet innocence and peace, and all thoſe charms
Of female ſoftneſs, tenderneſs, and truth,
Which pleaſe the eye and captivate the ſoul.

But now, alas! how chang'd! What ruin dire
Hath in ſhort time been wrought! The tyrant death
Struck and ſubdu'd his prey; her tender frame
Reſiſtance weak could make, and down ſhe ſunk
Inſenſible—a victim to his pow'r.
Her pallid cheeks had loſt that glow of health
They late and long had worn—clos'd were thoſe eyes
That us'd ſo ſweet to ſmile; ſtill was that voice
Which oft melodious charm'd the liſt'ning ears;
But it will charm no more, nor will her ſmiles
Relieve that heart that lov'd with fond exceſs.

How much from this ſad loſs I have endur'd,
Ye only, who have lov'd like me, can ſay.
Could ſighs, or tears, or pray'rs, have aught avail'd,
She ſurely had not dy'd—for never did
They ceaſe, e'er ſince the time ſhe felt a pain;
Profuſely have the tears of ſorrow flow'd,
Sighs have ſucceeded ſighs, and pray'rs to Heav'n
Been breath'd—but God, who life beſtow'd, ſaw fit
Her ſtate to change, and took her to himſelf.
In her, religion wore its faireſt form,
And all the milder virtues were diſplay'd;
Good was her heart, and ſhe was fit for bliſs.

Oh, can I e'er forget, when from the world
Retir'd, in converſe ſweet our days we paſs'd!
How oft to Heav'n ſhe pray'd, to make me bleſt!
And grateful prais'd, and thank'd me for my love,
My conſtant care, and mark'd attentions ſhown,
All from the heart beſtow'd, to ſmooth her path,
To guard her ſteps, and make her pleas'd with life.

No pleaſing cares do now my mind employ;
In mournful muſing creep the heavy hours;
Scenes of paſt pleaſure, ne'er to be renew'd,
By mem'ry's aid, in quick ſucceſſion riſe,
Whilſt all the future wears an aſpect dark.

Perhaps ſhe knows how dear her mem'ry is,
How in my heart ſhe holds her wonted place:
May heav'n in mercy grant, that, when from earth
I'm call'd, we may united be, and know
Thoſe promis'd joys which God reſerves for thoſe
Who truſt his word, and ſtrive to do his will.

MY NATIVE HOME.

BY MRS. ROBINSON.

O'ER breezy hill or woodland glade,
At morning's dawn or cloſing day,
In ſummer's flaunting pomp array'd,
Or penſive moonlight's ſilver grey,
The wretch in ſadneſs ſtill ſhall roam,
Who wanders from his Native Home.

While, at the foot of ſome old tree,
As meditation ſoothes his mind,
Lull'd by the hum of wand'ring bee,
Or rippling ſtream, or whiſp'ring wind,
His vagrant fancy ſtill ſhall roam,
And lead him to his Native Home.

Though Love a fragrant couch may weave,
And Fortune heap the feſtive board,
Still Mem'ry oft would turn to grieve,
And Reaſon ſcorn the ſplendid hoard.

While he beneath the proudeſt dome,
Would languiſh for his Native Home.

To him the ruſhy roof is dear,
And ſweetly calm the darkeſt glen:
While Pomp, and Pride, and Pow'r appear,
At beſt the glitt'ring plagues of men;
Unſought by thoſe that never roam,
Forgetful of their Native Home.

Let me to ſummer ſhades retire,
With Meditation and the Muſe!
Or round the ſocial winter fire,
The glow of temper'd mirth diffuſe;
Though winds may howl and waters foam,
I ſtill ſhall bleſs my Native Home.

And, oh! when Youth's extatic hour,
And Paſſion's glowing noon are paſt;
Should Age behold the tempeſt low'r,
And Sorrow blow its keeneſt blaſt;
My ſhade, no longer doom'd to roam,
Shall find the Grave a peaceful Home.

A WAR POEM.

On the late Mr. BLYTHE, a Midſhipman on board the Mars.

HARK! how the Church-bells' thund'ring harmony
Stuns the glad ear!—Tidings of Joy have come—
Good tidings of great joy!—Two gallant ſhips
Met on the element—they met—they fought
A deſp'rate fight!—Good tidings of great joy!
They fought a deſp'rate fight—The Engliſh guns
Plough'd up the hoſtile deck—they ſhatter'd her—
Old England triumph'd!—Yet another day
Of glory for the Ruler of the Waves.
For thoſe who fell—'twas in their country's cauſe,
They have their paſſing paragraphs of praiſe,
And are forgotten.
There was one who dy'd
In that day's glory, whoſe obſcurer name
No proud hiſtorian's page will chronicle.

Peace to his honeſt ſoul !—I read his name—
'Twas in the liſt of ſlaughter;—and bleſs'd God
The ſound was not familiar to mine ear.
But it was told me after, that this man
Was one whom lawful violence had forc'd
From his own home, and wife, and little ones,
Who by his labour liv'd;—that he was one
Whoſe uncorrupted heart could keenly feel
A huſband's love—a father's anxiouſneſs;
That from the wages of his toil he fed
The diſtant dear ones; and would talk of them
At midnight, when he trod the ſilent deck
With him he valued:—talk of them, of joys
That he had known.—O God! and of the hour
When they ſhould meet again, till his full heart,
His manly heart, at laſt would overflow,
E'en like a child's, with very tenderneſs.
Peace to his honeſt ſpirit! Suddenly
It came, and merciful the ball of death,
For it came ſuddenly, and ſhatter'd him,
And left no moment's agonizing thought
On thoſe he lov'd ſo well.
He ocean deep
Now lies at reſt. Be Thou her comforter,
Who art the widow's friend; man does not know
What a cold ſickneſs made her blood run back,
When firſt ſhe heard the tidings of the fight:
Man does not know with what a dreadful hope
She liſten'd to the names of thoſe who dy'd:
Man does not know, or knowing, will not heed,
With what an agony of tenderneſs
She gaz'd upon her children, and beheld
His image who was gone. O God! be Thou
Her comforter, who art the widow's friend.

THE BRITISH

POETICAL MISCELLANY.

THE FOREST BOY.

BY CHARLOTTE SMITH.

THE trees have now hid, at the edge of the hurſt,
The ſpot where the ruins decay
Of the cottage, where Will of the Woodland was nurs'd,
And liv'd ſo belov'd, till the moment accurſt
When he went from the Woodland away.

Among all the lads of the plough or the fold,
Beſt eſteem'd, by the ſober and good,
Was Will of the Woodland; and often the old
Would tell of his frolics, for active and bold
Was William, the boy of the wood.

Yet gentle was he, as the breath of the May,
And when ſick and declining was laid
The woodman his father, young William away
Would go to the foreſt to labour all day,
And perform his hard taſk in his ſtead.

And when his poor father, the foreſter dy'd,
And his mother was ſad, and alone,
He toil'd from the dawn, and at ev'ning he hy'd,
In ſtorm or in ſnow, or whate'er might betide,
To ſupply all her wants from the town.

One neighbour they had on the heath, to the weſt,
And no other the cottage was near,
But ſhe would ſend Phœbe, the child ſhe lov'd beſt,
To ſtay with the widow, thus ſad and diſtreſt,
Her hours of dejection to cheer.

As the buds of wild roſes, the cheeks of the maid
Were juſt tinted with youth's lovely hue,

Her form, like the aſpen, wild graces diſplay'd,
And the eyes, over which her luxuriant locks ſtray'd,
As the ſkies of the ſummer were blue!

Still lab'ring to live, yet reflecting the while,
Young William conſider'd his lot;
'Twas hard, yet 'twas honeſt; and one tender ſmile
From Phœbe at night overpaid ev'ry toil,
And then all his fatigues were forgot.

By the brook, where it glides thro' the copſe of Arbeal,
When to eat his cold fare he reclin'd,
Then ſoft from her home his ſweet Phœbe would ſteal,
And bring him wood-ſtrawberries to finiſh his meal,
And would ſit by his ſide while he din'd.

Fair Hope, that the lover ſo fondly believes,
Then repeated each ſoul-ſoothing ſpeech,
And touch'd with illuſion, that often deceives
The future with light; as the ſun through the leaves
Illumines the boughs of the beech.

But once more the tempeſts of chill winter blew,
To depreſs and diſfigure the earth;
And now, ere the dawn, the young woodman muſt go
To his work in the foreſt, half-bury'd in ſnow,
And at night bring home wood for the hearth.

The bridge on the heath by the flood was waſh'd down,
And faſt fell the fleet and the rain,
The ſtream to a wild rapid river was grown,
And long might the widow ſit ſighing alone
Ere ſweet Phœbe could ſee her again.

At the town was a market—and now for ſupplies,
Such as needed her humble abode,
Young William went forth; and his mother with ſighs
Watch'd long at the window, with tears in her eyes,
Till he turn'd through the fields to the road.

Then darkneſs came on; and ſhe heard, with affright,
The wind ev'ry moment more high;
She look'd from the door, not a ſtar lent its light,
But the tempeſt redoubled the gloom of the night,
And the rain pour'd in ſheets from the ſky.

The clock in her cottage now mournfully told
The hours, that went heavily on;

'Twas midnight; her ſpirits ſunk hopeleſs and cold,
And it ſeem'd, as each blaſt of wind fearfully told,
That long, long would her William be gone.

Then, heart-ſick and cold, to her ſad bed ſhe crept,
Yet firſt made up the fire in the room
To guide his dark ſteps; but ſhe liſten'd and wept,
Or if for a moment, forgetful, ſhe ſlept,
Soon ſhe ſtarted—and thought he was come.

'Twas morn; and the wind, with a hoarſe ſullen moan,
Now ſeem'd dying away in the wood,
When the poor wretched mother ſtill drooping, alone,
Beheld on the threſhold a figure unknown,
In gorgeous apparel who ſtood.

" Your ſon is a ſoldier," abruptly cry'd he,
" And a place in our corps has obtain'd;
" Nay be not caſt down; you perhaps may ſoon ſee
" Your William a captain! he now ſends by me
" The purſe he already has gain'd."

So William, entrapp'd 'twixt perſuaſion and force,
Is embark'd for the iſles of the Weſt;
But he ſeem'd to begin with ill omens his courſe,
And felt recollection, regret, and remorſe,
Continually weigh on his breaſt.

With uſeleſs repentance he eagerly ey'd
The high coaſt as it faded from view,
And ſaw the green hills, on whoſe northernmoſt ſide
Was his own ſylvan home: and he faulter'd and cry'd,
" Adieu! ah! for ever adieu!

" Who, now, my poor mother, thy life ſhall ſuſtain,
" Since thy ſon has now left thee forlorn?
" Ah! canſt thou forgive me? and not, in the pain
" Of this cruel deſertion, of William complain,
" And lament that he ever was born?

" Sweet Phœbe!—if ever thy lover was dear,
" Now forſake not the cottage of woe;
" But comfort my mother, and quiet her fear,
" And help her to dry up the vain fruitleſs tear,
" That too long for my abſence will flow.

Yet what if my Phœbe another ſhould wed,
" And lament her loſt William no more?"

The thought was too cruel; and anguiſh now ſped
The dart of diſeaſe—with the brave num'rous dead
He has fall'n on the plague-tainted ſhore.

In the lone village church-yard, the chancel-wall near,
High graſs now waves over the ſpot,
Where the mother of William, unable to bear
His loſs, who to her widow'd heart was ſo dear,
Has both him and her ſorrows forgot!

By the brook, where it winds thro' the wood of Arbeal,
Or amid the deep foreſt, to moan,
The poor wand'ring Phœbe will ſilently ſteal,
The pain of her boſom no reaſon can heal,
And ſhe loves to indulge it alone.

Her ſenſes are injur'd; her eyes dim with tears;
She ſits by the river and weaves
Reed garlands, againſt her dear William appears,
Then breathleſsly liſtens, and fancies ſhe hears
His ſtep in the half-wither'd leaves.

Ah! ſuch are the mis'ries to which ye give birth,
Ye ſtateſmen! ne'er dreading a ſcar;
Who from pictur'd ſaloon, or the bright ſculptur'd hearth,
Diſperſe deſolation and death through the earth,
When ye let looſe the demons of war.

THE CHOICE.

BY THE REV. JOHN POMFRET.

IF Heav'n the grateful liberty would give,
That I might chooſe my method how to live,
And all thoſe hours propitious fate ſhould lend
In bliſsful eaſe and ſatisfaction ſpend:

Near ſome fair town I'd have a private ſeat,
Built uniform; not little, nor too great;
Better if on a riſing ground it ſtood;
On this ſide fields, on that a neighb'ring wood.
It ſhould, within, no other things contain
Than what were uſeful, neceſſary, plain:
Methinks 'tis nauſeous, and I'd ne'er endure
The needleſs pomp of gaudy furniture.
A little garden, grateful to the eye,
And a cool rivulet run murm'ring by;

On whoſe delicious banks a ſtately row
Of ſhady limes or ſycamores ſhould grow,
At th' end of which a ſilent ſtudy plac'd,
Should be with all the nobleſt authors grac'd.
Horace and Virgil, in whoſe mighty lines
Immortal wit and ſolid learning ſhines;
Sharp Juneval, and am'rous Ovid too,
Who all the turns of love's ſoft paſſion knew:
He that with judgment reads his charming lines,
In which ſtrong Art with ſtronger Nature joins,
Muſt grant his fancy doth the beſt excel;
His thoughts ſo tender, and expreſs'd ſo well.
With all thoſe moderns, men of ſteady ſenſe,
Eſteem'd for learning, and for eloquence.
In ſome of theſe, as fancy ſhould adviſe,
I'd always take my morning exerciſe:
For ſure no minutes bring us more content
Than thoſe in pleaſing, uſeful ſtudies ſpent.

I'd have a clear and competent eſtate,
That I might live genteelly, but not great:
As much as I could moderately ſpend,
A little more, ſometimes t' oblige a friend.
Nor ſhould the ſons of Poverty repine
Too much at fortune, they ſhould taſte of mine:
And all that objects of true pity were
Should be reliev'd with what my wants could ſpare,
For that our Maker has too largely giv'n
Should be return'd in gratitude to heav'n.
A frugal plenty ſhould my table ſpread;
With healthy, not luxurious diſhes fed:
Enough to ſatisfy and ſomething more,
To feed the ſtranger, and the neighb'ring poor.
Strong meat indulges vice, and pamp'ring food
Creates diſeaſes, and inflames the blood.
But what's ſufficient to make nature ſtrong,
And the bright lamp of life continue long,
I'd freely take; and as I did poſſeſs,
The bounteous Author of my plenty bleſs.

I'd have a little vault, but always ſtor'd
With the beſt wines each vintage could afford.
Wine whets the wit, improves its native force,
And gives a pleaſant flavour to diſcourſe;

By making all our ſpirits debonair,
Throws off the lees, the ſediment of care.
But as the greateſt bleſſing heaven lends
May be debauch'd, and ſerve ignoble ends;
So, but too oft, the grape's refreſhing juice,
Does many miſchievous effects produce.
My houſe ſhould no ſuch rude diſorders know,
As from high drinking conſequently flow;
Nor would I uſe what was ſo kindly giv'n,
To the diſhonour of indulgent heav'n:
If any neighbour came, he ſhould be free,
Us'd with reſpect, and not uneaſy be,
In my retreat, or to himſelf or me.
What freedom, prudence, and right reaſon give,
All men may, with impunity, receive:
But the leaſt ſwerving from their rule's too much;
For what's forbidden us, 'tis death to touch.

That life may be more comfortable yet,
And all my joys refin'd, ſincere, and great;
I'd chooſe two friends, whoſe company ſhould be
A great advance to my felicity;
Well-born, of humours ſuited to my own,
Diſcreet, and men, as well as books, have known:
Brave, gen'rous, witty, and exactly free
From looſe behaviour, or formality:
Airy and prudent; merry, but not light;
Quick in diſcerning, and in judging, right:
Secret they ſhould be, faithful to their truſt:
In reas'ning cool, ſtrong, temperate, and juſt;
Obliging, open, without huffing, brave,
Briſk in gay talking, and in ſober, grave;
Cloſe in diſpute, but not tenacious; try'd
By ſolid reaſon, and let that decide:
Not prone to luſt, revenge, or envious hate;
Nor buſy meddlers with intrigues of ſtate:
Strangers to ſlander, and ſworn foes to ſpite;
Not quarrelſome, but ſtout enough to fight:
Loyal and pious, friends to Cæſar; true,
As dying martyrs, to their Maker too.
In their ſociety I could not miſs
A permanent, ſincere, ſubſtantial bliſs.

Would bounteous heav'n once more indulge, I'd chooſe
(For who would ſo much ſatisfaction loſe,

As witty nymphs, in converſation, give)
Near ſome obliging modeſt fair to live:
For there's that ſweetneſs in a female mind,
Which in a man's we cannot hope to find:
That by a ſecret, but a pow'rful art,
Winds up the ſprings of life, and does impart
Freſh vital heat to the tranſported heart.

I'd have her reaſon all her paſſion ſway;
Eaſy in company, in private gay:
Coy to a fop, to the deſerving free;
Still conſtant to herſelf, and juſt to me.
A ſoul ſhe ſhould have for great actions fit;
Prudence and wiſdom to direct her wit:
Courage to look bold danger in the face;
No fear, but only to be proud, or baſe:
Quick to adviſe, by an emergence preſs'd,
To give good counſel, or to take the beſt.
I'd have th' expreſſion of her thoughts be ſuch,
She might not ſeem reſerv'd, nor talk too much;
That ſhews a want of judgment and of ſenſe:
More than enough is but impertinence.
Her conduct regular, her mirth refin'd;
Civil to ſtrangers, to her neighbours kind:
Averſe to vanity, revenge, and pride;
In all the methods of deceit untry'd:
So faithful to her friend, and good to all,
No cenſure might upon her actions fall:
Then would e'en envy be compell'd to ſay,
She goes the leaſt of womankind aſtray.

To this fair creature I'd ſometimes retire;
Her converſation would new joys inſpire;
Give life an edge ſo keen, no ſurly care
Would venture to aſſault my ſoul, or dare
Near my retreat, to hide one ſecret ſnare.
But ſo divine, ſo noble a repaſt
I'd ſeldom, and with moderation, taſte:
For higheſt cordials all their virtue loſe,
By a too frequent and too bold a uſe;
And what would cheer the ſpirits in diſtreſs,
Ruins our health, when taken to exceſs.

I'd be concern'd in no litigious jar;
Belov'd by all, not vainly popular.

Whate'er aſſiſtance I had pow'r to bring,
T' oblige my country, or to ſerve my king,
Whene'er they call'd, I'd readily afford
My tongue, my pen, my counſel, or my ſword.
Law ſuits I'd ſhun, with as much ſtudious care,
As I would dens where hungry lions are;
And rather put up injuries, than be
A plague to him, who'd be a plague to me;
I value quiet at a price too great,
To give for my revenge ſo dear a rate:
For what do we by all our buſtle gain,
But counterfeit delight for real pain?

If heav'n a date of many years would give,
Thus I'd in pleaſure, eaſe, and plenty live:
And as I near approach'd the verge of life,
Some kind relation (for I'd have no wife)
Should take upon him all my worldly care,
Whilſt I did for a better ſtate prepare.
Then I'd not be with any trouble vex'd,
Nor have the ev'ning of my days perplex'd;
But, by a ſilent and a peaceful death,
Without a ſigh reſign my aged breath.
And when committed to the duſt, I'd have
Few tears, but friendly, dropp'd into my grave;
Then would my exit ſo propitious be,
All men would wiſh to live, and die like me.

Printed by SIKES & SMART, Huddersfield.